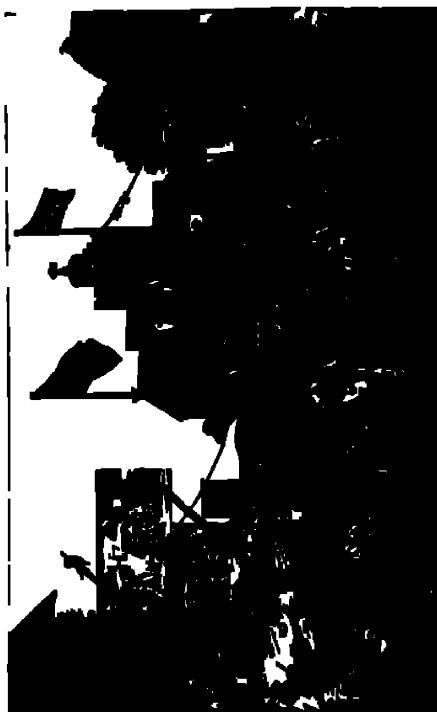


PUGILISTICA
THE HISTORY
OF
BRITISH BOXING



COLT TOWER PAIR

PUGILISTICA

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OF

BRITISH BOXING

CONTAINING

LIVES OF THE MOST CELEBRATED PUGILISTS; FULL REPORTS OF THEIR BATTLES
FROM CONTEMPORARY NEWSPAPERS, WITH AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS, PERSONAL
ANECDOTES, AND SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL PATRONS OF THE PRIZE
RING, FORMING A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE RING FROM FIC
AND BROUGHTON, 1719-40, TO THE LAST CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE
BETWEEN KING AND HEENAN, IN DECEMBER 1868

BY HENRY DOWNES MILES

EDITOR OF "THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE" AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF FIELD SPORTS,"
"ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE," ETC., ETC.

VOLUME ONE

Edinburgh
JOHN GRANT

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE history of "the Ring," its rise and progress, the deeds of the men whose manly courage illustrate its contests in the days of its prosperity and popularity, with the story of its decline and fall, as yet remain unwritten. The author proposes in the pages which follow to supply this blank in the home-records of the English people in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The space covered in these volumes extends over one hundred and forty-four years, from the time when James Fig (the first acknowledged champion) opened his amphitheatre in the Oxford Road, in May, 1719, to the championship battle between John Camel Heenan, the American, and Tom King, the English champion, at Wadhurst, in Kent, on the 10th of December, 1863.

The author trusts he may claim, without laying himself open to a charge of egotism, exceptional qualifications for the task he has undertaken. His acquaintance with the doings of the Ring, and his personal knowledge of the most eminent professors of pugilism, extend over a retrospect of more than forty years. For a considerable portion of that period he was the reporter of its various incidents in *Bell's Life in London*, in the *Morning Advertiser*, and various periodical publications which, during the better days of its career, gave a portion of their space to chronicle its doings. That the misconduct of its members, the degeneracy and dishonesty of its followers led to the deserved extinction of the Ring, he is free to admit: still, as a septuagenarian, he desires to preserve the memory of many brave and honourable deeds which the reader will here find recorded.

A few lines will suffice to elucidate the plan of the work.

Having decided that its most readable form would be that of a series of biographies of the principal boxers, in chronological order, so far as practicable, it was found convenient to group them in "Periods;" as each notable champion will be seen to have visibly impressed his style and characteristics on the period in which he and his imitators, antagonists or, as we may call it, "school" flourished in popular favour and success.

A glance at the "Lives of the Boxers" thus thrown into groups will explain this arrangement:—

VOLUME I.

PERIOD I.—1719 to 1791.—From the Championship of Fig to the first appearance of Daniel Mendoza.

PERIOD II.—1784 to 1798.—From Daniel Mendoza to the first battle of James Belcher.

PERIOD III.—1798 to 1809.—From the Championship of Belcher to the appearance of Tom Cribb.

PERIOD IV.—1805 to 1820.—From Cribb's first battle to the Championship of Tom Spring.

*. To each period there is an Appendix containing notices and sketches of the minor professors of the *ars pugnandi* and of the light-weight boxers of the day.

VOLUME II.

PERIOD V.—1820 to 1824.—From the Championship of Spring to his retirement from the Ring.

PERIOD VI.—1825 to 1835.—From the Championship of Jem Ward to the appearance of Bendigo (William Thompson) of Nottingham.

VOLUME III.

PERIOD VII.—1835 to 1845.—From the appearance of Bendigo to his last battle with Caunt.

PERIOD VIII.—1845 to 1857.—The interregnum. Bill Perry (the Tipton Slasher), Harry Broome, Tom Paddock, &c.

PERIOD IX.—1856 to 1863.—From the appearance of Tom Sayers to the last Championship battle of King and Heenan, December, 1863.

In "the Introduction" I have dealt with the "Classio" pugilism of Greece and Rome. The darkness of the middle ages is as barren of record of "the art of self-defence" as of other arts. With their revival in Italy we have an amusing coincidence in the "Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini," in which a triumvirate of renowned names are associated with the common-place event of "un grande punzione del naso"—a mighty punch on the nose.

"Michael-Angelo (Buonarotti's) nose was flat from a blow which he received in his youth from Torrigiano,* a brother artist and countryman, who gave me the following account of the occurrence: 'I was,' said Torrigiano, 'extremely irritated, and, doubling my fist, gave him such a violent blow on the nose that I felt the cartilages yield as if they had been made of paste, and the mark I then gave him he will carry to the grave.'" Cellini adds: "Torrighiano was a handsome man, of consummate audacity, having rather the air of a bravo than a sculptor: above all, his strange gestures," [were they boxing attitudes?] "his enormous voice, with a manner of knitting his brows, enough to frighten any man who faced him, gave him a tremendous aspect, and he was continually talking of his great feats among 'those bears of Englishmen,' whose country he had lately quitted."

Who knows—*sempre il mal non vien par nocuere*—but we have to thank the now-neglected art, whose precepts and practice inculcated the use of Nature's weapon, that the clenched hand of Torrigiano did not grasp a stiletto? What then would have been the world's loss? The majestic cupola of St. Peter's, the wondrous frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, "The Last Judgment," the "Sleeping Cupid" of Mantua, the "Bacchus" of Rome, and all the mighty works of the

* Pietro Torrigiano's history has an English interest. He was certainly a "fighting man." While serving as a volunteer in the army of Pope Alexander VI. he modelled some bronze figures for some Florentine merchants, who invited him to go with them to England. Here he was a favourite with "bluff King Hal," who employed Torrigiano to execute the tomb of his father, Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, for which he received the then large sum of £1,000. Employed to execute a sarcophagus for Cardinal Wolsey—the Ipswich butcher's son—his work (once intended to enclose the coffin of Henry VIII. at Windsor) by the "irony of fate" was destined to enshrine the remains of a greater English hero. Nelson lies beneath the dome of St. Paul's in the sarcophagus sculptured by Torrigiano for Wolsey, his inner coffin being made from a piece of the French flagship *L'Orient*, blown up at the battle of the Nile. Torrigiano died in Spain in the prisons of the Inquisition, having been condemned as a sacrilegious heretic for demolishing a "statue of the Virgin," which having been paid inadequately for by a niggardly nobleman, the Duke of Arcosa, he broke in pieces with his mallet. The incensed grandee had him arrested, and Torrigiano, to avoid being roasted at an *auto da fé*, refused food and so perished, A. D. 1622.

greatest painter, sculptor, and architect of the 16th century, had probably been uncreated had not Michael Angelo's fellow-student learned among "those bears of Englishmen," the art of administering a "mighty punch on the nose" in lieu of the then ready stab of a lethal weapon.

The testimony of St. Bernard to the merits of boxing as a substitute for the deadly combats of his time, with an extract from Forsyth's "Excursion in Italy," will be found at page xv. of the Introduction to this volume; and these may bring us to the period when the first Stuart ascended the throne of "Merrie Englande."

In Dr. Noble's "History of the Cromwell Family," we find the following interesting notice of the fistic prowess of the statesman-warrior who, in after-times, "made the sovereigns of Europe court the alliance and dread the might of England's arm." At p. 94 vol. i., we read:—

"They have a tradition at Huntingdon, that when King Charles I. (then Duke of York), in his journey from Scotland to London, in the year 1604, rested in his way at Hinchbrook, the seat of Sir Oliver Cromwell; the knight, to divert the young prince, sent for his nephew Oliver, that he, with his own sons, might play with his Royal Highness. It so chanced that the boys had not long been together before Charles and Oliver disagreed, and came to blows. As the former was a somewhat weakly boy, and the latter strong, it was no wonder the royal visitor was worsted. Oliver, even at this age, so little regarded dignity that he made the royal blood flow copiously from the Prince's nose. This was looked upon by many as a bad presage for the King when the civil war had commenced." The probability of this incident has been flippantly questioned. The writer has lighted on the following in the dry pages of "Toone's Chronology," under James I. "1603. April 27th. The King, arriving at Hinchbrook, was magnificently entertained by Sir Oliver Cromwell, where also the Cambridge Doctors waited upon his Majesty. May 8. The King arrived at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, the seat of Mr. Secretary Cecil's. He made 200 Knights on his arrival in London and on his journey thither from Edinburgh." And in the next page we read: "1604. Jan. 4. Prince Charles came into England (from Scotland) and was created Duke of York. He had forty pounds per annum settled on him that he might more honourably maintain that dignity." It may be as well to observe that Charles I. and Cromwell were of an age (both born in 1599), and each of them five years old in 1604-5; so that this juvenile encounter is highly probable, exemplifying that "the child is father of the man."

Again in Malcolm's "Manners and Customs of London," vol. i., p. 425, we find the subjoined extract from *The Protestant Mercury*, of January, 1681, which we take to be the first prize-fight on newspaper record.

"Yesterday a match of boxing was performed before his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, between the Duke's footman and a butcher. The latter won the prize, as he hath done many before, being accounted, though but a little man, the best at that exercise in England."

"Here be proofs": 1, of ducal patronage; 2, of a stake of money; 3, of the custom of public boxing; 4, of the skill of the victor, "he being but a little man;" and all in a five-line paragraph. The names of the Champions are unwritten.

This brings us to the period at which our first volume opens, in which will be found the deeds and incidents of the Pugilists, the Prize-ring, and its patrons, detailed from contemporary and authentic sources, down to the opening of the

present century. We cannot, however, close this somewhat gossiping preface without an extract from a pleasant paper which has just fallen under our notice, in which some of the notable men who admired and upheld the now-fallen fortunes of boxing are vividly introduced by one whose reminiscences of bygone men and manners are given in a sketch called "The Last of Limmer's." To the younger reader it may be necessary to premise, that from the days when the Prince Regent, Sheridan, and Beau Brummel imbibed their beeswing—when the nineteenth century was in its infancy—down to the year of grace 1860, the name of "Limmer's Hotel" was "familiar in sporting men's mouths as household words," and co-extensive in celebrity with "Tattersall's" and "Weatherby's."

My name is John Collins, head-waiter at "Limmer's,"
 Corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square;
 My chief occupation is filling of brimmers,
 For spely young gentlemen frequenting there.

Said "brimmers," *hodie* "bumpers," being a compound of gin, soda-water, ice lemon, and sugar, said to have been invented by John Collins, but recently re-imported as a Yankee novelty. This per parenthesis, and we return to our author.

"In that little tunnelled recess at the bottom of the dark, low-browed boffee-room, the preliminaries of more prize-fights have been arranged by Sir St. Vincent Cotton, Parson Ambrose, the late Lord Queensberry, Colonel Berkeley, his son, the Marquis Drumlanrig, Sir Edward Kent, the famous Marquis of Waterford, Tom Crommelin, the two Jack Myttons, the late Lord Longford, and the committee of the Fair-play Club, then in the parlour of No. 5, Norfolk Street (the sanctum of Vincent Dowling, Editor of *Bell's Life*), in Tom Spring's parlour, or Jem Byrn's 'snuggery.'

"Let it not be imagined that any apology is needed, nor will be here vouchsafed in defence of those to whom, whatever may have been their station in life, the prize-ring was formerly dear. The once well-known and well-liked Tom Crommelin, for instance, is the only survivor among those whom we chance to have named, but in his far-distant Australian home he will have no cause to remember with regret that he has often taken part in the promotion of pugilistic encounters.

"During the present century Great Britain has produced no more manly, no honester, or more thoroughly English statesman than the uncle of the present Earl Spencer, better known in political history under the name of Lord Althorp. The late Sir Denis Le Marchant, in his delightful memoir of the nobleman who led the House of Commons when the great Reform Bill was passed, tells us that 'Lord Althorp made a real study of boxing, taking lessons from the best instructors, whilst practising most assiduously, and, as he boasted, with great success. He had many matches with his school-fellow, Lord Byron, and those who witnessed his exploits with the gloves, and observed his cool, steady eye, his broad chest and muscular limbs, and, above all, felt his hard blows, would have been justified in saying that he was born to be a prizefighter rather than a Minister of State.' Long after the retirement of Lord Althorp from office, Mr. Evelyn Denison, who died as Lord Ossington, paid him a visit at Wiseton, 'The *pros* and *cons* of boxing were discussed,' writes the late Speaker, 'and Lord Althorp became eloquent. He said that his conviction of the advantages of pugilism was so strong that he had been seriously considering whether it was not a duty that he owed to the public to go and attend every prizefight which took

place, and thus to encourage the noble science to the extent of his power. He gave us an account of prizefights which he had attended—how he had seen Mendoza knocked down for the first five or six rounds by Humphries, and seeming almost beaten until the Jews got their money on, when, a hint being given, he began in earnest and soon turned the tables. He described the fight between Gully and the Chicken—how he rode down to Brickhill himself, and was loitering about the inn door, when a barouche and four drove up with Lord Byron and a party, and Jackson, the trainer—how they all dined together, and how pleasant it had been. Next day came the fight, and he described the men stripping, the intense excitement, the sparring, then the first round, and the attitudes of the men—it was really worthy of Homer.’

“A pursuit which was enthusiastically supported and believed in by William Windham, Charles James Fox, Lord Althorp, and Lord Byron, stands in little need of modern excuse on behalf of its promoters when Limmer’s was at its apogee. Full many a well-known pugilist, with Michael-Angelo nose and square-cut jaw, has stood, cap in hand, at the door of that historical coffee-room within which Lord Queensberry—then Lord Drumlanrig—and Captain William Peel and the late Lord Strathmore were taking their meals. In one window stands Colonel Ouseley Higgins, Captain Little, and Major Hope Johnstone. A servant of the major’s, with an unmistakable fighting face, enters with a note for his master. It is from Lord Longford and Sir St. Vincent Cotton asking him to allow his valet to be trained by Johnny Walker for a proximate prize fight. The servant, who is no other than William Nelson, the breeder (before his death) of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate, however, firmly declines the pugilistic honours his aristocratic patrons design for him, so the fight is off. Hard by may be seen the stately Lord George Buntinck, in conference with his chief-commissioner, Harry Hill,” &c., &c. We here break off the reminiscences of Limmer’s, as the rest of this most readable paper deals solely with the celebrities of the turf.

The last time the writer saw the late Sir Robert Peel, was at Willis’s Rooms, in King Street, on the occasion of an Assault of Arms, given by the Officers of the Household Brigade, whereat the art of self-defence was illustrated by the non-commissioned officers of the Life Guards, Grenadier Guards, and Royal Artillery. Corporal-Majors Lambert and Gray, Sergeants Dean and Venn, Corporal Toohig (Royal Artillery), with Professors Gillemand, Shury, and Arnold, displayed their skill with broadsword, foil, single-stick, and sabre against bayonet. The gloves, too, were put on, and some sharp and manly bouts played by the stalwart Guardsmen. The lamented Minister watched these with approving attention. Then came a glove display in which Alec Keene put on the mittens with Arnold, the “Professor of the Bond Street Gymnasium.” The sparring was admirable, and Sir Robert, who was in the midst of an aristocratic group, pressed forward to the woollen boundary-rope. His eyes lighted up with the memories of Harrow school-days and he clapped his hands in hearty applause of each well-delivered left or right and each neat stop or parry. The bout was over, and neither was best man. The writer perceived the deep interest of Sir Robert, and conveyed to the friendly antagonists the desire of several gentlemen for “one round more.” It was complied with, and closed with a pretty rally, in which a clean cross-counter and first and sharpest home from Keene’s left proved the finale amid a round of applause. The practised pugilist was too many for the professor of “mimic warfare.” Next came another clever demonstration of the arts of attack and defence by Johnny Walker and Ned Donnelly. Sir Robert was as hilarious as a school-

boy cricketer when the winning run is got on the second innings. Turning to Mr. C. C. Greville and the Hon. Robert Grimstone, he exclaimed, "There is nothing that interests me like good boxing. It asks more steadiness, self-control, aye, and manly courage than any other combat. You must take as well as give—eye to eye, toe to toe, and arm to arm. Give my thanks to both the men, they are brave and clever fellows, and I hope we shall never want such among our countrymen." It is gratifying to add that, to our knowledge, these sentiments are the inheritance of the third Sir Robert, whose manly and patriotic speech, at Exeter Hall, on the 17th of February, 1878, rings in our ears as we write these lines.

With such patrons of pugilism as those who faded away in "the last days of Limmer's," departed the fair play, the spirit, and the very honesty, often tainted, of the Ring. A few exceptional struggles—due rather to the uncompromising honesty and courage of the men, or the absence of the blacklegs, low gamblers, Hebrews, and flash publicans from the finding of the stakes, or making the market odds—occurred from time to time; but these were mere flickerings of the expiring flame. The Ring was doomed, not less by the misconduct of its professors than by the discord and dishonest doings of its so-called patrons and their ruffianly followers, unchecked by the saving salt of sporting gentlemen and men of honour, courage, and standing in society. Down, deeper down, and ever downward it went, till in its last days it became merely a ticket-selling swindle in the hands of keepers of Haymarket night-houses, and slowly perished in infamy and indigence. Yet, cannot the writer, looking back through a long vista of memorable battles, and with the personal recollection of such men as Cribb (in his latter days), Tom Spring, Jem Ward (still living), Painter, Neale, Jem Burn, John Martin, Frank Redmond, Owen Swift, Alce Keene, with Tom Sayers, his opponent John Heenan, and Tom King, the *Ultimus Romanorum* (now—1878—taking prizes as a floriculturist at horticultural shows), believe that the art which was practised by such men was without redeeming qualities. He would not seek to revive the "glory of the Ring," that is past, but he has thought it a worthy task to collect and preserve its memories and its deeds of fortitude, skill, courage, and forbearance, of which these pages will be found to contain memorable, spirit-stirring, and honourable examples.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOXING.

THE curious reader may find some interest in a few paragraphs on the Bibliography of Boxing; for the Ring had a contemporary literature, contributed to by the ablest pens; and to this, in the earlier periods of its history, the author would be an ingrate were he not to acknowledge his indebtedness.

The earliest monograph is a neatly printed small quarto volume, entitled, *A Treatise on the Useful Art of Self-Defence*. By Captain Godfrey. The copy in the British Museum (bearing date 1740) appears to be a second edition. It has for its title *Characters of the Masters*. There is also a handsomely bound copy of the work in the Royal Library, presented to the nation by George III. The volume is dedicated to H.R.H. William, Duke of Cumberland. Frequent quotations are made from this book.

The Gymnasium, or Boxing Match. A Poem. By the Champion and Bard of Leicester House, the Poet Laureate (Paul Whitehead), 1757. See page 19 of this volume.

In *Dorley's Collections*, 1777, &c., are various poetic pieces by Dr. John Byrom, Bramston (*Man of Taste*), and others, containing sketches of pugilism and allusions to the "fashionable art" of boxing, "or self-defence."

During this period, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Carlton House Magazine*, *The Flying Post*, *The Daily News Letter*, *The World*, *The Mercury*, *The Daily Advertiser* (Woodfall's), and other periodical publications, contained reports of the principal battles in the Ring.

Recollections of Pugilism and Sketches of the Ring. By an Amateur. 8vo. London, 1801.

Recollections of an Octogenarian. By J. C. 8vo. London, 1805. (See pp 29, 30.)

Lives of the Boxers. By Jon Bee, author of the "Lexicon Balatronium," and "The Like o' That." 8vo. London, 1811.

Pancratia: a History of Pugilism. 1 vol. 8vo. 1811. By J. B. London: George Smeeton, St. Martin's Lane.

Training for Pedestrianism and Boxing. 8vo. 1816. By Captain Robert Barclay (Allardye of Ury).

This pamphlet contains an account of the Captain's training of Cribb for his fight with Molynaux.

The Fancy: A Selection from the poetical remains of Peter Corcoran, Esq., student of Law (Pseudonymous). London: 1820. Quoted p. 313 of this volume.

Boziana: Sketches of Ancient and Modern Pugilism. Vol. I. 8vo. London: G. Smeeton, 139, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, July, 1812.

This very scarce volume, which was the production of George Smeeton, a well known sporting printer and engraver, was the basis of the larger work *Boziana*, subsequently written and edited by Pierce Egan, and of which *five* volumes, appeared between 1818 and 1828. The well-written "Introduction," much disfigured by the illiterate editor, were incorporated, and the handsome copperplate title page will be found bound into the later work published by Sherwoods, Jones & Co. Pierce Egan was, at one time, a compositor in Smeeton's office, and continued the work for Sherwoods.

Boziana. Sketches of Ancient and Modern Pugilism, from the days of the renowned Broughton and Slack to the Championship of Cribb. By Pierce Egan. In two volumes. London: Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row, 1818.

This was the first complete book. A third volume followed in 1825. There are two fourth volumes owing to a circumstance which requires explanation. That published by George Virtue, and bearing the name of Pierce Egan, has for its title *The Series of Boziana: the only Original and Complete Lives of the Boxers*. By Pierce Egan. London: George Virtue, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. Vol. I., 1828. Vol. II., 1829. These are generally bound as Vols. IV. and V., in sets of *Boziana*. The other volume, IV., is identical in title, but not in contents, with Pierce Egan's first volume of the "new series," omitting those words. It was written by Jon Bee, for Messrs. Sherwoods, who moved an injunction against Pierce Egan for selling his fourth volume to another publisher. Lord Chancellor Eldon merely compelled Pierce Egan to prefix the words "new series" to his book, and the matter ended.

A Lecture on Pugilism: Delivered at the Society for Mutual Improvement, established by Jeremy Bentham, Esq., at No. 52, Great Marlborough Street, Oxford Street, April 14th, 1820 [By S[e]ptimus M[iles]. 8vo., 24 pp., White, 1820. This

curious and elaborate defence of pugilism seems rather to have been a rhetorical exercitation for discussion at a debating society than a defence. It is printed at the end of the third volume of *Boriana*.

Boxing; with a Chronology of the Ring, and a Memoir of Owen Swift. By Renton Nicholson. London: Published at 163, Fleet Street. 1837.

Owen Swift's Handbook of Boxing. 1840. With Steel Portrait by Henning. This was also written by the facetious Renton Nicholson—styled "Chief-Baron Nicholson," and originator of the once-famous "Judge and Jury" Society.

The Handbook of Boxing and Training for Athletic Sports. By H. D. M[iles]. London: W. M. Clark, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, 1838.

Fistiana; or, the Oracle of the Ring. By the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*. This pocket volume, containing a Chronology of the Ring, the revised rules, forms of articles, duties of seconds, umpires, and referees, reached its 24th and last edition in 1864, and expired only with the ring itself. Its author, Mr. Vincent George Dowling, the "Nestor of the Ring," a gentleman and a scholar, also contributed the article "Boxing" to Blaine's "Cyclopædia of Rural Sports," Longmans, 1840.

Fights for the Championship. 1 vol., 8vo. By the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*. London: published at 170, Strand, 1858.

Championship Sketches, with Portraits. By Alfred Henry Holt. London: Newbold, Strand, 1862.

The Life of Tom Sayers. By Philopugilis. 8vo., with Portrait. London: S. O. Beeton, 248, Strand, 1864. [By the author of the present work.]

Among the authors of the early years of the present century, whose pens illustrated the current events of boxing and boxing, we may note, Tom Moore the poet, who contributed occasional squibs to the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, and in 1818 published the humorous versicles, *Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress*, quoted at p. 306 of this volume. Lord Byron. See Moore's "Life and Letters," "Memoir of Jackson," pp. 97, 98.

Christopher North (Professor Wilson) the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, puts into the mouth of the Ettrick Shepherd (James Hogg) an eloquent defence of pugilism, while he takes opportunity, through Sir Morgan O'Doherty, to praise the manliness, fair play, and bravery of contemporary professors of boxing. Several sonnets and other extracts from *Blackwood* will be found scattered in these volumes.

Dr. Maginn (the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*), also exercised his pen in classic imitations apropos of our brave boxers.

Last, but not least, the gifted author of *Pendennis*, *The Virginians*, *Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*, *Jeames's Diary*, &c., &c., has perpetuated the greatness of our latest champions in a paraphrase, rather than a parody of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," entitled "Suerinus and Hecanus; a Lay of Ancient London," which contains lines of power to make the blood of your Englishmen stir in days to come, should the preachers of peace-at-any-price, pump water, parsimonious pusillanimity, puritanic precision and propriety have left our youth any blood to stir. See "Life of Sayers," in vol. iii. Volumes cannot better express the contempt which this keen observer of human nature and satirist of shams entertained for the mawworms, who "compound for sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to," than the subjoined brief extract:—

"Fighting, of course, is wrong; but there are occasions when . . . I mean

that one-handed fight of Sayers is one of the most spirit-stirring little stories ; and with every love and respect for Morality, my spirit says to her, ' Do, for goodness' sake, my dear madam, keep your true, and pure, and womanly, and gentle remarks for another day. Have the great kindness to stand a *little* aside, and just let us see one or two more rounds between the men. That little man with the one hand powerless on his breast facing yonder giant for hours, and felling him, too, every now and then ! It is the little Java and the Constitution over again.'"—W. M. THACKERAY. .

Or the following "happy thought," to which Lecch furnished an illustrative sketch:—

"SERIOUS GOVERNOR.—'I am surprised, Charles, that you can take any interest in these repulsive details ! How many rounds (I believe you term them) do you say these ruffians fought ? Um, disgraceful ! the Legislature ought to interfere ; and it appears that this Benicis Man did not gain the—hem—best of it ? I'll take the paper when you have done with it, Charles.'"—*Punch Illustration*, April 8, 1860.

CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND

FROM 1719 TO 1863.

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|---|---|
| <p>1719. James Fig, of Thame, Oxfordshire.</p> <p>1730-1733. Pipes and Greeting (with alternate success).</p> <p>1734. George Taylor.</p> <p>1740. Jack Broughton, the waterman.</p> <p>1750. Jack Slack, of Norfolk.</p> <p>1760. Bill Stevens, the nailor.</p> <p>1761. George Meggs, of Bristol.</p> <p>1762. George Millsom, the baker.</p> <p>1764. Tom Juchau, the pavior.</p> <p>1765-9. Bill Darts.</p> <p>1769. Lyons, the waterman.</p> <p>1771. Peter Corcoran (doubtful).
He beat Bill Darts, who had previously been defeated by Lyons.</p> <p>1777. Harry Sellers.</p> <p>1780. Jack Harris (doubtful).</p> <p>1783-91. Tom Johnson (Jackling), of York.</p> <p>1791. Benjamin Brain (Big Ben), of Bristol.</p> <p>1792. Daniel Mendoza.</p> <p>1795. John Jackson. (Retired.)</p> <p>1800-5. Jem Belcher, of Bristol</p> <p>1805. Henry Pearce, the "Game Chicken."</p> <p>1808. (Retired). John Gully (afterwards M.P. for Pontefract).</p> <p>1809. Tom Cribb, received a belt and cup, and retired.</p> <p>1824. Tom Spring, received four cups, and retired.</p> <p>1825. Jem Ward, received the belt.</p> | <p>1833. Jem Burke (the Deaf 'un), claimed the title.</p> <p>1839. Bendigo (Wm. Thompson), of Nottingham, beat Burke, and received the belt from Ward.</p> <p>1841. Benjamin Caunt, of Hucknall, beat Nick Ward, and received belt (transferable).</p> <p>1845. Bendigo beat Caunt, and received the belt.</p> <p>1850. Wm. Perry (Tipton Slasher), claimed belt, Bendigo declining his challenge.</p> <p>1851. Harry Broome beat Perry, and claimed the title.</p> <p>1853. Perry again challenged the title, and Broome retired from the ring.</p> <p>1857. Tom Sayers beat Perry, and received the belt.</p> <p>1860. Tom Sayers retired after his battle with Heenan, and left belt for competition.</p> <p>1860 Samuel Hurst (the Staley-bridge Infant), beat Paddock, the claimant, and received the belt.</p> <p>1861. Jem Mace, of Norwich, beat Hurst, and claimed the title.</p> <p>1863. Tom King beat Mace, and claimed the belt, but retired, and Mace claimed the trophy.</p> <p>1863. Tom King beat J. C. Heenan for £1,000 a-side at Wadhurst, December 10th.</p> |
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INTRODUCTION.

BOXING AND BOXERS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE origin of boxing has been assumed by some superficial writers as coeval with the earliest contests of man. This view appears to the writer both crude and unphilosophical. It might be argued with equal probability that the foil was antecedent to the sword, the sword to the dagger, or the singletstick to the club with which the first murder was perpetrated. The clumsiest and, so far as rude and blood-thirsty attack could contrive them, the most deadly weapons were the first used; the sudden destruction of life, not the art of defence, being the brutal instinct of the vengeful, cunning, and cowardly savage, or the treacherous manslayer. This, too, would lead us fairly to infer—as the most dangerous forms of the *cæstus* are the most ancient, and the naked fist in combat appears nowhere to have been used in the gladiatorial combats of Greece or Rome—that to England and her Anglo-Saxon race is due this fairest and least dangerous of all forms of the duel; and to attribute to a recent period the padded boxing-glove (at present the air or pneumatic glove), by means of which the truly noble art of self-defence can be safely and healthfully practised and illustrated.

The most polished people of antiquity included boxing among their sports. With them it was also a *discipline*, an *exercise*, and an *art*. A discipline, inasmuch as it was taught to pupils; an exercise, as followed in the public games; and an art, on account of the previous trainings and studies it presupposed in those who professed and practised it. Plutarch indeed asserts that the “pugilate” was the most ancient of the three gymnastic games performed by the *athletæ*, who were divided into three classes—the *Boxers*, the *Wrestlers*, and the *Runners*. And thus Homer views the subject, and generally follows this order in his descriptions of public celebrations. This, too, is the natural sequence, in what philosopher Square would call “the eternal fitness of things.” First, the man attacks (or defends himself) with the fist; secondly, he closes or wrestles; and should fear, inferior skill, or deficient strength tell him he had better avoid the conflict, he resorts to the third course, and *runs*.

A word on the derivation of our words, pugilism, pugilist, and boxing, all of which have a common origin. *Pugilism* comes to us through the Latin *pugilatus*, the art of fighting with the fist, as also does *pugnus*, a fight. The Latin again took these words from the Greek *πυγμή* (*pugmè*), the fist doubled for fighting; whence also they had *πύγμαχος* (*pugmachos*), a fist-fighter, and *πύγμαχια* (*pugmachia*), a fist-fight. They had also *πυγδών* (*pugdon*), a measure of length from the elbow (*cubitus*) to the end of the

hand *with the fingers clenched*. Another form of the word, the Greek ἀνὰ πύξ (pux), *pugno vel pugnus*, gives us πύξος (puxos, Lat. *buxus*), in English, *box*; and it is remarkable that this form of the closed hand is the Greek synonyme for anything in the shape of a closed *box* or receptacle, and so it has passed to the moderns. The πύξ, *box*, or *pux*, is the chest in which the sacramental vessels are contained. Thus mine Ancient Pistol pleads for his red-nosed comrade:—

“ Fortune is Bardolph’s foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a PYX, and hanged must a be.
Let gallows rape for dog, let man go free,
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For PYX of little price ”

HENRY V., act iii., sc. vi.

The French have also imported *la boxe* into their dictionaries, where the Germans had it already, as *boxen*, a box. But enough of etymology; wherever we got the word, the thing itself—fair boxing, as we practise it—is of pure English origin. The Greeks, however, cultivated the science in their fashion, confined it by strict rules, and selected experienced masters and professors, who, by public lessons, delivered gratis in Palestræ and Gymnasia, instructed youth in the theory and practice of the art. Kings and princes, as we learn from the poets, laid aside their dignity for a few hours, and exchanged the sceptre for the cæstus; indeed, in Greece, boxing, as a liberal art, was cultivated with ardour, and when (once in three years) the whole nation assembled at Corinth to celebrate their Isthmian games, in honour of Neptune, the generous admiration of an applauding people placed the crown on the brow of the successful pugilist, who, on his return home, was hailed as the supporter of his country’s fame. Even Horace places the pugilist *before* the poet:—

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmus
Clarabit pugilem.”

Lib. iv., Ode 3, l. 1-4.

And in another place:—

“ Musa debet fidibus divos, puerosque decorum,
Et PUGILAM victorem, et equum certamine primum.”
De Arte Poet., l. 83-84.

The sententious Cicero also says:—“ It is certainly a glorious thing to *do* well for the republic, but also to *speal* well is not contemptible.”

Having alluded to the poets who have celebrated pugilism, we will take a hasty glance at the demigods and heroes by whom boxing has been illustrated. POLLUX, the twin brother of Castor—sprung from the intrigue of Jupiter with the beautiful Leda, wife of Tyndarus, King of Sparta, and mother of the fair Helen of Troy—presents us with a lofty pedigree as the tutelary deity of the boxers. The twins fought their way to a seat on Mount Olympus, as also did Hercules himself:—

“ *Hæc arte* Pollux, et vagus Hercules
Innoxius arces attingit igneus; ”

the sign Gemini in our zodiac representing this pair of “pugs.” As one of

the unsuccessful competitors with Pollux, we may here mention Amycus. He was a son of Neptune, by Melia, and was king of the Hebræes. When the Argonauts touched at his port, on their voyage to Colchis, he received them with much hospitality. Amycus was renowned for his skill with the *cæstus*, and he kept up a standing challenge to all strangers for a trial of skill. Pollux accepted his challenge; but we learn from Apollonius that Amycus did not fight fair, and tried by a trick to beat Pollux, whereupon that "out-and-outer" killed him, *pour encourager les autres*, we presume.* There were two other pugilists of the same name among the "school" taken by Æneas into Italy as we shall presently see.

Eryx, also, figures among the heaven-descended pugilists. He was the son of Venus, by Butes, a descendant of Amycus, and very skilful in the use of the *cæstus*. He, too, kept up a standing challenge to all comers, and so came to grief. For Hercules, who "burred neither weight, country, nor colour," coming that way, took up the gauntlet, and knocked poor Eryx clean out of time; so they buried him on a hill where he had, like a pious son, built a beautiful temple in honour of his rather too easy mamma. It is but fair, however, in this instance, to state that there is another version of the parentage of Eryx, not quite so lofty, but, to our poor thinking, quite as creditable. It runs thus:—Butes, being on a Mediterranean voyage, touched at the three-cornered island of Sicily (Trinacria), and there, sailor fashion, was hooked by one Lyncaste, a beautiful harlot, who was called by the islanders "Venus." She was the mother of Eryx, and so he was called the son of Venus. (See Virgil, *Æneid*, b. v., l. 372.) However this may be, the temple of Eryx and the "Erycinian Venus" were most renowned, and Diodorus, the Sicilian, tells us that the Carthaginians revered Venus Erycina as much as the Sicilians themselves, identifying her with the Phœnician Astarte. So much for the genealogy of the fourth boxer.

Antæus here claims a place. We have had a couple from heaven (by Jupiter), and one from the sea (by Neptune), our next shall be from earth and ocean combined. Antæus, though principally renowned as a wrestler, is represented with the *cæstus*. He was the son of Terra, by Neptune; or, as the stud-book would put it, by Neptune out of Terra. He was certainly dreadfully given to "bounce," for he threatened to erect a temple to his father with the skulls of his conquered antagonists; but he planned his house before he had procured the materials. The story runs, that whenever he kissed his "mother earth" she renewed his strength, from which we may fairly infer that he was an adept in the art of "getting down," like many of our modern pugilists. Hercules, however, found out the dodge by which the artful Antæus got "second wind" and renewed strength. He accordingly put on "the squeeze," and giving him a cross-lift, held him off the ground till he expired, which we take to have been foul play on the part of his Herculean godship.† There was another Antæus, a friend of Turnus, killed by Æneas in the Latin wars.

Of the Homeric boxers, Epeus and Euryalus are the most renowned. Epeus was king of the Epei, a people of the Peloponnesus; he was son of Eudymion, and brother to Pæon and Æolus. As his papa was the paramour of the goddess of chastity, Diana, the family may be said to have moved in

* See Apollon., Argonaut.; Theocritus, *Idyll*. 22; Apollodorus, b. i., c. 9.

† Statius, *Thebais*, vi., v. 893; Lucan, *Pharsalia*, iv., 598; Juvenal, *Sat.* iii., 86.

high society. The story of Endymion and the goddess of the moon has been a favourite with poets. Epeus was a "big one," and, like others of Homer's heroes, a bit of a bully.

In the twenty-third book of the *Iliad* we find the father of poetry places the games at the funeral of Patroclus in this order:—1, The chariot race; 2, the cæstus fight; 3, the wrestling; 4, the foot race. As it is with the second of these only that Epeus and Euryalus are concerned, we shall confine ourselves the Homeric description.

"The prizes next are ordered to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæstus wield;
A stately mule, as yet by toil unbroke,
Of six years' age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the circus led and firmly bound
Next stands a goblet, massive, large, and round.
Achilles, rising, thus. 'Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight,
Who dares the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the swift descending stroke,
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay
The vanquished bear the massy bowl away'
This dreadful combat great Epeus chose.
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk' he rose,
And seized the beast, and thus began to say
'Stand forth some man to bear the bowl away!
Price of his ruin, for who dares deny
This mule my right, the undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis owned, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound.
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the battered carcase off the plain.'
The giant spoke, and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,
The great Megestheus, who, in days of yore,
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore—
(The games ordain'd dead Œdipus to grace),
And singly vanquished the Cadmean race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend.
Officious with the cincture girds him round,
And to his wrists *the gloves of death* are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poised high in air his iron hands
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epeus dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe,
Beneath the ponderous arm's restless sway
Down dropp'd he nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting not less batter'd with the wound
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand, and gives him to his friends.
Whose arms support him reeling through the throng.

And dragging his disabled legs along,
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulders o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapped round in mists he lies, and lost to thought—
His friends receive the bowl too dearly bought."

So far the first report of a prize fight, which came off 1184 years B.C., in the last year of the siege of Troy, anno mundi, 3630.

There was another *Epeus*, son of *Panopæus*, who was a skilful carpenter, and made the Greek mare, commonly but erroneously called the Trojan horse,* in the womb of which the Argive warriors were introduced to the ruin of beleaguered Troy, as related in the second book of the "*Æneid*."

Euryalus will be known by name to newspaper readers of the present day as having given name to the steam frigate in which our sailor Prince Alfred took his earliest voyages to sea: to the scholar he is known as a valiant Greek prince, who went to the Trojan war with eighty ships, at least so says Homer, "*Iliad*," b. ii.

"Next move to war the generous Argive train,
From high *Troas* and *Mæota*'s plain;
And fair *Ægina* circled by the main,
Whom strong *Tyrinthe*'s lofty walls surround,
And *Epidaure* with vine harvest crowned,
And where fair *Asinen* and *Hermion* show
Their cliffs above and ample bay below.
These by the brave *Euryalus* were led,
Great *Sthenelus* and greater *Diomed*.
But chief *Tydid* bore the sovereign sway;
In fourscore barks they plough their watery way."

We may here note that *Tydid* (the family name of *Diomed*, as the son of *Tydeus*) was *Euryalus*'s second in the mill with *Epeus*, wherein we have just seen him so soundly thrashed by the big and bounceable *Epeus*. As *Virgil* generally invents a "continuation" or counterpart of the Homeric heroes for his "*Æneid*," we find *Euryalus* made the hero of an episode, and celebrated for his immortal friendship with *Nisus*: with him he had a partnership in fighting, and they died together in a night encounter with the troops of the *Rutulians*, whose camp they had plundered, but were overtaken and slain. (*Virg. Æneid*, ix., 176.) We will now therefore shift the scene from Greece, and come to Sicily and Italy, and the early boxing matches there.

Æneas' companions were a "school" of boxers, and met with the like in Italy, among whom *Entellus*, *Eryx*, and *Antæus* (already mentioned), *Dares*, *Cloanthus*, *Gyges*, *Gyas*, etc., may be numbered.

Entellus, the intimate of *Eryx*, and who conquered *Dares* at the funeral games of *Anchises* (father of *Æneas*) in Sicily, deserves first mention. He was even then an "old 'un," but, unlike most who have "trusted a battle to a waning age," comes off gloriously in the encounter; which, as we shall presently see, under *Dares*, gives an occasion for the second ring report of

* The inquiring reader will find the *sex* of "the Trojan horse" settled in some humorous scholia to *Pope's* "*Dunciad*," book i., line 212, quizzically attributed to *Richard Bentley*, the famous critic, under the *alias* of *Martinus Scriblerus*. And at this present time of writing we may note that the *axe-wielding* ex-premier, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in his great speech on introducing the Reform Bill (March 19. 1860), borrowed a metaphor from this ancient fable with eloquent propriety—

"Scandit fatalis machina muros
Fata arma."

INTRODUCTION.

antiquity, as well as a minute description of the *cæstus* itself. The lines from the fifth book of the "*Æneid*" need no preface. After the rowing match (with galleys), in which Cloanthus (see *post*) is the victor, *Æneas* thus addresses his assembled companions :—

"If there be here whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet-fight, with back and body bare,
His opposite sustain in open view,
Stand forth thou, champion, and the games renew :
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—
A bull with gilded horns and fillets tied,
Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief;
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.
Then haughty Dares in the lists appears ;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears ;
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlets wield
And loud applauses echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat sued to stand,
The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand ;
The same at Hector's funerals undertook
Gigantic Butes of the Amycian stock,
And by the stroke of his resistless hand,
Stretched his vast bulk along the yellow sand.
Such Dares was, and such he strode long,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny bulk and ample breast he shows,
His lifted arms around his head he throws,
And deals, in whistling air, his empty blows.
His match is sought ; but through the trembling band
Not one dares answer to his proud demand.
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,
Already he devours the promised prize.
He claims the bull with lawless insolence,
And, having seized his horns, addressed the prince :
'If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes ?
Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
To lead this uncontested gift away.'
The crowd assents, and, with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize."

Acestes then reproaches Entellus for allowing the prize to be carried off uncontested. Entellus pleads "staleness" and "want of condition," but accepts the challenge.

"Acestes fired with just disdain to see
A plain usurped without a victory,
Reproached Entellus thus, who sat beside,
And heard and saw, unmoved, the Trojan's pride.
'Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravished crown,
The prize in triumph borne before your sight,
And shun for fear the danger of the fight.
Where is your Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game ?
Where now your baffled honour ? where the spoil
That filled your house, and fame that filled our isle ?'
Entellus thus : 'My soul is still the same,
Unmoved with fears, and moved with martial fame ;
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
Oh ! could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime of which this boaster is so vain,
The brave, who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force without the promised prize,'

Entellus then throws down the gauntlets of Eryx (engraved under Cæstus, pp. xiii., xiv.), but Dares, declining the ponderous weapons, old Entellus offers to accommodate him, by permission of the umpires, with a round or two with a lighter pair.

“ But if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
If great Æneas and Acætes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him learn to fear since I forego my right.
This said, Entellus for the fight prepares,
Stripped of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Composed of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
A goodly towering object on the sands.
Then just Æneas equal arms supplied,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they tied.
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar,
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies,
One on his sinews and his giant size.
This last is stiff with age, his motion slow;
He heaves for breath, he staggers to and fro,
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow
Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike,
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound;
A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes—
Nor always errs, for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
Hoary with age Entellus stands his ground,
But with his warping body wards the wound.
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace,
While Dares traverses and shifts his place,
And, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
Views all the approaches with observing eyes;
This and that other part in vain he tries,
And more on industry than force relies.
With hands on high Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watched the motion from below,
And slipped a-side, and shunned the long-descending blow.
Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,
And, thus deluded of the stroke designed,
Headlong and heavy fell, his ample breast
And weighty limbs his ancient mother pressed.
So falls a hollow pine that long had stood
On Ida's height or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots. The differing nations rise,
And shouts, with mingled murmurs, rend the skies.
Acætes runs with eager haste to raise
The fallen companion of his youthful days.
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight returned;
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burned
Disdain and conscious virtue filled his breast,
And with redoubled force his foe he pressed.
He lays on load with either hand a-main
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain;
Nor stops nor stays nor rests nor breath allows
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,
A rattling tempest and a hail of blows.”

At this point of the combat—when, after what ought to have closed

round 1, by the fall of old Entellus, the latter jumps up and renews the fight, driving Dares in confusion before him—we find that the referee and stakeholder had a judicial discretionary power to stop the fight, the more necessary on account of the deadly gloves in use. Some such power, in cases of closing and attempts at garotting (such as occurred at Farnham and at Wadhurst in 1860 and 1863, and numerous minor battles), should be vested in the referee; but then where is the man who in modern times would be efficiently supported or obeyed in this judicial exercise of authority?

“But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease,
And bounds Entellus’ wrath, and bids the peace.
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And soothed his sorrow for the suffered shame.
‘What fury seized my friend? The gods,’ said he,
‘To him propitious, are averse to thee,
Have given his arm superior force to thine,
’Tis madness to contend with strength divine.’
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends the unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and nostrils poured a purple flood,
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he staggered through the hissing throng,
And hung his head and trailed his legs along.
The sword and casque are carried by his train,
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.”

The reader will doubtless be forcibly struck with the close imitation of Homer by the later epic poet. The length of this account—given, as are those in the ensuing pages, under the name of the winner—will render superfluous a lengthy notice of the vanquished—

DARES, another of the companions of Æneas, who also, like St. Patrick, was “a jontleman, and came of dacent people.” Indeed, we see that he claimed to be descended from King Amycus. Your ancient pugilists seem to have been as anxious about “blood” as a modern horse-breeder. Dares was afterwards slain by Turnus in Italy. See V’g. *Æneid*, v. 369, xii. 363.

CLOANTHUS, too, fought some good battles; and from him the noble Roman family of the Cluentii boasted their descent. In “*Æneid*,” v. 122, he wins the rowing match.

Of GYGES’ match we merely learn that Turnus also slew him; and of GYAS, that he greatly distinguished himself by his prowess in the funeral games of Anchises in Sicily. As to the “pious” ÆNEAS himself, another son of Venus, by Anchises, he was a fighting man all his days. First, in the Trojan war, where he engaged in combat with Diomed and with Achilles himself, and afterwards, on his various voyagings in Sicily, Africa, and Italy, where he fought for a wife and a kingdom, and won both by killing his rival Turnus, marrying Lavinia, and succeeding his father-in-law, Latinus. Despite his “piety” in carrying off his old father Anchises from the flames of Troy, and giving him such a grand funeral, Æneas seems to have been a filibustering sort of vagrant; and after getting rid of poor Turnus, not without suspicions of foul play, he was drowned in crossing a river in Etruria, which territory he had invaded on a marauding expedition. We cannot say much against him on the score of “cruelty and desertion” in the matter of Queen Dido, seeing that chronology proves that the Carthaginian Queen was not born until about three hundred years after the fall of Troy, and therefore the whole story is the pure fabrication of the Roman poets, Virgil and Ovid.

This, however, is by the way, so we will proceed to give a short account of the implements used in ancient boxing.

These were the *Cæstrus*, a formidable gauntlet composed of thongs of raw hide, with the woollen glove covering the hand with its vellus or fringe; and the *Amphotides*, a kind of helmet or defensive armour for the head. Four principal forms of the *cæstus* are known by extant representations. The first is the most tremendous, and was found in bronze at Herculaneum. The original hand is somewhat above the natural size, and appears to have been part of the statue of some armed gladiator. It is formed of several thickneases of raw hide strongly fastened together, and cut into a circular form. These have holes to admit the four fingers, the thumb being closed on the outer edge to secure the hold, while the whole is bound by thongs round the wrist and forearm, with its inner side on the palm of the hand and its outer edge projecting in front of the knuckles. Our Yankee friends have a small imitation in their modern "knuckle-dusters." A glove of thick worsted was worn beneath the gauntlet, ending in a fringe or bunch of wool, called *vellus*. Lactantius says: "*Pentadactylos laneos sub cæstibus habent.*" The figure given in the Abbé St. Non's, "*Voyage Pittoresque de Naples et de Sicile.*" is here copied.



FIG. 1.—CÆSTRUS.

The second form of *cæstus*, though less deadly at first aspect, is capable of administering the most fatal blows. This sort is represented in a bronze group, engraved in the first volume of the "*Bronzi dei Musco Kircheriano*," which represents the battle between Amycus and Pollux, already noticed.

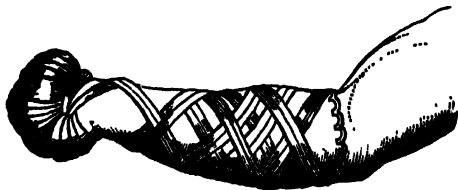


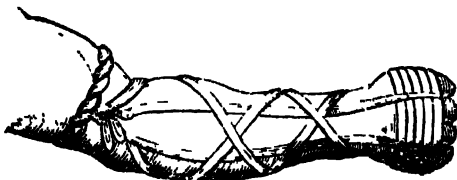
FIG. 2.

This (or the fourth form of glove) would also seem to have been that offered by Entellus to Dares in the fifth book of the *Æneid*, though the "knobs of brass," "blunt points of iron," "plummets of lead," and other

superfluities of barbarity, are not visible. Virgil's description of the *cæstus* being the best, we here quote it:—

“ He (Entellus) threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And sheathe his hands within the lusted field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd the crowd beholds
The gloves of death,—with sev'n distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull's hides; the space within is spread
With men or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refused to fight.
Astomish'd at their weight the hero stands,
And pour'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.”

In Smith's “*Antiquities of Greece and Rome*,” and in Lenu's “*Costumes des Peuples de l'Antiquité*,” are other patterns. The subjoined is from the last named work.



1 to. 3.

The last form (No. 4) we shall give is also from a bas-relief found at Herculaneum. It is certainly of a less destructive form, the knuckles and back of the hand being covered by the leather, held in its place by a thumb-hole, and further secured by two crossed straps to the vellus, which ends half way up the fore-arm. A similar engraving forms the tail-piece to the fifty-first page of the second volume of the Abbé St. Non's “*Voyage Pittoresque*,” already quoted.

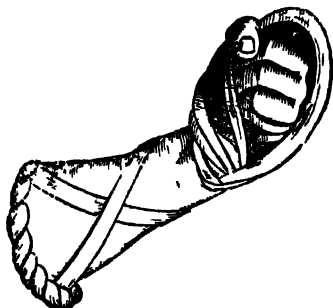


FIG. 4.

The AMPHOTIDES, a helmet or head-guard, to secure the temporal bones and arteries, encompassed the ears with thongs and ligatures, which were

buckled either under the chin or behind the head. They bore some resemblance to the head guards used in modern broadsword and stick play, but seem to have fitted close. They were made of hides of bulls, studded with knobs of iron, and thickly quilted inside to dull the concussion of the blows. Though it may be doubted whether the amphotides were introduced until a later period of the pugilistic era, yet as their representation would prevent the faces or heads of the combatants being seen, sculptors and fresco painters would leave them out unhesitatingly, as they do head-dresses, belts, reins, horses' harness, etc., regardless of reality, and seeking only what they deemed high art in their representations.

The search after traces of boxing among the barbarism of the Middle Ages, with their iron cruelty and deadly warfare—not unredeemed, however, by rude codes of honour, knightly courtesy, and chivalrous gallantry, in defence of the weak and in honour of the fair—would not be worth the while. The higher orders jousted and tilted with lance, mace, and sword, the lower fought with sand-bags and the quarter-staff.

Wrestling, as an art, seems to have only survived among Gothic or Scandinavian peoples. A "punch on the head," advocated by Mr. Grantley Berkeley as a poacher's punishment, is, however, spoken of by Ariosto as the result of his romantic hero's wrath, who gives the offender "un gran punzone sulla testa," by way of caution. That there were "men before their time," who saw the best remedy for the fatal abuse of deadly weapons in popular brawls, we have the testimony of no less an authority than St. Bernard. That holy and peace-loving father of the Church, as we are told by Foreyth, and numerous other writers, established boxing as a safety-valve for the pugnacious propensities of the people. He tells us: "The strongest bond of union among the Italians is only a coincidence of hatred. Never were the Tuscans so unanimous as in hating the other States of Italy. The Senesi agreed best in hating all the other Tuscans; the citizens of Siena in hating the rest of the Senesi; and in the city itself the same amiable passion was subdivided among the different wards.

"This last ramification of hatred had formerly exposed the town to very fatal conflicts, till at length, in the year 1200, St. Bernardino instituted Boxing as a more innocent vent to their hot blood, and laid the bruisers under certain laws, which are sacredly observed to this day. As they improved in prowess and skill, the pugilists came forward on every point of national honour: they were sung by poets and recorded in inscriptions. The elegant Savini ranks boxing among the holiday pleasures of Siena."*

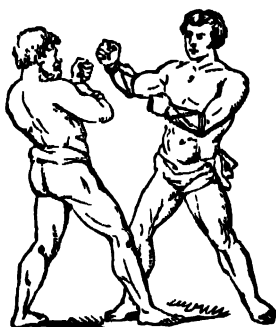
These desultory jottings must suffice to bring the history of boxing among the ancients down to the period of its gradual extinction as an art and its public and authorised practice. A few sentences from the pen of the late V. G. Dowling, Esq.,† will appropriately close this introductory chapter.

"Both among the Greeks and Romans the practice of pugilism, although differing in its main features from our modern and less dangerous combats, was considered essential in the education of their youth, from its manifest utility in 'strengthening the body, dissipating all fear, and infusing a manly courage into the system.' The power of punishment, rather than the 'art of self-defence,' however, seems to have been the main object of the ancients;

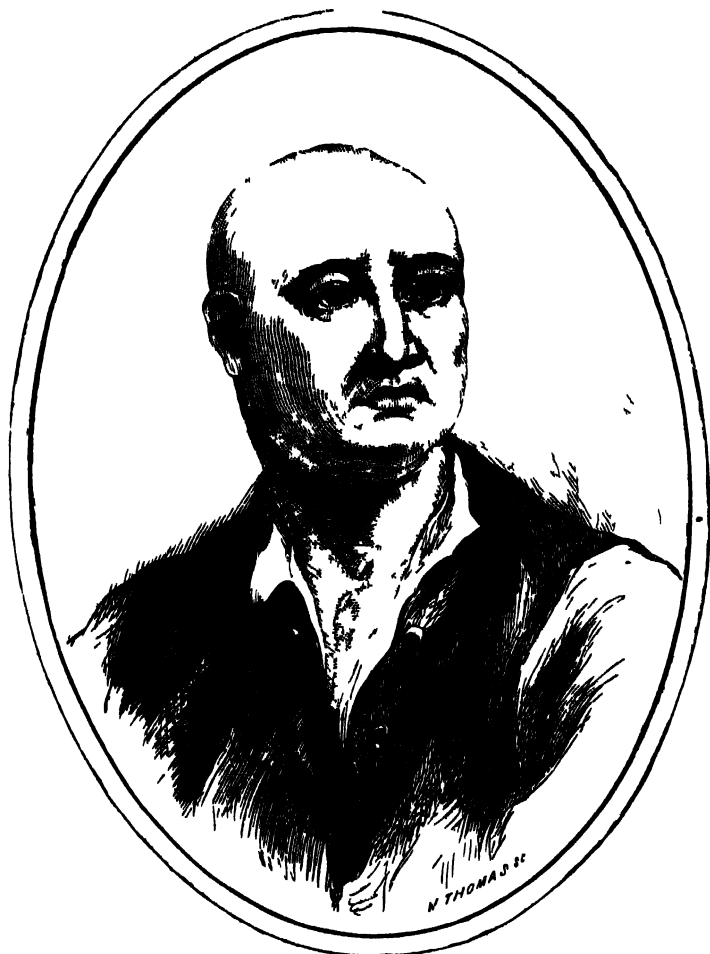
* Foreyth's "Remarks during an Excursion in Italy," p. 117.

† In Blaine's "Cyclopædia of Rural Sports," art. *British Boxing*, p. 1219. Longmans 1860.

and he who dealt the heaviest blow, without regard to protecting his own person, stood foremost in the list of heroes. Not so in modern times; for while the quantum of punishment in the end must decide the question of victory or defeat, yet the true British boxer gains most applause by the degree of science which he displays in defending his own person, while with quickness and precision he returns the intended compliments of his antagonist, and like a skilful chess-player, takes advantage of every opening which chance presents, thereby illustrating the value of coolness and self-possession at the moment when danger is most imminent. The annals of our country from the invasion of the Romans downwards sufficiently demonstrates that the native Briton trusted more to the strength of his arm, the muscular vigour of his frame, and the fearless attributes of his mind in the hour of danger, than to any artificial expedients; and that, whether in attack or defence, the combination of those qualities rendered him at all times formidable in the eyes of his assailants, however skilled in the science or practice of warfare. If illustrations were required to establish this proposition, they are to be found in every page of our history, from the days of Alfred to the battle of Waterloo; and if it be asked how it is that Englishmen stand thus pre-eminent in the eyes of the world, it may be answered that it is to be ascribed to the encouragement given to those manly games (boxing more especially) which are characteristic of their country, and which, while they invigorate the system, sustain and induce that moral courage which experience has shown us to be the result as much of education as of constitution, perhaps more of the former than of the latter. The truth of this conclusion was so strongly impressed on the feelings of our forefathers, even in the most barbarous ages, that we find all their pastimes were tinged with a desire to acquire superiority in their athletic recreations, thus in peace inculcating those principles which in war became their safest reliance." *Esto perpetua!*



BOXERS WITH THE CASTUS.



JAMES FIG (CHAMPION)
fr. the SIR JAMES THORNHILL'S Portrait, 1782

PUGILISTICA:

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING.

PERIOD I.—1719 to 1791.

FROM THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF FIG TO THE APPEARANCE OF DANIEL MENDOZA.

CHAPTER I.

PREPATORY REMARKS.—FIG—SUTTON—WHITAKER—PEAR TREE—PIPER—GRITTING.

WE have collected in our Introductory Chapter the few scattered notices of pugilism as practised and understood by the earlier Celtic nations. Despite, however, the proclivity of antiquaries, historians, and scholars to find a Roman or Greek origin for every manner, custom, and tradition—as if we had none originally of our own,—we may safely say that Boxing, in the noble manly forbearing and humane practice of the art, is the indigenous offspring of British hardihood, steady courage, and love of gymnastic exercise and feats of bodily strength and skill, not unaccompanied with that amount of risk and severe exertion which lend a zest to sports unappreciated and unknown to more effeminate, more cruel, and more cowardly peoples. Let not this be taken as the hasty expression of insular prejudice. The writer, after deeply considering, and often witnessing, the personal contests of men in his own country and abroad, and dispassionately weighing the manner, accessories, and consequences of such contests, feels it a duty he owes to a half-informed and prejudiced society to express the result of his experience and his reflection, without fear, favour, or affection:—fear of the onslaughts of spiritual and moral quacks; favour for those who have degraded or debased a useful and laudable national exercise and sport; or affection, more than is due to an art which he would fain rescue from the obloquy and condemnation to which blind hostility and canting

prejudice have consigned it. He would fain uphold that pugilistic combat which a fair field, no favour, and surrender at all times at the will of either party, distinguishes from every mode of conflict yet devised or practised for the settlement of those "offences" which the highest authority has told us "needs must come." At a period within the earlier memories of the writer, a school of babblers flooded the press with theories of the perfectibility of man, the ultimate establishment of universal freedom, and the sublimation of the human faculties by general education and popular science; and a period was confidently predicted by these theorising shallowpates, when war would be an "impossibility" as against the "interests" of men and nations. We have lived to see the most sanguinary and ferocious contest in history among the people whom these sciolists set up as the bright example to the "less educated" nations of the Old World. We may, therefore, safely despise the "new light" philosophy, and revert to the eternal truth already cited—"needs must be that offences will come;" and this necessity being inevitable, the next logical step is to consider how these "offences" may be best dealt with and atoned.

So long as man is liable to the imperfections of his nature he will need the art of defending himself from attack and injury, and of redressing wrong or insult that may be offered him. All experience has taught us that the passions of pride and emulation (honourable like every human attribute within limits), and resentment for injury, are the springs of some of our noblest actions. It is to the stifling and too severe repression of the active energies of a resolute and independent spirit that the soul of man as an individual, and of a nation as a whole, sinks into the vengeful cowardice and cruel pusillanimity of the abject yet ferocious slave. As, then, a greater or less portion of evil must be attached to the best system of popular moral or civil restraint, the wisest policy is that which legislates for man *as we find him*, and not as the perfect or perfectible (?) creature which theorists and bigots pretend that *he ought to be*.

At the risk of repetition we will return to our argument. Individuals, as well as states, must have their disputes, their quarrels, and then—their battles. This is, there is no denying, the sad but natural—the regrettable but inevitable, condition and tenure on which human life—nay, all animal existence—is held. There must, then, be some mode through which the passions, when aroused, from whatever cause,—

Ambition, love, or greed and thirst of gold,—

may be assuaged, subdued, or extinguished; when the necessity for an appeal to the *ultima ratio* of conflict is unavoidable. And surely, in this extremity

the *fists*—the symbol of personal courage, of prompt readiness for defence and attack—are the most harmless, the ever-present, and the least fatal weapons. We will leave, gentle or simple reader, the pistol to your higher-born countrymen of the "upper ten thousand," if it so please them; the fatal *fleur* to the fire-eating Gaul (whether soldier, *littérateur*, or "pekin"); the back-handed stiletto to the stabbing Italian; the sharp, triangular rapier or the dagger to the saturnine Spaniard; the slaughterous *schlager* to the beer-bemused burschen* of dreamy Vaterland; the gash-

* An intelligent correspondent of *The Sporting Life* newspaper, in a series of letters from Germany, written in July, 1868, gives a graphic and blood-tinted picture of "How the Students fight at Heidelberg," which we would commend to the perusal of the pedagogues of our public schools. We have space for no more than a few fragmentary sentences, but the whole is worth serious thought on the part of those who "teach the ingenuous youth of modern nations." The writer says:—"I will now describe to you three duels, out of many I have witnessed. The first with the sabre, the other two with *schlagers*. The first was between the *præses*, or head man of one of the principal corps, and an officer in the German army. It appears that the officer was at one time a student in the University of Heidelberg, which he quitted to enter the German service. Being quartered at Mannheim, which is close to Heidelberg, he determined to revisit the place, when, for some reason or other unknown to me, he was at once drawn into a duel by the *præses* of the corps. Allow me to remark, *en passant*, that an unfortunate student was killed here in a sabre-duel some three or four months ago. A court of inquiry was held, and it was proved by the medical men that the deceased had a remarkably thin skull, which would easily have been fractured by the slightest blow, a fall, or anything of that sort. The result was that all parties were acquitted. But I must return to my sabre-duel. While I was passing through Heidelberg, Old "Puggy" came and told me there would be a sabre-duel early the next morning in the *Ingle Suisse*, or "Angels' Meadow," a small meadow up in the mountains, surrounded by trees, and where all the sabre and pistol duels came off. The "Angels' Meadow" is about ten minutes walk from the *Hirsch Gasse*. I suppose it has derived its name from its extreme beauty, but I think the "Devil's Meadow" would be a more appropriate name, for during the last twenty years no end of fatal duels have taken place there. I took care to be on the ground early, in order to get a view, which I did by mounting a tree. The attendance was very small, as only a limited number are allowed to be present at a duel which is likely to be attended with loss of life. Each man arrived on the ground in a carriage, the student being accompanied by the University doctor, while the officer had a medical friend. While the seconds and umpires were arranging preliminaries, the men were prepared by their respective doctors. The combatants in this case were prepared as follows:—A leather pad to protect the stomach, and a woollen one guarded the lower parts. The sword arm was covered as usual, and a leather apron put on. The whole upper part of the body was left open to attack. The ring was made, the seconds, umpire, and referee took up their respective positions, and the two doctors undoing their cases of instruments, laid them on the ground ready for any emergency. The terms were that the men, if able to scratch, were to fight fifteen minutes, not including rests and stoppages. The umpire of the student (the student being the challenger) now prepared to give the word. Previous to this, a sabre, with *schlager* handles, was handed to each man. At the word *Silentium*, you might have heard a pin drop. *Gebunden*, or the order to bind them, was then given, and a silk handkerchief was tied round the wrist, and fastened to the handle. *Gebunden ist* was the reply, which means, "bound it is." *Auf de mensur*, "go into position and scratch," *Fertig*, "ready," and *Los*, "go at it," were called, and at it they went with a will, the guard used being the *schlager*-guard, and not the English sword exercise. Two or three rounds were fought, when the officer got a fearful wound on the side of the head. The round was of course over, and after a few restoratives had been administered, silence was again called. I may as well state here, once and for all, that this was the only wound the officer got; not so with the student, the wounds he received about the head were of a fearful character, and round after round he came up. The time having expired, the student was carried to his carriage; and, owing to the injuries received, he could not leave his room for several months. When he left his room, he went to the sea-side. It is needless for me to say that both of them will carry the marks of this contest to the grave.

"It was on April 10, during vacation, and while there were scarcely any students in Heidelberg, I was sitting at my window, and saw four or five students go towards the *Hirsch Gasse*; I followed them, and when I arrived there the men were stripping. All being in

inflicting knife to the Dutch boor or seaman's snicker-snee; the death-dealing "bowie," "Kansas toothpick," and murderous "six-shooter" to the catawampous citizen of the "universal Yankee nation;" the waved kreese, to the muck-running Malay; each tawny savage to his sharp tomahawk, his poisoned arrow, or his barbed assagai; and then we would ask the scribblers of the anti-pugilistic press which of these they are prepared to champion against the fist of the British boxer,—a weapon of defence which, as exemplified in the practice laid down in the latest code of Ring Law, is the perfection of the practice of cool courage, self-reticent combat, restraint, skill, and endurance that can illustrate and adorn the character of an unsophisticated and true-hearted Englishman in the supreme moment of conquest or of defeat.

It has frequently been urged by magistrates, and even erminent judges* of quasi-liberal sentiments, that pugilism, as a national practice, and an occasional or fortuitous occurrence, may be winked at by the authorities, or

readiness, they were led out of the house, each arm being carefully supported by the seconds. One of these gentlemen was a student from Munich, the other was a Heidelberg, and the men were placed opposite to each other. Silence was called, and the fight began. The first round occupied considerably less than half a minute, and was finished by the seconds springing in and terminating the round, because one of the *schlagers* was bent. The second round followed without any result. The combatants are never allowed to be in *mensur* more than three-quarters of a minute—scarcely ever half a minute: these short rounds are done to rest the arm. In the third round, the Munich man got a cut on the cheek, a *Blutischer*, or "a blood," was the cry. The seconds cried "halt!" and "a blood" was scored to the Heidelberg student. The fourth round was a teaser for the Munich man, for he got his nose divided clean in two. No surgeon could have done it better: you could have laid one half back on one cheek, and the other half on the other. After this, the Munich man lost his nerve, and every round he only came up to be receiver-general. At last he got a fearful cut behind the head, dividing an artery. Seeing this, the surgeon immediately stopped the duel, after they had been at it seven minutes (fifteen minutes was the time they had to fight). The wounded man was taken inside the inn, where every necessary attention was paid him which his condition required. I never saw the man again.

"The second *schlager* duel which I saw was between a Prussian and a Schwabian: both fine men. The morning was a wet one, so they fought in a cart-shed. Having gone into a detailed account of two other duels, it will not be necessary for me to do so in this one; suffice it to say, the surgeon made them fight out the full time (fifteen minutes), and the Prussian got no less than six ugly cuts about the head; fearful gashes they were. He had to keep his bed; and, like most of these duellists, will carry the marks to the grave. As he was led out of the shed, he presented a piteous spectacle; and I only wish some of the detractors of the P.R. could have seen him as I did. These two *schlager* duels are good average samples."

The writer adds, after some sensible remarks on these sickening and murderous savageries, "I write thus strongly, because I cannot and will not believe that any one who has the good of his country at heart can decry a well-conducted P.R., as it might be if legalised, or at the least winked at and tolerated." As to the fatal encounters with knife, rifle, and revolver in the Transatlantic States, they stain almost every sheet of their journalism.

* As it would overload the page with notes to give authorities for these remarks, we may observe that the opinions upon pugilism of the celebrated Mr. Windham, Mr. Harvey Combe, Sir Henry Smith, the Duke of Hamilton, Francis Duke of Bedford, Lord Yarmouth, Mr. Barber Beaumont, Sir John Sinclair, the first Lord Lowther, and other legislators of both Houses, will be found under the periods with which they were contemporary, together with the dicta of justices and judges as occasion called them forth. Anecdotes and extracts from the writings or speeches of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Parr, Dr. Diary, Adam Smith, Sir Walter Scott (in *Paul's Letters to his Kingfolk*), Professor Wilson, Lord Byron, Tom Moore, Sir Robert Peel (the late), and other admirers of the pugilate, are scattered in the places where they appropriately occur.

tacitly allowed, and prohibited or punished at discretion, as the occasion may seem to require: but that gymnastic schools where boxing is regularly taught, and pitched battles, are social nuisances which the law should rigorously suppress. Granting the possibility of this utter repression, which we deny, it may well be questioned whether we have not tried to suppress a lesser evil to evolve a greater.*

To boxing-schools and regulated combats we owe that noble system of fictive ethics, of fair play, which distinguishes and elevates our common people, and which stern, impartial, unprejudiced and logical minds must hail and foster as one of the proud attributes of our national character. We do not in the least undervalue peaceful pursuits, which constitute and uphold the blessings of peaceful life; yet a nation with no idea or principle beyond commerce would be unworthy, nay, would be impotent for national existence, much more for national power and progress. Subjection, conquest, and hence serfdom and poverty, must be its fate in presence of strong, rapacious, and encroaching neighbours. "The people that possesses steel," said the ancient assailant of the Lydian Croesus, "needs not long want for gold." A

* On this point the Hon. Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M.P. for Gloucester, has expressed himself with outspoken candour in "A Letter on the Sports of the People, and their Moral Effects," which is invaluable as the testimony of one who has shared in the sports and studied the customs of his countrymen. He says:—"Looking at a mere prize-fight got up by the backers and friends of each party, it seems, in its abstract position, to be an useless brutality for two men, having no personal cause of quarrel, to bruise each other for the possession of gold; but, regarding it in another light, as the necessary display of a fair standard of combat, by the rights and regulations of which, throughout the country, all quarrels determined by personal conflict are to be settled, in this light it assumes a character of safe and wholesome public example, which its most strenuous opposers cannot with justice deny. In my mind, then, the prize fight and fair boxing-match are the means of teaching the people to become advocates for honest and gallant decisions in all cases of quarrel, and that the encouragement of the use of the fist is the greatest antidote that can be offered to the revengeful and dastardly resort to the assassin's knife.

"In freedom from war, in the retirement and blessings of the country, there are no gallant deeds to keep alive the emulation and courage of the English peasant; then I hold that any amusement which tends to the display of personal gallantry, is calculated to be beneficial to the human mind. In spite of all the outcry raised by self-dubbed humane societies, and the abuse to which they often stretch the power vested in them for better purposes; in spite of the sickly preachings of diseased and over-sensitive minds, there is no set of people more angry with the fact of two armies being in presence of each other without fighting, than those whose health or inclinations confine them to the tea-table and fire-side, and who would faint at the mere sight of their own blood.

"It is the man who cannot leave home, that cries out for war; it is the man who has no chance of bleeding, that calls for blood. A paper on the breakfast-table, which brings a return of thousands slain, is, to the appetite of those sickly sophists, an agreeable stimulant. 'Humanity' makes a capital banner for a cavillist, ignorant of the matter of the subject he condemns, to march under; and 'no cruelty' is a cry like the 'no popery' cry, which gathers together hosts of unthinking people ready to arraign and pull down they know not what.

"The shrivelled penman, whether clerk or layman, whose thumbs and sinews have wasted through inactivity, sits at his desk and condemns recreations, pastimes, and pleasures, the value of which he has never known, and the loss of which, in consequence, is immaterial to him; while hosts of others, conscious of their own more secret mental deformities, are zealous to hang charges of immorality on any superficially available corner of the characters of their neighbours, for the sole purpose of sustaining one reputation on the ruins of another."

portion, then, of a nation must be set apart, whose vocation it will be to secure and to defend the lives, liberties, and properties of the whole. Hence the honourable calling of the soldier and the sailor; and hence, to fit the people for these, and to prevent the too general indulgence of effeminacy, dread of enterprise, and the contagious spread of an enervating and fanatical peace-at-any-price quietism, it is wise and politic to encourage the manly and athletic sports and contests which invigorate the frame, brace the nerves, inspire contempt of personal suffering, and enable man to defend his rights as well as to enjoy them. Englishmen have learned, and we sincerely hope will continue to learn and to practise, fair boxing, as they have learned other arts of defence,—the use of the rifle among others, in which (as their sires of old did with the yeoman's bow) they have already excelled Swiss, American, and Australian mountaineers and woodmen: men from countries celebrated for their practice of long shots, and constant handling of the weapon. Let them, therefore, see that the fair use of the fist is not sneered down by the craven or the canter. Were every pugilistic school shut up, the practice of boxing discouraged, and the fiat of our modern intolerant saints carried out, the manly spirit of fair play in our combats would disappear, and the people of this country lose one of their fairest characteristics. A retrospect of the last ten years will answer whether these are times to incur such risk; while at home, how-much-soever we may have had of the fist, we have indeed had too much of the loaded bludgeon, the mis-named "life-preserver," the garotte, the knife, and the revolver.

Pugilistic exhibitions are falsely said to harden the heart, to induce ferocity of character, and that they are generally attended by the dregs of society. The last aspersion, for reasons that lie on the surface, has the most truth in it. The principle only, indeed the utility and necessity of the practice of boxing, is all we here propose to vindicate. Pugilism includes nothing essentially vicious; nothing, in itself, prompting to excess or debauchery. On the contrary, it asks temperance, exercise, and self-denial. If we are to argue and decide from the abuse of a custom or institution, where are we to stop? Men are not to be cured, even of errors, by the mere arbitrary force of laws, or by a cherished pursuit being vilified and condemned, mostly by those who are ignorant or averse to it. Teach men to respect themselves—this is the first step to make them respect others. Let this rule be applied to the Ring; let it be viewed as a popular institution; it may then, and we have warrant from experience, and in the history contained in these pages, become worthy of support and patronage. A series of biographies, which include the names of Cribb, Jackson, Gully, Shaw, Spring, Sayers, etc. (within the memory of

men yet living) may be pointed to without a blush; while individual traits of heroism, generosity, forbearance, and humanity, will be found scattered as bright redeeming points through the lives of many of the "rough diamonds" preserved in the "setting" of our pages. We doubt not, were the character of the Ring raised, that successors of as good repute as these worthies would yet be found and arise among the brotherhood of the fist. Should this "consummation devoutly to be wished" ever be realised, our gymnasia, a public necessity, might then be licensed,—a security for their visitors, and adding respectability to their proprietors; for every government possesses the power of making expedient regulations, in the interest of society, even where it may not have the right to absolutely suppress or interdict. If free trade, and unrestricted leave to carry on profession or calling are such fundamental principles with our state economists, why not free boxing? and why not leave the morale of pugilism, as well as the morality of its professors, to find its level in the neglect or the patronage, the esteem or the contempt, of the people at large? Boxing and boxing schools, as free Britons, we must have. Let us, then, consider, how they can be best made to serve the cause of regulated pugilism. On the whole, there is no reason to doubt the practicability, as well as the desirability, of public boxing-schools as a branch of a system of national gymnastics. It is absurd as well as scandalous to assert that they must, *ex necessitate*, be the resort of profligates and thieves. As to the last-named recourses of society, long observation and experience* have convinced us that we have our metropolitan and even rural nurseries for them; our "sin and crime gardens" for their special propagation, rearing, and multiplication; and we can conscientiously say, from an equally long observation, that among those thieves' nurseries and "sin-gardens" the much-vilified Prize Ring has no special claim to be counted.

These remarks have extended to an extreme length, and we will here break off, premising that many opportunities will present themselves in the course of our history to illustrate and enforce the arguments and principles here laid down. Waiving, then, all question as to its origin, the *ars pugilistica* may be accepted as interwoven for many generations in the manners and habits of the English people; that it has become one of our "popular prejudices," if you so please to term it; and that we will not abandon it to be suppressed by force or sneered down by cant or sophistry. It has long since, in this favoured country, been purged of its cruelty and barbarism, and restrained within well-considered bounds. No lacerating or stunning additions, such

* Vide Mr. Henry Mayhew's admirable pen and pencil sketches of "London Labour and the London Poor."

as we see pictured in our sketches of the ancient athletes, have been allowed to Nature's weapon—the clenched fist. On the contrary, ~~for~~ the practice of the neophyte and the demonstration of the art by the professor, soft wool-padded gloves cover the knuckles and backs of the hands of the sparrers. Finally, foul blows, butting with the head, and deliberate falls, have been particularised and forbidden, and an unimpeachable system of fair play established, to be found in the “New Rules of the Ring.” We have nationally imbibed these principles, and hence among our lower orders the feeling of “fair play” is more remarkably prevalent than among any other people of Europe or the New World. Hence personal safety—the exceptions, though occasionally alarming, prove the rule*—is more general in England than in any other country. Here alone the fallen combatant is protected; and here the detestable practices of gouging, biting, kicking in vital parts, practised by Americans, Hiberno-Americans, and other foreigners, are heartily denounced and scouted; and to what do we owe these characteristics? We repeat it, to the PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF PUGILISM.

FIG (CHAMPION)—1719-1734.

ALTHOUGH, doubtless, brave boxers in every shire of “merrie England” sported their Adam's livery on the greensward, and stood up toe to toe for “love and a bellyful,” yet the name of James Fig, a native of Thame, in Oxfordshire, is, thanks to the pen of Captain Godfrey and the pencil of the great Hogarth, the first public champion “of the Ring” of whom we have authentic record. Doubtless—

“Vixere fortes ante Agamemnon;”

but their deeds and glories, for want of a chronicler, have lapsed into oblivion (*carere quia vates sacro*), and—

“Sleep where lie the songs and wars of earth
Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.”

To Captain Godfrey's spirited and scarce quarto, entitled “A Treatise on

* It is a curious statistical fact that of twenty murders, accompanied with brutal violence, committed in 1862-3-4, the writer traced no less than eleven to inhabitants of England not native born. A more recent atrocity, the railway murder of Mr. Briggs, we owe to a German immigrant; the five preceding ones (out of eleven) to Irishmen, who bear a proportion to Englishmen as 5 to 150, or 1 in 30 of the population. Then comes in close sequence, the brutal assassination and mutilation of a German (Führup) by his countryman Karl Kohl; and later we find recorded a knife and shillalah fight between Italians (Gregorio Moggi and Serafino Pelizzioni), who among them stabbed several persons and killed an Irishman, one Michael Harrington, the initiator found bring the merits of Garibaldi on the Italian side, and his Holiness Pío Nono on the Irish.



FIGS CARD.

DISTRIBUTED TO HIS PATRONS, AND AT HIS BOOTH IN SOUTHWARK FAIR AND ELSEWHERE

the Useful Science of Defence," we are indebted for the preservation of the names and descriptions of the persons and styles of the athletes who were his contemporaries. It would seem that though Fig has been acknowledged as the Father of the Ring, he was as much, if not more, distinguished as a cudgel and back-sword player then as a pugilist. Captain Godfrey thus speaks of Fig:—"I have purchased my knowledge with many a broken head, and bruises in every part of me. I chose mostly to go to Fig* and exercise with him; partly, as I knew him to be the ablest master, and partly, as he was of a rugged temper, and would spare no man, high or low, who took up a stick against him. I bore his rough treatment with determined patience, and followed him so long, that Fig, at last, finding he could not have the beating of me at so cheap a rate as usual, did not show such fondness for my company. This is well known by gentlemen of distinguished rank, who used to be pleased in setting us together."

The reputation of Fig having induced him to open an academy (A.D. 1719), known as "Fig's Amphitheatre," in Tottenham Court Road, the place became shortly a great attraction, and was crowded with spectators. It was here that Captain Godfrey (the Barclay of his time) displayed his skill and elegance in many sports with the most determined competitors, the sports being witnessed by royal and noble personages, who supported the science as tending to endue the people with hardihood and intrepidity. About 1720 Fig resided in Oxford Road, now Oxford-street, and at the period of the curious fac-simile, here for the first time engraved, we find him still in the same neighbourhood.

The science of pugilism, as we now understand it, was certainly in its infancy; the system of "give and take" was adopted, and he who could hit the hardest, or submit to punishment with the best grace, seems to have been in highest favour with the amateurs. Yet Fig's placards profess to teach "defence scientifically," and his fame for "stops and parries" was so great, that we find him mentioned in the *Tatler*, *Guardian*, and *Craftsman*, the foremost miscellanies of the time.† Fig, like modern managers, added to the attractions of his amphitheatre by "stars;" among these were Ned SUTTON, the Pipemaker of Gravesend, Timothy Buck, Thomas Stokes, and others, of whom only the names remain. Bill Flanders, or Flinders, "a noted

* This shows that the professors of gymnastics were numerous at the time.

† "To Fig and Broughton he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test."

And in Beaumont's *Man of Taste* we read:—

"In Fig, the prize-fighter, by day delight,
And sup with Colley Cibber every night."

scholar of Fig's," fought at the amphitheatre, in 1723, with one Chris. Clarkson, known as "the Old Soldier." The battle is highly spoken of for determined courage in the "diurnals" of the period.

Smithfield, Moorfields, St. George's Fields, Southwark, and Hyde Park,* during this period also had "booths" and "rings" for the display of boxing and stick-play. In Hogarth's celebrated picture of "Southwark Fair" our hero prominently figures, in a caricatured exaggeration, challenging any of the crowd to enter the lists with him for "money, love, or a bellyful." This picture we have also chosen as an interesting illustration of the great English painter,—a record of manners in a rude period. As one of the bills relating to this fair (which was suppressed in 1763) is extant, we subjoin it :

AT
FIG'S GREAT TIL'D BOOTH,
On the Bowling Green, Southwark,
During the Time of the *FAIR*,
(Which begins on SATURDAY, the 18th of SEPTEMBER),
The TOWN will be entertained with the
MANLY ARTS OF
Foil-play, Back-sword, Cudgelling, and Boxing,

in which

The noted PARKS, from Coventry, and the celebrated gentleman prize-fighter, Mr. MILLAR, will display their skill in a tilting-bout, showing the advantages of *Time* and *Measure* :

ALSO

Mr. JOHNSON, the great Swordsman, superior to any man in the world for his unrivalled display of the *hanging-guard*, in a grand attack of SELF-DEFENCE, against the all-powerful arm of the renowned SUTTON.

DELFORCE, the finished Cudgeller, will likewise exhibit his uncommon feats with the *single-stick* ; and who challenges any man in the kingdom to enter the lists with him for a *broken-head* or a *belly-full* !

BUCKHORSE, and several other *Pugilists*, will show the Art of Boxing.

To conclude

With a GRAND PARADE by the Valiant FIG, who will exhibit his knowledge in various Combats—with the Foil, Back-sword, Cudgel, and Fist.

To begin each Day at Twelve o'clock, and close at Ten.

Vivat Rex.

N.B. The Booth is fitted up in a most commodious manner, for the better reception of Gentlemen, &c. &c.

Besides this nobly patronised amphitheatre of Fig, there were several booths and rings strongly supported. That in Smithfield, we have it upon good authority, was presided over by one "Mr. Andrew Johnson," asserted to be an uncle of the great lexicographer. † There was also that in Moorfields,

* The "Ring" in Hyde Park (not the drive so called) was formed in 1723, by "order of his Majesty," and encircled by a fence. It was situated about 800 yards from Groevenor Gate. The area is still visible—a circle of very old trees bolted by a plantation of younger ones. It was the scene of many impromptu conflicts, especially among the "chairmen" and "linkmen" of the two first Georges' reigns, and the early part of the third. Fights were stopped here by the "Bow-street myrmidons" towards the close of the last century, and the ring itself obliterated in 1820.

† This assertion is found in contemporary writers, and in *Pantratia*, p. 84. The ponderous Doctor himself was not only an advocate, but a practitioner of the fistic art. His strength and personal courage were undoubted, as well as his humanity. We have the authority of his biographers for his knock-down of Davies, the bookseller, in King-street, Covent Garden, and among the anecdotes of the day current and printed, is one of his successfully "in-

called at times "the booth," at others "the ring." The "ring" was kept by an eccentric character known as "Old Vinegar," the "booth" by Rimmington, whose *sobriquet* was "Long Charles." This, it appears, had a curious emblazonment,—a skull and cross-bones on a black ground, inscribed "Death or Victory." During the high tide of Fig's prosperity (1733) occurred the battle between Bob Whitaker and the Venetian Gondolier, narrated under the head of "WHITAKER."

Let it not be thought that Fig, among his many antagonists, was without a rival. Sutton, the Gravesend Pipemaker, already mentioned, publicly dared the mighty Fig to the combat, and met him with alternate success, till a third trial "proved the fact" of Fig's superiority. These contests, though given in all the "Chronologies" and "Histories" of the Ring, were neither more nor less than cudgel-matches, as will be seen by the subjoined contemporary verses by Dr. John Byrom. They are printed in "Dodaley's Collection," vol. vi., p. 312, under the title of—

EXTEMPORE VERSES UPON A TRIAL OF SKILL BETWEEN THOSE TWO GREAT MASTERS
OF DEFENCE, MESSIEURS FIG AND SUTTON.

I.

Long was the great Fig, by the prize-fighting swains,
Sole monarch acknowledged of Marybone plains,
To the towns far and near did his glory extend,
And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend,
Where lived Mister Sutton, pipemaker by trade,
Who hearing that Fig was thought such a stout blade,
Resolved to go in for a share of his fame,
And so sent a challenge to the Champion of Thame.

II.

With alternate advantage two trials had past,
When they fought out the rubber on Wednesday last;
To see such a contest, the house was quite full,
There hardly was room to thrust in your skull.
With a prelude of cudgels we first were saluted,
And two or three shoulders were handsomely fluted,
Till, weary at last with inferior disasters,
All the company cried, "The Masters! the Masters!"

III.

Whereupon the bold Sutton first mounted the stage,
Made his honours as usual, and yearned to engage;
When Fig, with a visage so fierce, yet sedate,
Came and entered the lists with his fresh shaven pate:
Their arms were encircled with armigers too,
With a red ribbon Sutton's, and Fig's with a blue.
Thus advanced the two heroes, 'tween shoulder and elbow,
Shook hands, and went to 't, and the word it was, "Bilbo!"

Stanzas iv. to viii. describe the backword play, in which both men broke their weapons, and Fig has blood drawn by his own broken blade, whereon he appeals and another bout is granted. Fig then wounds Sutton in the

structure" a bullying drayman who was beating a cripple; as for his humanity and strength, we have the well-known and oft-repeated fact of his carrying pick-a-back (despite his prejudice against Scotchmen,) a disabled Scottish beggar to the hospital in Crane-court, Fleet-street.

arm and the sword play is over. Stanzas ix. and x. wind up the match (with cudgels), as follows:—

Then after that bout they went on to another,
But the matter must end in some fashion or other,
So Jove told the gods he had made a decree,
That Fig should hit Sutton a stroke on the knee;
Though Sutton, disabled as soon as he hit him,
Would still have fought on, strength would not permit him;
'Twas his fate, not his fault, that constrained him to yield
And thus the great Fig remained Lord of the Field.

At length the time arrived when "the valiant Fig's" "cunning o' the fence" no longer availed him. On December 8th, 1734,* grim death gave him his final knock down, as appears from a notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the month of January, 1735.

"In Fig," says his pupil and admirer Captain Godfrey (in his "Characters of the Masters," p. 40, ed. 1747), "strength, resolution, and unparalleled judgment, conspired to form a matchless master. There was a majesty shone in his countenance, and blazed in all his actions, beyond all I ever saw. His right leg bold and firm, and his left, which could hardly ever be disturbed, gave him the surprising advantage already proved, and struck his adversary with despair and panic."

BOB WHITAKER—1733.

Two only of Whitaker's battles have survived the tooth of old *Tempus edax rerum*: his victory over the Venetian Gondolier and his defeat by Ned Peartree.

In the year 1733 a gigantic Venetian came to this country in the suite of one of our travelling nobility, whose name not being recorded we may set down this part of the story as apocryphal; in fact, as a managerial trick to attract aristocratic patronage. Be that as it may, this immense fellow, who was known by the name of "The Gondolier," was celebrated for feats of strength: his fame ran before him, and his length of arm and jaw breaking power of fist were loudly trumpeted. Indeed, a challenge having been issued by the backers of the Venetian, Fig was applied to to find a man to meet this Goliath. The sequel shall be told in Captain Godfrey's own words:—

"Bob Whitaker was the man pitched upon to fight the big Venetian. I was at Slaughter's Coffee-house when the match was made by a gentleman of

* "Boxiana" in two or three places says 1740. That was the period when George Taylor, the proprietor of the Tottenham Court booth, was beaten by the renowned Broughton.

advanced station : he sent for Fig to procure a proper man for him. He told him to take care of his man, because it was for a large sum ; and the Venetian was of wonderful strength, and famous for breaking the jawbone in boxing Fig replied, in his rough manner, ' I do not know, master, but he may break one of his countrymen's jawbones with his fist ; but I'll bring him a man, and he shall not be able to break his jawbone with a sledge-hammer.'

"The battle was fought at Fig's amphitheatre, before a splendid company, the politest house of that kind I ever saw. While the Gondolier was stripping my heart yearned for my countryman. His arm took up all observation ; it was surprisingly large, long, and muscular. He pitched himself forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended ; and, as Whitaker approached, caught him a blow at the side of the head which knocked him quite off the stage, which was remarkable for its height. Whitaker's misfortune in his fall was the grandeur of the company, on which account they suffered no common people in, that usually sat on the ground, and lined the stage all round. It was thus all clear, and Whitaker had nothing to stop him but the bottom. There was a general foreign huzza on the side of the Venetian, as proclaiming our countryman's downfall ; but Whitaker took no more time than was required to get up again, when, finding his fault in standing out to the length of the other's arm, he, with a little stoop, dashed boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and with one English peg in the stomach," by which the captain in another place explains he means what is called "the mark,"—"quite a new thing to foreigners, brought him on his breech. The blow carried too much of the English rudeness with it for him to bear, and finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with such a slovenly fist." We could not resist transcribing this graphic, terse, and natural account of a prize-fight ; the rarity of Captain Godfrey's book, and the bald, diluted, silly amplification of it in "*Boxiana*," pp. 22-25, vol. i., being the moving reasons thereto.

"So fine a house," says Captain Godfrey, alluding to the company which assembled to see Whitaker fight the Gondolier, "was too engaging to Fig not to court another. He therefore stepped up, and told the gentlemen that they might think he had picked out the best man in London on this occasion ; but to convince them to the contrary, he said, that if they would come on that day so'nnight, he would bring a man who should beat this Whitaker in ten minutes by fair hitting. This brought near as great and fine a company as the week before. The 'man' was Nathaniel Peartree, who, knowing the other's bottom, and his deadly way of flinging, took a most judicious manner to beat him. Let his character come in here.—He was an admirable boxer,

and I do not know one he was not a match for, before he lost his finger. He was famous, like Pipes, for fighting at the face, but was stronger in his blows. He knew Whitaker's hardiness, and, being doubtful of beating him, cunningly determined to fight at his eyes. His judgment carried his arm so well, that, in about six minutes, both Whitaker's eyes were shut; when, groping about a while for his man, and finding him not, he wisely gave out (*modernice*, gave in), with these odd words—"Damme, I'm not beat; but what signifies my fighting when I can't see my man?"

The columns of the *Flying Post* and *Daily News Letter* have many advertisements of "battles royal," but none of sufficient merit to deserve a place in this history.

TOM PIPES AND GEORGE GRETTING—1724—1734.

Two other pugilists only of the school of Fig claim our notice, and these are Pipes and Gretting. "Pipes was the neatest boxer I remember. He put in his blows about the face (which he fought at most) with surprising time and judgment. He maintained his battles for many years with extraordinary skill, against men of far superior strength. Pipes was but weakly made: his appearance bespoke activity, but his hand, arm, and body were small; though by that acquired spring of his arm he hit prodigious blows; and at last, when he was beat out of his championship, it was more owing to his debauchery than the merit of those who beat him."

There is a moral in the downfall of Gretting, as tersely given by Captain Godfrey:—"Gretting was a strong antagonist to Pipes. They contended together for some time, and were almost alternate victors. Gretting had the nearest way of going to the stomach (which is what they call the 'mark') of any man I knew. He was a most artful boxer, much stronger made than Pipes, and dealt the straightest blows. But what made Pipes a match for him, was his rare bottom spirit, which would bear a great deal of beating; and this, in my mind, Gretting was not sufficiently furnished with; for after he was beaten twice by Pipes, a mere sloven of a boxer, and everybody that fought him afterwards beat him. I must, notwithstanding, do that justice to Gretting's memory to own that his debauchery contributed to spoil a great boxer; yet, I think, he had not the bottom of the other."

It was the opinion throughout Europe, at this period, that the English nation were more expert than any other, not only in boxing, but in the use

of the back-sword ; and sorry should we be were it not so at this day. The amphitheatre, boxing, foil-play, and cudgelling-schools, were openly advertised, and the amusements made known, like any of the regular theatres ; the audiences were equally fashionable, and they were patronised by the noble and great, and not disturbed by the magistrates. Although it was admitted that these amphitheatrical practices were productive of some ill, as offering encouragement to idleness and extravagance among the vulgar, yet there is hardly any useful thing that does not present some opening for mischief, or is not liable to abuse.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE TAYLOR—1734–1758.

PRINCE BOSWELL — JAMES — HARRIS — SMALLWOOD — SLACK — BUCKHORSE — TOM
FAULKNER.

ON the decease of Fig the immediate patrons of pugilism seem to have cooled in their ardour, as we hear but little of the doings at the amphitheatre. For four years George Taylor was his successor, and in 1740 we find him assuming the title of "Champion," and proprietor of the "Great Booth in Tottenham Court Road." With regard to the title of "Champion," at this period, and for nearly a century subsequent, it was assumed by and applied to almost every boxer who challenged publicly. We make this remark to clear the way for some observations we shall make upon George Taylor's defeat by the renowned Broughton. There is some curious blundering about the date of the first fight between George Taylor and Broughton; indeed, we should feel inclined to say that his first defeat was much earlier than the date of 1740, which is given in all the Chronologies, John Bee's "Fistiana" and "Boxiana" included. He was proprietor of the "Great Booth" from 1734, and we have Captain Godfrey's authority for saying that "he was not, when he fought Broughton, more than twenty years old," and comments on the imprudence of such "a first attempt." It will be seen, too, in the Life of Broughton, that the Captain speaks (writing in 1746-7) thus of Broughton—"for seventeen or eighteen years he has fought, etc., and never been beaten." From this we may fairly infer that it was some years prior to 1740 that Broughton first defeated George Taylor. Taylor, whose portrait is certainly good-humoured and prepossessing, is described as being a "strong, able pugilist," according to the fashion of those times, but shifty and "de-ficient in bottom." George's skill in the "cross-buttock fall" is also recorded,



GEORGE TAYLOR, 1734-1758.

from a print published in 1740

and his cleverness in the "hanging-guard" and "back-sword" favourably spoken of. With these qualifications he entered Fig's amphitheatre, and seems almost immediately to have become its proprietor. His advertisements invite "champions" of the different branches of "self-defence" to come and display their skill. The terms were that the proprietor should take one-third of the door-money, and the remaining two-thirds be divided among the "champions," at the rate of one-third to the loser and two-thirds to the winner. We are told the entrance-money often reached £150, and occasionally it was more. Among the more noted boxers who illustrated the art at George Taylor's "great booth," were the renowned Jack Broughton the waterman, the Father of the English P.R., who beat all opposed to him, especially George Taylor himself; Prince Boswell, Stevenson the coachman, Will Willis, Tom Smallwood, Buckhorse, Jack James, Field the sailor, Pipes and Greeting already mentioned, and others of the school of Fig.

One of the most remarkable battles at Taylor's booth was that of Broughton and Stevenson, April 24, 1741 (see *LIFE OF BROUGHTON*, *post*, p. 22).

On the 16th of June, 1741, George Taylor met a formidable gipsy, known as Prince Boswell. He appears to have been a tricky fighter, and, like most such over-clever pugilists, deficient in pluck. He had, we are told, a terrific hit with his left (when he could plant it), but this being forbid by George's skill, he made but a poor fight of it. Captain Godfrey says of this Bohemian, who is stated in "*Pancratia*" to have been son to the king of that wandering people, "Praise be to his power of fighting, his excellent choice of time and measure, his superior judgment despatching forth his executing arm! But fie upon his dastard heart, that mars it all! As I knew that fellow's abilities, and his worm-dread soul, I never saw him beat but I wished him to be beaten. Though I am charmed with the idea of his power and manner of fighting, I am sick at the thoughts of his nurse-wanting courage. Farewell to him, with this fair acknowledgment, that, if he had true English bottom (the best fighting epithet for a man of spirit), he would carry all before him, and be a match even for Broughton himself." Despite of all these qualifications, the Gipsy lost heart at finding Taylor so difficult to get at, and surrendered after a few sharp rounds.

On the 19th of July, 1741, we find recorded the name of Jack James, as beating one Chicken Harris, a poulterer, after a severe though short battle.

TOM SMALLWOOD, too, was one of Taylor's team. On the 23rd of November, 1741, one of the severest boxing matches that had taken place for years was fought between Tom Smallwood and Richard Harris, a backmaker, for fifty guineas. The fight lasted an hour, with many alternations of success, Small-

wood proving the winner. Smallwood was a mere stripling, as we shall note hereafter.

On the same day we find a very good bye-battle was fought between Buckhorse and Harry Gray, the clogmaker (see BUCKHORSE, post).

The advertisements and challenges of the boxers of this period are matters of curiosity, as illustrating the manners of another age; we therefore insert a few which have been preserved in connexion with this period of Taylor's career

From the DAILY ADVERTISER, April 26th, 1742.

"At the Great Booth, Tottenham-Court, on Wednesday next, the 28th instant, will be a trial of manhood, between the two following champions:

"Whereas I, WILLIAM WILLIS, commonly known by the name of "the fighting Quaker," have fought Mr. SMALLWOOD about twelve months since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered him more than any one he ever encountered, though I had the ill-fortune to be beat by an accidental fall, the said SMALLWOOD, flushed with the success blind Fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have of late fought him for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable; to convince him of the falsity of which, I invite him to fight me for ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, at the time and place above-mentioned. when I doubt not but I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-buttocks.

"WILLIAM WILLIS."

"I, THOMAS SMALLWOOD, known for my intrepid manhood and bravery on and off the stage, accept the challenge of this *puffing Quaker*, and will shew him that he is led by a false spirit, that means him no other good than that he should be chastised for offering to take upon him the arm of the flesh.

"THOMAS SMALLWOOD."

"Note.—The Doors will be opened at Ten, and the Combatants mount at Twelve.

"There will be several bye-battles, as usual; and particularly one between JOHN DIVINE and JOHN TIPPING, for Five Pounds each."

The next notice is at the lapse of a month, and runs thus:—

"May 4th, 1742.

"At George Taylor's Booth, Tottenham Court Road.

"There will be a trial of manhood here to-morrow, between the following champions, viz.:

"Whereas I, JOHN FRANCIS, commonly known by the name of the JUMPING SOLDIER, who have always had the reputation of a good fellow, and have fought several bruisers in the street, etc., nor am I ashamed to mount the stage when my manhood is called in question by an Irish braggadocio, whom I fought some time ago, in a bye-battle, for twelve minutes, and though I had not the success due to my courage and ability in the art of boxing, I now invite him to fight me for two guineas, at the time and place above-mentioned, where I doubt not I shall give him the truth of a good beating.

"JOHN FRANCIS."

THE IRISHMAN'S ANSWER.

"I, PATRICK HENLEY, known to every one for the truth of a good fellow, who never refused any one on or off the stage, and fight as often for the diversion of gentlemen as for money, do accept the challenge of this JUMPING JACK; and shall, if he don't take care, give him one of my bothering blows, which will convince him of his ignorance in the art of boxing.

"PATRICK HENLEY."

Pierce Egan says, "Paddy kept his promise, for he so *bothered* the gig of the *Jumping Sailor*, that he was not able to *move*, much more to *jump*, for some time. Paddy gave him a *Tipperary fling*, which so completely *shook* all his recollection out of him, that he never troubled the town afterwards with any of his *epistolary* challenges!" For all which Hibernian *perforvidum ingenium* we have no authority on record. The "Chronologies" say "Henley bt. Francis (J.)," we suppose on the faith of the accuracy of "Boxiana."

In the year 1742 differences arose between Broughton, now in the highest favour with the Duke William of Cumberland (afterwards so fatally known at Culloden in the year '46), and other distinguished patrons of the Ring. The schism, which was fatal to George Taylor's establishment, will be noticed in our *LIFE OF BROUGHTON*, and ended in Taylor's joining Broughton's company of "champions" in 1744-5, after a sounding challenge to that boxer.

From this period George Taylor appears to have held his own in numerous displays, but nothing of importance occurred till his memorable battle with SLACK (see SLACK), a butcher from Norwich, afterwards so renowned for his conquest of the great Broughton. Taylor's battle with Slack has come down with no details, farther than that it lasted twenty-five minutes, and was a display of steady coolness and science over rushing impetuosity. Slack proved an awkward fellow to keep off, but George was too wary, and in less than half-an-hour the butcher was beaten to a stand-still.

Among the patrons of "the noble art," during the period of George Taylor's proprietorship of the Great Booth, may be numbered Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George the Third, before whom we may fairly infer Taylor many times exhibited. It was not then the custom, except incidentally, to give the people anything like our present "Court Circular," thus keeping the general public *au courant* to the movements of royalty and its branches. We find, however, among the works of Paul Whitehead, the poet, who is styled by Captain Thompson, his biographer, "*The Champion and Bard of Leicester House*,"* a poem entitled, "*The Gymnasiad, or Boxing Match*." It is printed entire in the edition of his collected works. Dodsley, London, 1777.

Taylor, when he retired from the stage, became landlord of the Fountain Inn at Deptford. But as the old war-horse is said to prick his ears at the sound of the trumpet, so, although declining in the vale of years, he replied to the challenge of Tom Faulkner, "the noted cricketer." Tom, it appears, had twice been worsted by Taylor, in bygone days; yet he felt so confident he could reverse the verdict, that he challenged George for 200 guineas and "the gate money." They met on August the 5th, 1758, at a mile and a-half from St. Alban's, Herts. The betting was three to one on Taylor,

* The residence of George the Third, wherein he received the address of the Corporation of London on his accession (June 16, 1727); and also the mansion of his son Frederick, Prince of Wales, above-mentioned, who died in his father's lifetime. Here were held the glove matches above alluded to. Here, too (afterwards called Saville House), George the Third was proclaimed, on the 26th October, 1760, and received the great bodies of the State. Its subsequent history—as Miss Linwood's Gallery of Needlework, rooms for sparring and fencing exhibitions, conjuring, etc., *caf  chantant*, casino, and restaurant—brings us to its fate by fire in the month of March, 1845, and its proposed resuscitation in 1879, as "*The Alcazar*" theatre, concert-room, and hotel. *Sic transit, etc.*

who is called in the account "the old successor of Fig." It would appear that there was "no love lost" between the combatants. It was a complete hammering set-to. For the first twelve or thirteen rounds, Faulkner was dreadfully punished and floored several times. The fourteenth round proved a proper trial of skill and strength; at length, Faulkner levelled Taylor, when the odds began to drop a little, and Faulkner was getting into favour. George, finding that his man gained upon him, began to shift, and fell now and then without a blow, which occasioned considerable murmuring, and the friends of Faulkner insisted that he had won the battle; but Faulkner was above taking any advantage and wished to fight it out. The combatants set-to more furiously than ever.

Taylor, inspired with the thought of his fame and former victories, stood up like a hero; and Faulkner, recollecting that it must either make or break him, fought like a lion. After a terrible conflict of an hour and fifteen minutes, the veteran George Taylor acknowledged he was conquered. Greater courage and skill could not be displayed; and it was supposed, that had not Taylor laboured under the manifest disadvantage of an eye of which he had been blind for some time, Faulkner could not have beaten him; as the contest was only put an end to by Taylor having the other eye closed from a blow. The veteran hero thus added another to the list of great men who have "lingered too long upon the stage," or returned to exhibit those powers in their decadence which were admired in their prime. We shall have many occasions in the course of this history to show the unconsciousness of decaying powers among the heroes of the ring. George Taylor did not recover the shock of this defeat, and died in the December following (1758) at his house at Deptford.



CHAPTER III.

JACK BROUGHTON (CHAMPION)—1734-1750.

Broughton is indisputably entitled to be regarded as the founder of the modern art of self-defence. The successor of Fig in popularity, he far exceeded that stalwart cudgeller in fistic science, and in the application of those principles which stripped the practice of boxing of many of those features of ruffianism and barbarity with which the unregulated contests of mere bruisers had invested it. There was a neatness and quickness in his style which far distanced his competitors, and drew crowds to witness his exhibitions. He appears first to have introduced stopping and barring blows, then hitting and getting away; before him it appears to have been toe-to-toe work, or downright hammering; at any rate, his method appears to have had the novelty of a discovery with his spectators and his antagonists. He stopped the blows aimed at any part of him by his adversaries with so much skill, and hit his man away with so much ease, that he astonished and daunted his opponents, and those persons who had the temerity to enter the lists with Broughton, were soon convinced of his superior knowledge and athletic prowess: while most of his competitors, who were compelled to give in from their exhausted and beaten state, had the mortification to behold Broughton scarcely touched, displaying as much cheerfulness and indifference as if he had scarcely been engaged in a set-to.

He was indebted to nature for a good person; his countenance was many and open, possessing a sharp and penetrating eye, that almost looked through the object before him, which gave animation to his face. His form was athletic and commanding, and denoted uncommon strength. Every spectator felt impressed who beheld him. Six feet, wanting an inch, in height, and fourteen stone, or thereabouts, in weight.

Broughton became as a fixed star in the pugilistic hemisphere. His talents as a boxer gained him many admirers and patrons; but his good temper, generosity of disposition, and gentleness of manners, ensured him numerous friends. He was intelligent, communicative, and not destitute of

wit. The system he laid down was plain, and easy to be understood; and, under his instruction, several of his pupils arrived at pugilistic eminence, and gave distinguished proofs of the acquirements they had gained under so great a master.

Broughton was still, up to 1742, an exhibitor at the Great Booth of George Taylor; we shall, therefore, before giving an account of his adventures "on his own hook," turn to his exploits at the Tottenham Court Road establishment.

Like all great masters, Broughton, we learn, always exhibited something new in his several contests; and those pugilists who had seen him fight, and supposed they had observed his method, were awfully deceived when they entered the lists with him, and expected to "nail" him on "the old suit."

Contrary to most other boxers, he did not depend upon any particular blow, although he was distinguished for giving some remarkable hits, which were not easily forgotten. Broughton, when necessary in the conflict, by putting in "*his* stomach blow," often decided the battle; and his lunge under the ear generally produced terrible consequences to his opponent. The eye of Broughton was lively, piercing, and acute, soon perceiving the weakness of any adversary; his arm, keeping pace with that valuable assistant, protected him from the most destructive blows; and his quick penetration made him always aware of any direct intent pursued by his adversary, so as immediately to render it unavailing. His guard was so complete, that his frame appeared secured as if in a fence, uncommon strength and bottom often fell before him, and his expertness in the cross-buttock was great. His various attitudes in the fight were fine and impressive, and his countenance always animated and cheerful.

Pipes and Greeting, already named, both distinguished pugilists—the former of whom hardly maintained the title of a "Champion" for a number of years—appeared nothing in the hands of Broughton, who gave them several chances to recover their lost laurels; these each proved beatings to them, and tended to increase his growing fame.

George Taylor, of whom honourable mention has been made, fell as a conquest to Broughton.

"George Stevenson, the coachman," says our perpetual resource, Captain Godfrey, whose thin quarto we must almost plead guilty to reprinting piecemeal, "stood up for the length of forty minutes in a most heroic style to Broughton. It was a hasty match, and although Broughton was extremely unwell, sooner than make any excuse, he agreed to fight Stevenson without having that regard for his preparation which he afterwards found he ought



JACK BROUGHTON (CHAMPION), 1734-1750.

From the Painting by FRANK HAYMAN, R.A., formerly in the possession of the Duke of Cumberland.

to have had. But here his true bottom was proved, and his conduct shone and admired. The battle was fought in one of the fair booths at Tottenham Court Road, railed at the end towards the pit. After a most desperate conflict of thirty-five minutes, being both against the rails, and the coachman endeavouring to get the whip-hand of Broughton, the latter, by his superior genius, got such a lock upon Stevenson as no mathematician could have devised a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of rising or falling, till resting his head for about three or four minutes upon his back, he found himself recovering, then loosed his hold. By this manœuvre Broughton became as a new man, and, on setting-to again, he gave the coachman a tremendous blow, as hard as any he had given him in the whole battle, so that he could no longer stand, and his brave contending heart, though with reluctance, was forced to yield. Stevenson was a beautiful hitter; he put in his blows faster than Broughton, but then one of the latter's told for three of the former's. Stevenson had a most daring spirit, but his strength could not keep pace with it."

Broughton expressed a very high opinion of Stevenson as a pugilist.

Jack James, a dashing boxer, who ranked high in the annals of pugilism as a thorough-bred man, was compelled to acknowledge that he had found his master in Broughton. James's wrist, which in other contests had been considered so remarkably "handsome," lost its attraction when in contact with the athletic arm of Broughton.

We need not proceed further with an enumeration of his earlier contests, but come at once to his appearance at his own theatre, in the character of CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

We have noticed his differences with George Taylor. Broughton was promised liberal support and patronage if he would open a theatre for the better accommodation of the admirers of boxing.

Under the patronage we have already spoken of, Broughton seceded from the Tottenham Court Road establishment, rapidly completing a new building adjoining the Oxford Road, near the spot where Hanway Street, Oxford Street, now stands, and opened it on March 10th, 1743, with the subjoined advertisement in the *Daily Advertiser*. From prints yet existing in the British Museum, it appears that this edifice was somewhat similar to Astley's original circus and riding-school, in the Westminster Road, or rather the large temporary and removable theatres, which have of late travelled with equestrian exhibitions round our principal provincial towns. There were boxes, pit, and a gallery; a stage for the combatants in the centre of the ring, and the *tout ensemble* bore some resemblance to the pictures of the Old

Fives Court, in Windmill Street. The following is a copy of the announcement :—

AT BROUGHTON'S NEW AMPHITHEATRE,

OXFORD-STREET,

The back of the late Mr. Fig's,

On Tuesday next, the 13th instant,

Will be exhibited

THE TRUE ART OF BOXING,

By the *eight famed* following men, viz.,

ABRAHAM EVANS,

— SWEEP,

— BELAS,

— GLOVER,

— ROGER,

— ALLEN,

ROBERT SPIKES, and

HARRY GRAY, the Clog-maker.

The above eight men to be brought on the stage, and to be matched according to the approbation of the gentlemen who shall be pleased to honour them with their company.

N.B.—There will be a BATTLE ROYAL between the

NOTED BUCKHORSE,

And SEVEN or EIGHT more; after which there will be several BYE-BATTLES by others.

Gentlemen are therefore desired to come by times. The doors will be open at nine; the champions mount at eleven: and no person is to pay more than a SHILLING.

The appearance of this rival was a cruel blow to George Taylor, who saw the ruinous results which must ensue to his "booth" from Broughton's popularity: he, therefore, as a counter-hit, instantly let fly in the following terms :—

TO THE PATRONS AND ENCOURAGERS OF THE MANLY ART OF BOXING.

Whereas, Mr. Broughton, well knowing that I was to fight Mr. Field on Tuesday next, the 13th of March, 1743, in order to injure me, has maliciously advertised to open his Amphitheatre on that day, and where several battles are then to be fought. To prevent the public from being deceived, I feel it my duty to inform them, that the principal part of the persons mentioned were never made acquainted with such circumstances, and have no intention of so doing. Mr. Broughton wishes to make it appear that he never imposed upon any of the pugilists who had been concerned with him in any transaction whatever; but his imposition shall soon be made manifest to the world. And to show Mr. Broughton that I have no animosity against him as a pugilist, or any jealousy concerning his amphitheatre, I am willing to fight him, as soon as he may think proper, wherever it may please him, not regarding, as he loudly sets forth, the strength of his arm.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

We are inclined to suspect that there was a little "gag" in the names of the pugilists set forth by Broughton, from subsequent occurrences; be that as it may, Taylor had already fallen beneath his conquering fist, and his challenge was viewed as nothing more than mere bounce, to detract from the triumph of the rival manager.

The charges of Taylor, made from time to time, led to a sort of paper war. Taylor charged Broughton with appropriating to himself the "Lion's Share" of the door-money, to the injury of the other pugilists. This accusation Broughton replied to by showing to the satisfaction of his patrons that he had not received one hundred pounds; that his amphitheatre had cost him upwards of £400; that he had appropriated but a third part of the door-money for his own individual emolument, and that the rest had been shared among the pugilists. This account proving satisfactory, firmly established Broughton; and Taylor, perceiving that it would be useless to oppose so

powerful an opponent, relinquished his booth, and was engaged at the Amphitheatre, where the most noted of his "merry men" followed him, under an engagement to fight on no stage but his.

We now come to one of the most important epochs in the history of boxing, namely the promulgation of a "Code" for the guidance of the combatants, and the satisfaction of the judges. These rules were "produced by Mr. Broughton, for the better regulation of the Amphitheatre, and approved of by the gentlemen, and agreed to by the pugilists, August 18th, 1743." The code promulgated by this Fistic Napoleon, whose law-making and fall were much like those of his great successor, had a much longer duration than the "Code Napoleon!" for they lasted in perfect integrity from the period of their date until 1838, when, after the fight between Owen Swift and Brighton Bill, the "New Rules of the Ring" superseded Broughton's. We here give the original—

BROUGHTON'S RULES.

1. That a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage; and every fresh set-to after a fall, or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square, and place him opposite to the other; and till they are fairly set-to at the lines, it shall not be lawful for the one to strike the other.

2. That, in order to prevent any disputes as to the time a man lies after a fall, if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square, within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

3. That, in every main battle, no person whatever shall be upon the stage, except the principals and their seconds; the same rule to be observed in bye-battles, except that in the latter, Mr. Broughton is allowed to be upon the stage to keep decorum, and to assist gentlemen in getting to their places; provided always, he does not interfere in the battle; and whoever presumes to infringe these rules, to be turned immediately out of the house. Everybody is to quit the stage as soon as the champions are stripped, before they set-to.

4. That no champion be deemed beaten, unless he fails coming up to the line in the limited time; or that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions or advise him to give out.

5. That, in bye-battles, the winning man to have two-thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly divided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreement to the contrary.

6. That to prevent disputes, in every main battle, the principals shall, on the coming on the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present two umpires, who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle; and if the two umpires cannot agree, the said umpires to choose a third, who is to determine it.

7. That no person is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist: a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

These rules may be called the groundwork of fair play and manly boxing, and no man, from his experience, was better able to frame such a code than Broughton. "It is to be observed," says the talented author of 'Fistiana' (V. G. Dowling, Esq.), "that to them we greatly owe that spirit of fair play which offers so wide a contrast to the practices of barbarous ages, when every advantage was admissible when brute strength or accidental casualties placed a combatant in the power of his antagonist. It is to be lamented that, even in modern times, the inhuman practices of uncivilised periods have subsisted to a disgraceful extent, and hence we have heard of gouging, that is to say,

forcing out the eye of an antagonist with the thumbs or fingers—purring, kicking a man with nailed shoes as he lies on the ground, striking him in vital parts below the waistband, seizing him when on his knees, and administering punishment till life be extinct, and a variety of other savage expedients by which revenge or passion has been gratified; and it is remarkable that in those counties in which pugilism or prize fights have been least encouraged, these horrors have been most frequent. We refer to Lancashire in particular, where, even to this day, that species of contest called up-and-down fighting—that is, when a man is got down he is kept down and punished till incapable of motion—is permitted with impunity, unless indeed the death of the victim leads to the apprehension and trial of the survivor.”

The adoption of Broughton’s rules in the metropolis soon led to their extensive dissemination in the provinces, and public boxing was thereby stripped of half its evils; while in the adjustment of private quarrels, the settlement of the simple issue of “which was the better man” after “a fair stand up fight,” put an end to all bad feeling, and the conqueror or the conquered submitted with a good grace to “the fate of war;” the strongest proof of the effects of cultivation, and the best test of a manly and honourable feeling.

“To Broughton, then,” continues Mr. Dowling, “is to be ascribed the credit of two great reforms in the practice of pugilism, namely, the introduction of science and humanity; and by the moral effects these inculcated, more has been done to establish the high character of Englishmen for honour and fair play, than by all the eloquence of the pulpit or the senate.” To Broughton also do we owe the introduction of gloves, or mufflers, for conducting mock combats or sparring matches, as they are now called, by which men receive lessons without injury, or display the art of self-defence without those painful consequences to which Captain Godfrey so willingly submitted, and which he so feelingly describes, but which deterred young aspirants from entering those arenas in which, after harmless initiation, they often became distinguished adepts, or were prepared to take their own parts in unavoidable encounters. Broughton thus announces his new invention in the *Daily Advertiser* of February, 1747:—

“Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house in the Haymarket, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the mystery of boxing, where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, etc., incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained, and that persons of quality and distinction may not be debarred from entering into a course of those lectures, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil; for which reason mufflers are provided, that will effectually secure them from the inconvenience of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses.”

We have said that Broughton’s original calling was that of a waterman;

it appears that the interest of his royal patron made him one of the Yeomen of the Guard to the King. He also accompanied the Duke of Cumberland on a tour to the Continent, of which an anecdote is preserved, of which we may say, *si non è vero è ben trovato*. "At Berlin he saw the fine regiment of Grenadiers raised by Frederick the Great. The champion was asked by his patron what he thought of any of them for a *set-to*, when Broughton, with a smile, instantly replied, 'Why, your Royal Highness, I should have no objection to fight the whole regiment, only be kind enough to allow me a breakfast between each battle.'" Thomas Carlyle has omitted this.

Thus far, Broughton appears to have sailed on the wave of triumph. His patrons were numerous and aristocratic; but the confidence which good fortune begets was to prove to him a snare, as it has to many before and since. Slack, a butcher, and a pugilist of some note, but who had already succumbed to George Taylor, had, it appears, a quarrel with Broughton on a race-course, which led to a threat on the part of the champion that he would horsewhip Slack. The result was a challenge: Slack obtained friends, a match was made for £200 a-side, and as the door money was included in the sum contended for, it was estimated at £600 clear. Although properly falling under the biography of Slack, we here give the battle, for the purpose of rendering as complete as possible the history of the Father of Scientific Pugilism.

Broughton's overweening confidence proved his ruin; for, as we learn from a contemporary authority, "he refused to take training preparation," although "he had not fought for a long time." Let others take warning by his fall.

On the evening previous to the battle (Tuesday, April 10, 1750) Broughton, who had invited his patrons and numerous friends to witness the battle, was rather apprehensive that Slack would not fight, and for fear any disappointment should take place, made the latter a present of ten guineas not to break his engagement.

For the first five minutes, Broughton's superiority over Slack was so evident, that the odds were ten to one in his favour; when Slack, recovering a little from the effects of his antagonist's blows, made a sudden and unexpected jump, planting a desperate hit between the champion's eyes, which immediately closed them up. Broughton now appeared stupefied; and as it was two or three minutes before the effects of this fatal blow were manifest, the spectators were at a loss to account for the unusual movements of Broughton, who appeared to feel for, instead of boldly facing and attacking his man. At length his patron, the Duke of Cumberland, exclaimed,

"What are you about, Broughton?—you can't fight!—you're beat!" To which Broughton instantly replied, "I can't see my man, your highness—I'm blind, but not beat: only let me see my man, and he shall not gain the day yet." Broughton's situation was truly distressing; and Slack, following up this singular advantage, obtained a victory in fourteen minutes!

The Duke appears to have been most unworthily angered at his loss, which has been (we suspect extravagantly) stated to have amounted to £10,000. He always declared he had been "sold." There seems no cause for such an assertion.

This defeat proved Broughton's ruin. The Duke of Cumberland could never speak of this contest with any degree of temper, and turned his back on the beaten man. The legislature interfered, the amphitheatre was closed, and Broughton never fought more. Previous to this battle, it is said he had grown plethoric; if so, it requires no great acumen to opine the cause of the sudden swelling which temporarily blinded him.

The best monument to the memory of Broughton is the character and description of his pupil and admirer, the gallant Captain, which eulogy, like that of Lord Byron on the "eminent" Mr. John Jackson, remain permanent answers to the slanderers of pugilists and pugilism.

"Advance, brave Broughton!" exclaims Captain Godfrey. "Thou I pronounce captain of the boxers. As far as I can look back, I think I ought to open the 'characters' with him: I know none so fit, so able to lead up the van. This is giving him the living preference to the rest; but I hope I have not given any cause to say that there has appeared in any of my characters a partial tincture. I have thoroughly consulted nothing but my unbiassed mind, and my heart has known no call but merit. Wherever I have praised, I have no desire of pleasing; wherever decried, no fear of offending. Broughton, by his manly merit, has bid the highest, therefore has my heart. I really think all will poll with me, who poll with the same principle. Sure there is some standing reason for this preference: what can be stronger than to say that, for seventeen or eighteen years, he has fought every able boxer that appeared against him, and has never yet been beat? This being the case, we may venture to conclude from it; but not to build alone on this, let us examine further into his merits. What is it that he wants? Has he not all that others want, and all the best can have? Strength equal to what is human, skill and judgment equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind, and a bottom spirit never to pronounce the word 'enough.' He fights the stick as well as most men, and understands a good deal of the small sword. This practice has given him the distinction

of time and measure beyond the rest. He stops as regularly as the swordsman, and carries his blows truly in the line; he steps not back, distrusting of himself, to stop a blow, and puddle in the return, with an arm unaided by his body, producing but fly-flap blows, such as pastrycooks use to beat those insects from their tarts and cheese-cakes. No! Broughton steps bold and firmly in, bids a welcome to the coming blow; receives it with his guardian arm; then, with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his firm body seconding his arm, and supplying it with all its weight, pours the pile-driving force upon his man.

"That I may not be thought particular in dwelling long upon Broughton, I leave him with this assertion, that as he, I believe, will scarce trust a battle to a waning age, I never shall think he is to be beat till I see him beaten."*

Broughton retired into private life. In his later days he resided in Walcot Place, Lambeth. He was for many years seen as a constant frequenter of sales of private property, where he purchased out-of-the-way things, curiosities, and articles of *vertu*, and adhered to the costume of the period of the Second George. Of these habits the author of "*Recollections of an Octogenarian*," gives us the following information:—"He appeared to me," says the writer, "a heavy, thick, round-made, large-boned man, about the height of Humphries.† To be sure when I saw him last he was in the vale of years, and had acquired some corpulency. It might be about the year 1785, when attending a lady, to look at some household goods, which were to be sold by auction in Walcot Place, Lambeth, a catalogue could not be procured, and seeing Broughton with one in his hand, I civilly requested the favour of him to permit the lady to look at a certain article in it. The old man replied with a sullen asperity of countenance, 'I want it myself,' turning his back upon me. At the instant, up started a little, pert, natty, humorous Jew broker, who, with real politeness, made the lady an offer of his catalogue, and casting an arch look at the testy old champion, who was still close to us, 'Ah!' said he, 'Master Broughton, then you are a *bear* to-day,' alluding to the bulls and bears of Change Alley, where Broughton was well known to be daily jobbing with his property."

The "*Octogenarian*" confirms the statement given below from the *Annual Register*:—"He (Broughton) had long before left the ring, and lived inde-

* This was written in 1747. It had been well had the Captain's friendly caution been remembered.

† Richard Humphries, "the gentleman boxer," who beat Mendoza in 1788, is here alluded to. He was five feet nine inches. We suspect Broughton was an inch or two taller (Black was five feet eight and a half inches); but his bulk, in old age, took off his height.

pendently on the property he had saved, and on an annuity which he enjoyed from his Royal Master, the old, or Culloden, Duke of Cumberland, whom, by the bye, he used in former days to style 'Duke William.'" *Boziana* says he died January the 8th, 1789, but this can hardly be the correct date. In the *Annual Register* for 1789, *Chronicle* for January, we read as follows:—"Died, at his house, at Walcot Place, Lambeth, in his 85th year, the celebrated John Broughton, whose skill in boxing is well known, and will ever be recorded in the annals of that science. He was originally bred a waterman. His patron, the late Duke of Cumberland, got him appointed one of the yeomen of the guard, which place he enjoyed till his death. He was buried in Lambeth Church on the 21st instant, and his funeral procession was adorned with the presence of the several capital professors of boxing. He is supposed to have died worth £7,000."

His enjoyment of his place and pension till death seems to qualify the "utter desertion" of his patron, and falsify the "ruin" which is related in *Boziana* apparently to "adorn a tale," if not "to point a moral."



CHAPTER IV.

JACK SLACK (CHAMPION)—1750-1760.

STEVENS—SMALLWOOD—EDWARD HUNT—BUCKHORE—TOM FAULKNER—BILL DARTS
—LYONS (THE WATERMAN)—PETER CURCORAN—HARRY SELLERS—JOB HOOD—
STEPHEN OLIVER (DEATH)—SAM PETERS—ELISHA CRABBE—SMALL.

THOUGH the prestige of Broughton has gone far to illustrate the name of his conqueror, this lucky, rather than skilful, achievement will not give him the place he deserves among boxers with those with whom success is not "the be-all and end-all" in war or in worldly fortune. Slack fought better battles than that in which he tore the laurel from the brow of the veteran Broughton. We read of him in a contemporary journal:—"Slack is a butcher from Norwich; his height is five feet eight inches and a half, and his weight nearly fourteen stone. He is remarkably compact" (we should think so at fourteen stone for so short a man), "superior to the generality of men in strength, and of excellent bottom. His method of hitting is not regular, and he seldom fights on a preconcerted plan; but his style being suited to the man contending with him, few were able to resist him, when he resolved on victory. His blows were usually given with such force, that his name 'Slack' passed into a slang expression, and 'a slack'un' meant a smashing hit. His attitude was remarkably upright, legs little separated, the right hand covering the pit of the stomach, and the left placed immediately before the mouth."* It is not possible to distinguish much science in such an attitude, and had he not been more resolute in attack, and more game in taking punishment than his opponents, he might have missed the proud title of champion. We are told, "with the greatest resolution he disputed every inch of ground, and was so averse to shifting or retreating, that he has risked and received a knock-down blow rather than give up his

* "Pancratia," p. 46, edit. 1811.

position. Slack frequently used the *chopper*,* and generally with success (this says little for his opponents' defence), in a return. Bringing his fist to his breast, and projecting his elbow, he threw off a blow describing a segment of a circle(!), the centre of which was the elbow, unexpectedly striking his antagonist in the face with the back of his hand. This mode was completely his own, but has since been adopted by many." ("Pancratia," p. 40). We do not know that we have ever read more nonsense in as many lines; but this is not the place for a treatise on the art.

Slack, after numerous victories in the provinces, came up to Broughton's booth, about 1748, to try his fortune. It may interest some of our readers to see a challenge of the day in which John Slack figures as the respondent. The advertisement is curious.

October 30, 1744.—At the Castle, in Framlingham, in Suffolk, on Monday, the 12th day of November next ensuing, there will be a severe trial of manhood between the following Champions, viz.,

I, DANIEL SMITH, the Suffolk Champion, do once more invite Mr. John Slack, the Norfolk Champion, to meet and fight me at the time and place above said, for the sum of forty guineas: and though I had the misfortune to be defeated by him before, am sure I am much superior in the art of boxing, and doubt not but I shall give him and the company entire satisfaction.

DANIEL SMITH.

I, JOHN SLACK, the Norfolk Champion, do accept the above challenge, and will be certain to meet and fight the above hero for the said sum, at the time and place above mentioned; and don't doubt but I shall support the character I have hitherto maintained.

JOHN SLACK.

N.B. They are to fight upon a stage, and galleries will be erected for the reception of gentlemen, &c.

The doors will be opened at nine o'clock, and the champions mount the stage at one.

It will be seen from this that Daniel Smith had already fallen before Slack's ponderous arm. When and where we have found no record. That on this occasion he again made the Suffolk champion strike his colours, may be fairly assumed from the fact that when, after some successes over inferior boxers, he had the audacity to challenge George Taylor himself, it is recorded as Slack's first defeat. "He had not been hitherto beaten." The battle, as already narrated, took place on the last day of January, 1750, at Broughton's amphitheatre, and was a desperate contest on the part of Slack, who rushed in till he was punished to helplessness.

Shortly after this defeat Slack was present at Hounslow Races. Here a dispute arose, in the course of which Broughton, considering Slack's conduct insolent, assumed a high tone of superiority, threatening to horsewhip "the butcher" on the spot. With the merits of the quarrel we have nothing to do. Slack, in whose composition there was certainly no fear of man, at once

* This clumsy, inefficient, and easily stopped blow has later claimants to the honour of its invention. It is simply the most dangerous to the boxer who tries it, and the most awkward delivery of the fist.



JACK SLACK, OF BRISTOL, THE CONQUEROR OF BROUGHTON.

From a Bust sculptured by HIVER.

challenged the redoubted and highly patronised waterman, who upon the spot accepted the defiance. Some of the preliminary incidents of this remarkable battle have been already touched upon in the memoir of Broughton. That skilful boxer appears to have viewed the challenge of Slack with a fatal self-confidence. Indeed, considering that Slack had recently surrendered to Taylor, whose qualifications none knew better than Broughton, who had long since defeated him, probably more than once, there was some ground for confidence, and we have it on authority that he considered there was no necessity for regular training, imperfectly as that process was carried out at that period. We prefer copying an account from a paper of the day, to the embellished apocrypha of later histories.

"On Wednesday, April 11 (1750), was fought the grand boxing match between the celebrated Broughton, hitherto invincible, and John Slack, the Norfolk butcher. Before the battle began Broughton gave Slack ten guineas to fight him, according to a previous promise, which Slack immediately betted against one hundred guineas offered as odds against him. The first two minutes the odds were ten to one in favour of Broughton; but Slack, recovering himself, struck a blow which blinded his adversary, and following up his advantage, obtained a complete victory in fourteen minutes, to the great mortification of the knowing ones, including a peer of the first rank, who, betting ten to one, lost £10,000. The money received at the doors was £130, besides 200 tickets at a guinea and a half each; and as the battle was for the whole house, it is supposed the victor cleared £600."

We have already said that the downfall of Broughton was the downfall of public pugilism in the metropolis; whatever there was of good in the art to a great extent perishing at the caprice of a prince and the power of a few aristocrats. If these are necessary concomitants to its existence, it would not have been worth preserving, but it has survived the frowns of power, and had a better support in the favour of the people. If Broughton's theatre was closed, the *ars pugnandi* dwelt in the provinces, and we find our hero engaged in 1751 at Harleston, in Norfolk, with a gigantic Frenchman, whose name, Petit or Pettit, almost savours of a jest. Pettit appears to have been an exhibitor in a circus as a "strong man," and was noted for immense muscular powers. Of his boxing capabilities, like those of the Gondolier, we cannot form a high estimate. The following letter appeared in the papers of the time:—

"Harleston, Norfolk, July 30th, 1751.

"Yesterday, in the afternoon, Slack and Pettit met and fought. At the first set-to Pettit seized Slack by the throat, held him up against the rails, and *grained* him so much as to

• A provincialism for crushing and rubbing.

make him extremely black. This continued for half a minute, before Slack could break from Pettit's hold; after which, for near ten minutes, Pettit kept fighting and driving hard at Slack, when at length Slack closed with his antagonist, and gave him a severe fall, after that a second and a third, but between these falls, Pettit threw Slack twice off the stage; indeed Pettit so much dreaded Slack's falls, that he ran directly at his hams, and tumbled him down,* and by that means gave Slack an opportunity of making the falls easy. When they had been fighting 18 minutes the odds run against Slack, a guinea to a shilling; whereas, on first setting out, it was three or four to one on his head; but after this time Slack shortened Pettit so as to disable him from running and throwing him down in the manner he had done before, but obliged him to stand to *close fighting*. Slack then closed one of his eyes, and beat him very much about the face; at twenty minutes Pettit grew weaker and Slack stronger. This was occasioned by Slack's straight way of fighting. At twenty-two minutes the best judges allowed Slack to have the advantage over Pettit very considerably, as he was then *recovering his wind*, owing to his game qualities. When they had boxed twenty-four minutes, Pettit once more threw Slack over the rails. This indeed Slack allowed him to do, for as he got his hold, Slack fired a blow under Pettit's ribs that hurt severely. While Slack was again getting upon the stage (it was not half a minute before he remounted), Pettit had so much the fear of his antagonist before his eyes, that he walked off without so much as civilly taking leave of the spectators. The cockers call this *rogueing* it, for it is generally thought that Pettit ran away full strong. The whole time of their fighting was twenty-five minutes, and this morning the battle was judged to Slack, who drew the first ten guineas out of the box."

From the last sentence it would seem that there was a subscribed fund, and principal and secondary prizes for the winners.

We read in "*Pancratia*," that "the name of Slack was, and not unjustly, a terror to fightable rustics. "At a country fair a 'native,' depending on his natural prowess, gave Slack a blow in the face. We may presume it was returned, and 'a ring' being called, a sharp set-to began. It is said the countryman had the advantage, until Slack exclaimed with fervour, 'What! shall it be said a ploughman beat Jack Slack?' The very name appalled the countryman, who, imagining his antagonist had been playing with him, said, 'Have I been fightin' wi' Slack? I'll ha' no more on't.' And he was as good as his word, donning his clothes and leaving the field to the veteran professional."

The next recorded battle of Slack was for 100 guineas with Cornelius Harris, a collier of Kingswood, near Bristol. It took place on the 13th of March, 1755. The skill and tactics of Slack were severely tried, Harris fighting desperately in Slack's own early style for twenty minutes, when he gave in.

On October 20th, 1759, Slack is again recorded as victor in a fight for £50 aside with one Moreton, who had issued a challenge to the champion. It came off at Acton Wells. Moreton proved himself a courageous, if not a good boxer; but at the end of thirty-five minutes he acknowledged his mistake.

* This conduct would, of course, have lost the Frenchman the fight in modern times. There are some odd points of resemblance in Pettit's fighting and that of Heenan in his Wadhurst fight with Tom King, although one was fought on turf the other on a stage. Heenan did not, however, "rogue" it like the Frenchman, and walk off, but "took his gruel" till beaten out of time.

Ten years had now elapsed since Slack had vanquished the renowned Broughton, and held the title of champion—but the honour was dazzling, and another hero put in his claim for the towering prize. Slack's fame was well established; and here royalty once more appeared on the pugilistic scene; for Broughton's old patron, the Duke of Cumberland, stepped forward and backed Slack for £100 against Bill Stevens, the Nailer, whom the Duke of York took under his patronage. The Haymarket was the scene of action, and a stage was erected in the Tennis Court, James Street, on the day of the 17th of June, 1760. Slack entered the field with all the confidence of a veteran, and was acknowledged to have the advantage in the first part of the battle; but the Nailer, with an arm like iron, received the ponderous blows of his antagonist on his left with ease, while with his right arm he so punished the champion's nob, that he knocked off the title, picked it up, and wore it. Thus fell the hitherto invincible Slack.

This second great mistake of William of Cumberland seems to have disgusted him with the ring, and we hear no more of him. The Duke of York here spoken of was one of the uncles of George III., whose father, Frederick, Prince of Wales, died in George II.'s lifetime.

Slack now quitted the pugilistic profession, and returned to his old trade, opening a butcher's shop in Chandos Street, Covent Garden. Here he carried on a good business, but still mixed himself in fistic matters. He backed and trained George Meggs, of whom more anon, to fight Bill Stevens, his conqueror, for the championship and 200 guineas. The fight came off on the 2nd of March, 1761, at the Tennis Court, St. James' Street. The reporter says, "At the first onset Stevens missed his blow, and Meggs struck him that instant on the side of the head and knocked him down. This error seems to have lost him the battle. After this the battle lasted seventeen minutes, with scarcely a blow struck, when Stevens gave in." We regret to say that this disgraceful affair was clearly traced to Slack, who gave Stevens 50 guineas and his stake. "Pancratia" says: "An old supporter of Stevens, meeting him one day, expressed his surprise at this defeat, when Bill drily answered him, 'Why, Lord bless you, the day I fought Jack Slack I got 90 guineas; but I got 50 guineas more than I should otherwise have done by letting Georgy beat me; and, damme, ain't I the same man still?'" The Nailer and Slack both fell into disrepute; but the latter stuck to his business, and appears to have prospered until his death in 1778.

BILL STEVENS THE NAILER (CHAMPION)—1760.

THIS tremendous boxer, whose courage found no counterpart in his honesty, will aptly come in here. It would be tedious, could they even be dug up, to give an outline of his many battles before his crowning victory over Slack, with the exception of one, that with Jacob Taplin, the coalheaver.

The winter of 1760 was rendered memorable in the annals of pugilism by a desperately contested battle, "fought in the month of February between William Stevens the Nailer and Jacob Taplin. The site fixed on for deciding the boxing match was the hollow known as Marylebone Basin, which held about 3,000 spectators. A ring was formed in its centre, and the champions commenced the combat. Taplin in the first rounds seemed to have much the best of the Nailer, who received some tremendous blows in the 'bread-basket,' which had several times knocked him down. The last time Stevens seemed to rise with the fury of a lion roused from slowness and placidity into excessive irritation. He faced his antagonist and let fly, levelling him at his feet. The odds, which had been in favour of Taplin, now became four to one on Stevens. In the next round he repeated his knock-down by a tremendous blow below the left breast. When Taplin rose next time, he closed on him suddenly and both fell. The next round decided the battle in favour of Stevens, who struck Taplin on the left eye with his left hand, while with the other he followed it by a blow on the temple, which laid him senseless. Taplin not being prepared in time to resume the contest, Stevens was declared the victor."—*Daily Advertiser*, Feb. 20, 1760.

And now the fame of Stevens running abroad he received the highest patronage, and was matched for 100 guineas aside against the veteran champion Slack. The result has been already told. He disabled Slack's guard by repeated and heavy blows on his left forearm, and followed them by a right hand lunge at the head, accompanied by a trip at his left foot, which disturbed the champion's balance. In the words of the report, "he with his right hand beat him about the head, while at the same time tripping him off his centre with his foot." The champion's title fell to Stevens, but he did not long wear it, through his own misconduct. The battle, or rather sham fight at the Tennis Court with George Meggs, the collier, has been already noticed. Stevens, after seventeen minutes of trickery, scarcely knowing how to make a fight of it, gave in.*

* George Meggs, the collier, was from the pugilistic nursery of Bristol. After this surreptitious seizure of the championship, he returned to his native place, we presume, for in July,

Stevens' later fights were few. His backers had, of course, deserted him. On July 4, 1769, we find as follows: "William Stevens, the Nailer, who dexterously played the *cross* with George Meggs, fought a battle with M'Guire, an Irish pugilist, on the green stage at the back of Montague House. M'Guire was beaten."

Stevens was also defeated by one Turner, but the date and circumstances are not recorded. We learn this fact from the account of Turner's victory over Peter Corcoran, the Irish champion (Sept. 24, 1769).

Stevens' career closed in defeat and disgrace. Eighteen years after his victory over Slack, he entered the ring with the rising Harry Sellers (see *SELLERS, post*). Stevens added another illustration to the ring proverb—"Youth will be served." Had Stevens kept the straight course, he might have emulated Taylor, Broughton, and Slack. The date of his death is uncertain.

THOMAS SMALLWOOD—1741-1757.

AMONG the luminaries of George Taylor's Great Booth, and subsequently of Broughton's Amphitheatre, Tom Smallwood, though never opposed to the very foremost men of his time, was a ready and resolute boxer of no small pretensions. Captain Godfrey has enshrined him in his curious pages, so that entire omission of him would be inexcusable in these sketches of the early heroes of the ring. "Had he but possessed weight (whence we may infer he was what we should now call a 'middle weight,' say 11 stone), he was capable of standing against any man." It must be remembered that "rushing," and "hammering," and "driving against the rails," seem to have been much in vogue in the stage encounters of the period; and the preposterous weight of thirteen stone and a half and fourteen stone was

1769, we find him fighting "a pitched battle for a considerable sum ("Fistiana" says £100) with one Millsom, a baker, of the rival city of Bath." This came off at Calne in Wiltshire, when, after a fierce battle of forty minutes, Millsom was acknowledged the conqueror. In the next month (August, 1769), Meggs, having challenged Millsom to a second combat, was a second time beaten.

Parfitt Meggs, noticed hereafter, a noted west country boxer, also surrendered to Millsom. Parfitt afterwards beat a namesake of the retired champion Slack (whose Christian name was John, not Jem), in the year 1766, at Lansdown, near Bath, which has made a mess in more than one "history." In "Fistiana" (1864 edit.), under Meggs (Parfitt) are several fights, including two defeats by Tom Tyne (1787) and a victory over Joe Ward in 1790, about all which history is silent, while under Tom Tyne we are told he was twice beaten by Mendoza; when and where we know not. He was, however, beaten by Bill Darts (afterwards champion) at Shepton Mallett, in 1764, which does not appear under Meggs' name.

thought advantageous for a man of five feet eight or nine inches! Smallwood's battles were numerous and creditable, whether in defeat or success. His first battle recorded in the "Diurnals" was with one Dimmooks, a powerful carman, at Taylor's Booth, in May, 1741, the month after Broughton had defeated Stevenson, the coachman. It was a desperate affair, and well contested by Smallwood, then a youth. After three-quarters of an hour of severe fighting, Smallwood was beaten by the superior strength of his opponent.

In the following November Tom Smallwood again entered the lists with Richard Harris, a brick-maker, for 50 guineas. It is described as "one of the severest boxing matches that had taken place for many years," and "contested with alternate successes, with the greatest hardihood and intrepidity, for one hour, when victory decided in favour of Smallwood." Broughton expressed a high opinion of the courage and skill of Smallwood. The day was also noted for the first appearance of "Buckhorse" (John Smith) upon this stage, who fought "a draw" with Harry Gray, the clog-maker. See *BUCKHORSE, post*.

In the notice of *GEORGE TAYLOR* will be found a couple of specimens of his booth advertisements. They contain the names of Tom Smallwood and Will Willis (the Fighting Quaker). On this occasion (April 28, 1742) our hero despised Willis, who derived his nickname from a remarkably plain and formal appearance, and a sodateness of manner not common among "knights of the fives," with whom fun and flash appear to have been ever prevalent. At this point, after an imaginary account of Smallwood's victory, stuffed with the slang of the first quarter of the present century, and bald attempts at facetiousness, the "Historian" adds, "Tom Smallwood fought several other battles, in *all* of which he proved victorious; but the combatants were not of sufficient importance to claim mention."—*Boxiana*, vol. i., p. 33. He then proceeds, p. 67, to give a memoir of Edward Hunt, on whom he lavishes just praises, and records his *defeat* by Smallwood, as one out of the many specimens of *method* with which his hash is concocted.

Smallwood, after the closing of Taylor's Booth in 1744, does not appear to have belonged to Broughton's company, for we find him fighting one King, a butcher, at Stanton Green, who beat him, in January, 1746. The particulars of this battle are not recorded, but King is said to have also "fought several good battles at the Booth." There is something obscure about this battle, as Captain Godfrey, writing in 1747, a constant visitor at Broughton's, and *au courant* with every man in the fistic world, says, "If I was to choose a boxer for my money, and could but purchase him strength equal to his resolution, Smallwood should be the man."

The most remarkable of Smallwood's triumphs was his victory over Broughton's favourite pupil and *protégé*, Edward Hunt, whose defeat of Hawksley, the Life-guardsmen, had made him the talk of the town. The battle had been long talked of, and was fought on a stage at Hounslow, July 14, 1757. The stake was 150 guineas. For thirty minutes the combat was carried on with equal resolution, and without any leading advantage. "For the first 35 minutes the odds were alternately on each man. After this time, Tom, who was the heavier man, closed with Hunt more frequently, and by superior strength followed it up with such advantage, that in 50 minutes the battle was decided in his favour." Hunt is said to have weighed but nine stone. Smallwood was seconded by "Old George Taylor," and Hunt by the champion, Jack Slack.

Smallwood, who had now been at least seventeen years before the public, seems to have retired a conqueror, as we have no further mention of his name.

EDWARD HUNT—1746-1758.

THIS favourite pupil of Broughton continually appears in his master's advertisements. He was a boxer of first-rate science, as then practised, with unquestionable courage, extreme hardihood, and remarkable activity. Though barely five feet five inches, and weighing but nine stone, he often fought and defeated men of large stature, and vastly his superiors in weight. "Being constantly overmatched, he had more difficulties to encounter than any other boxer on the list, and of the few instances of 'shifting' which occurred in his time, he is the most singular, for he conquered the stoutest men by his admirable art. With strength so much beyond his own opposed to him he might have been allowed to drop, but he seldom fell without a blow. He never confined himself to one attitude, for, being extremely active, he found he could more effectually confuse his antagonist by continually changing his guard. He endeavoured to avoid blows aimed at his body by stepping aside, and then took an opportunity of dexterously 'wind-ing' his man, who was driven forward by his own force. If a blow was aimed at his head, he stooped to let his adversary's arm pass over him, and then succeeded in general in planting a good body blow. These manœuvres proved highly advantageous to Hunt in his pugilistic career, for his opponents became aware of these practices, and accordingly fought

on the defensive, by which means he became the assailant, and avoided being overwhelmed by their superior power." This is the description of a consummate boxer by a master hand; quoted in "Pancratia," pp. 50, 51. What a picture of a combination of the styles of Young Dutch Sam and Bendigo! With this before you read Pierce Egan's stuff about Hunt's not "fearing the *disparagement* (sic) between him and his *lefty* opponent," and "stood up to Hawksley prime as a *game* cock," etc. The contemporary account of Hunt's battle with Hawksley is brief:—

"On June 11th (1746) a very severe battle was contested at the Amphitheatre between Edward Hunt, a pupil of Mr. Broughton's, weighing only nine stone,* and one Hawksley a Life-guardsman, who weighed seventeen stone. The odds before fighting were ten to one in favour of Hawksley. The battle lasted only ten minutes, during which the odds changed in favour of Hunt, who was declared the victor." This affair is most unaccountable; shifting, and the "planting" of a nine stone man, could hardly have beaten Hawksley in ten minutes, unless he was out of condition, drunk, or a coward.

His next great battle was with Smallwood (1757), already narrated; and his last recorded appearance was with Richard Mills, a game boxer, known by the name of "the Onion Boy," May 17, 1758, at Islington. After an hour's severe fighting, Hunt, upon whom large odds were betted, was compelled to surrender.

BUCKHORSE (JOHN SMITH) 1732-1746.

THERE was one pugilist of this period, whose name we rather introduce as a remarkable *lusus nature* than as an illustrator of the noble art. This individual was John Smith, more commonly known as BUCKHORSE. The following particulars are chiefly derived from a memoir which appeared in the "Eccentric Magazine."

"BUCKHORSE, whose real name is said to have been John Smith, first saw the light in the house of a sinner, in that part of London known by the name of Lewkner's Lane, a place notorious in the extreme for the eccentricity of the characters it contained: here the disciples of Bamfylde Moore Carew

* Pierce Egan alters this to eight stone and a half, to agree with his statement that he fought men double his weight.



BUCKHORSE (JOHN SMITH), 1732-1746.

After an Etching by WILLIAM HOGARTH.

were to be found in crowds, and cadgers of all descriptions resorted to regale themselves upon the good things of this life, laughing at the credulity of the public in being so easily duped by their impositions; and here the juvenile prig was soon taught to become an adept in the profession, by taking out a handkerchief or a snuff-box, from the pocket of a coat covered with bells, without ringing any of them. In these slums the finished thief rosted from the prying eyes of society, and laid plans for his future depredations.

"It appears, then, that few places could boast of more originality of character than that from which BUCKHORSE sprang; and, from the variety of talents here displayed, there is little doubt he did not remain long a novice. As we have never been troubled with any account to what good-natured personage he owed his origin, we cannot determine; but suffice it to observe, that little BUCKHORSE and his mother were turned out upon the wide world, long before he knew its slippery qualities, by the cruel publican, their landlord, which inhuman circumstance took place about the year 1720.

"This freak of nature, it would seem, was indebted to his mother for what little instruction he received, the principal of which was an extraordinary volubility of speech; and from his early acquaintance with the streets he picked up the rest of his qualifications.

"Buckhorse's composition, however rude and unsightly, was not without harmony; and although his fist might not appear musical to his antagonist by its potent touch, yet when applied to his own chin, was capable of producing a variety of popular tunes, to the astonishment of all those who heard and saw him, and by which peculiar trait he mostly subsisted, added to selling little switches for a half-penny a-piece, his cry of which was so singular, that Shuter, the celebrated comedian, among his other imitations, was more than successful in his mimicry of Buckhorse, which was repeatedly called for a second time.

"As a pugilist, BUCKHORSE ranked high for strength and endurance among the boxers of the day, and displayed great muscular power in the battles he contested."

"Boxiana" says, under date 1742, after the fight of Smallwood and Willis, "About this time the noted Buckhorse fought Harry Gray, when the latter got severely punished by this ugly customer." It is true that this battle took place in 1742, but if Mr. Egan had read Fig's bill, which he prints at p. 44, vol. i., he would have seen there that, ten years previous (Sept. 18, 1732), it is announced that "BUCKHORSE and several other pugilists will show the art of boxing." Unless the infant was eight years old in 1720, he must have been "noted" enough to be specially underlined in capital

letters at twelve years old! Fig died in 1734 (see p. 12, *ante*). Buckhorse continues, too, it will be seen, in Broughton's bill for his "New Amphitheatre," on the 18th of March, 1743 (p. 24, *ante*), and is there advertised, not for a match among the eight men specially named as to be paired, but in a singular manner, indicative of a *mêlée* rather than a boxing match. Thus: "N.B. There will be a battle-royal by the NOTED BUCKHORSE and seven or eight others, after which there will be several *bye-battles* with others." Buckhorse seems to have fought previously in these bye-battles, *e.g.*, that with Harry Gray (who here appears among the men to be matched), two years previously (23rd Nov., 1741), after Tom Smallwood had defeated Harris. (See *ante*, p. 38.)

There is something truly Hogarthian in the portrait handed down to us; and as he was a contemporary of "the valiant Fig," it is no strained supposition that it came originally from the great English master's pencil, as well as that of the champion himself.

"As ugly as Buckhorse" was for a long time the uncomplimentary expression for a remarkably ugly man. This singular being is said to have been in the custom of allowing himself to be knocked down for a trifling gratuity by any one who might fancy a trial of the strength of his own arm.

TOM FAULKNER, THE CRICKETER—1758—1791.

ONE of the best men of his day, and who divided his attention between the two great English games, cricket and boxing, both, in a scientific form, nearly contemporaneous, was Tom Faulkner. Twice, fired with the ambition of holding the champion's title, did he enter the lists with the renowned George Taylor, and twice, after a good fight, he succumbed to his master in skill. But Tom feared not an uphill game. He felt that he had the key to the secret of his former defeats, and a third time, in 1758, challenged Taylor to the field. Taylor had now retired, and, as already stated, kept the Fountain at Deptford. The "old 'un" accepted the challenge without hesitation, and in Hertfordshire, one mile and a half from St. Alban's, on the 18th of August, 1758, the heroes met, the stakes being 200 guineas and the door money. Faulkner, it is said, with the odds of three to one against him, risked all he possessed upon the event. Faulkner, knowing his man, deter-

mined to keep him to fighting. "He began the attack with astonishing courage, amounting almost to ferocity. For several of the earlier rounds Faulkner was either knocked down or thrown. About the fifteenth, Taylor was blowing, but in a rally each put in a dozen hard blows before Faulkner levelled his opponent. Taylor now began to shift, and several times fell without a blow.* This created much disapprobation and confusion, but Faulkner easily consented to proceed. Afterwards they set to more resolutely, if possible, than before, when after a severe contest of one hour and a quarter, Taylor acknowledged himself beaten. They were both carried off the ground, and it was the general opinion that more skill and courage never was displayed by any pugilist in this country. Taylor's loss of an eye and a blow at the close of the fight on the other were the aiding excuses of his defeat."

In the next year (1759) Tom Faulkner was in turn challenged by Joe James. Joe came of a fighting family, and his brother Jack James, the bruiser at Broughton's Amphitheatre," with his father, "old Jockey James, of Newmarket," seconded young Joe. The battle came off at Putney, Surrey, on April 8, 1759, for 100 guineas. "A stage was erected near the White Lion Inn, and they set to about two o'clock. Before a blow was struck the odds were two to one (they betted preposterously tempting odds in those green and early days) in favour of James, and after the third round five to one. Joe knocked Faulkner down several times (here was piling up the agony), when, in the last round, *which was not more than ten minutes from the commencement of the contest*, Faulkner, by a well-aimed blow, brought down James (!), on which, though apparently not hurt or even fatigued, he gave in." We should think so: it would have been mere tempting fortune to go on. The chronicler adds, "the indignation of the spectators was very highly expressed by their hissing him off the ground,"† which did not, it seems, prevent the bets going with the battle-money. Verily, as Bildad the Shuhite said of the man of Uz, so may we say of this ancient ring-scribe, "Behold, he is yet in his greenness." "Old Jockey James" seems to have known when to give "the office" that the "book was full."

Tom appears now to have betaken himself to attacking his opponents' *stumps*, and bowling them out with "underhand twistars," for as yet the hand above the elbow was not, the curve-bladed bat was like a butter-knife, and two stumps with a cross-piece gave every chance that a straight

* The reporter's statement shows that, according to the modern practice, Taylor had lost the fight.—He was merely fighting for an off-chance, a foul blow, or a wrangle. Ed.

† Panaratis, pp. 52, 53.

ball would go harmlessly through the wicket. Yet were there skill and enjoyment in those days of our forefathers, and the village green and its May-pole were institutions of "Merrie England." The May-pole is as extinct as the megatherium, and what has modern science given us in its place? Among those who—

"At foot-ball or at cricket,
At prison-base or touching-chase
Right fealty then could prick it,"

Tom Faulkner was long remembered. Yet does his name again occur in 1789. The bruisers of Birmingham challenged those of the best note in London. Isaac Perrins challenged Tom Johnson, the champion (See life of JOHNSON, *post.*) Jacombs challenged Bryan (Big Ben); Pickard, George Ingleston, the brewer; and these fights came off, as we shall see, in favour of the metropolis. Fired with the idea, Tom FAULKNER (at 53 years of age!) challenged Watson, and Thornhill threw down the gauntlet to Hooper, the tinman. These two last matches went off; a proof, we think, that the Birmingham backers were not without judgment, though they did lose the first three events.

Tom Faulkner was certainly an evergreen of amazing sap and pith. Early in 1791 he was challenged by Thornhill (called in the report "the Warwickshire bruiser"), who had been disappointed in his match with Hooper, the tinman. The veteran Tom accepted the cartel, and they met at Studley, in Warwickshire, March 21. 1791. "Ryan seconded Faulkner, and Williams was his bottleholder. Jack Lea waited upon Thornhill, with Biggs his bottleholder. We copy the report. "At two o'clock the combatants set-to, and throughout the battle Tom's superiority in judgment and distance was manifestly evident. Thornhill was much the stronger man, and only fell by one knock-down blow during the contest, except the last, which Tom struck him in the neck, too forcibly to be withstood, and Thornhill gave in. The conflict was extremely severe, and lasted fifty minutes. The door money amounted to upwards of £80, two-thirds of which became the property of the winner, and the remainder to the unsuccessful combatant." Faulkner was one of those lucky men who closed a career of exceptional length with the garland of victory on his grey head. Tom was living in 1798.

BILL DARTS (CHAMPION)—1764-1771.

Among the boxers of his day, Bill Darts, the dyer, held a high reputation for steady courage and hard hitting, and by no means a contemptible amount of science. One of the most remarkable of his battles was with Tom Juchau,* at Guildford, Surrey, in May, 1766. It was a famous fight for forty minutes, when Juchau was beaten out of time. The stakes were 1,000 guineas.

Dogget, the West Country Bargeman, had secured so high a name among the "twoads" that an invite was given to Bill Darts to come down to Marlborough to be thrashed. With the first part of the invitation Bill complied; the second he not only declined, but, *per contra*, gave Mr. Dogget such a thrashing, that he carried off the honours of the day and the irate countryman's 100 guineas staked upon the event.

Swansey, the butcher, found friends to back him for 50 guineas, and he and Darts met, Oct. 13, 1767, on Epping Forest. The butcher was soon knocked down and thoroughly cut up.

Bill Darts now invited all comers for the championship, which he had held for five years, when Lyons,† a waterman of Kingston-upon-Thames, disputed his title. They met, and Darts, for the first time, was defeated in forty-five minutes, on the 27th of June, 1769.

Bill Darts next entered the lists with a competitor of formidable name—

* "Tom Juchau, the paviour," once bid fair to seize the championship—on June 20th, 1764. His name in pugilistic circles was "Diaher;" how derived, we might in vain inquire. His first fight of importance was with Charles Cohant (or Coant), a butcher, who had fought several severely-contested battles. Cohant, being the best known man, was the favourite, and the contemporary account says, "During the first twenty-five minutes 'Diaher' was scarcely able to give him a single blow, but was knocked down several times. At thirty-five minutes odds were so high that money was offered at any rate. At this time Diaher (Tom Juchau) changed his mode of fighting, and giving Cohant a most tremendous blow, by which he fell; the odds immediately changed in his favour. After this they fought but four rounds, when Diaher, having played in several dreadful blows, Cohant yielded, acknowledging himself to be vanquished. The fight lasted forty-seven minutes." There is a Spartan brevity, an heroic simplicity, and a simple trust in the reports of these olden fights, which is truly "refreshing" (we believe that is the tabernacle phrase) in those days of prose-showering and perfraseage.

The next report is equally commendable for its brevity. "On August the 27th (1765), Millson, who had defeated the two Meggs (see ante), fought a battle with Thomas Juchau, the paviour, at Colney, near St. Alban's, in which he failed to enjoy his usual triumph, Juchau proving his conqueror." After half a page of undated rigmarole, headed "Tom Juchau," Pierce Egan says, vol. i., p. 74, "The paviour was now considered a first-rate man, and soon matched himself against some of the most distinguished pugilists." We cannot find that he ever fought again.

† Lyons (champion, 1769) has no mention of his exploits, except his conquest of the heroic Bill Darts, June 27, 1769, for the championship. For twenty-five minutes Darts had it all his own way, and ten to one was laid upon him, when Lyons recovered second wind, and in forty-five minutes wrested the championship from him. The battle took place at Kingston-upon-Thames. No other notable fight is credited to Lyons.

Death (Stephen Oliver). Oliver was certainly "stale," as he had been one of Broughton's favourite pupils. (See DEATH.) It was a well-contested fight, Oliver proving extremely game and skilful; but the superior strength and weight of Darts' hits overcame the darts of Death, and the namesake of the universal conqueror fell before Bill's victorious arm. This battle was fought at Putney, on a stage, March 25th, 1770. "Boxiana" has not given a single date to any of Darts' fights; accordingly, "Fights for the Championship," 1855, informs its readers that, "the dates of these battles," as well as those of George Meggs, Millsom, etc., "are not recorded!"

On the 18th of May, 1771, during Epsom races, Bill Darts fought Peter Corcoran, an Irish bruiser of vast pretensions, about whom Pierce Egan has indited his usual amount of rhodomontade, which we shall correct under his name. The match was made for £100 aside, by the notorious black-leg and bully, Captain O'Kelly, the lucky owner of Eclipse, who, "before the fight gave Bill Darts 100 guineas to play *cross*."* The rest of this nefarious swindle we will give, according to our plan, under the notice of the so-called victor Corcoran. Bill had now sold his reputation, and was a lost man; his seducer, the greater scoundrel, fared, like woman's seducer, none the worse

"Through tattered clothes small vices do appear—
Robes and furred gowns hide all."

Perhaps one of the funniest pieces of historical perversion on record is Pierce Egan's account (without a date) of this scandalous affair. It would be injustice to mutilate it. "The famous Bill Darts now mounted the stage with Corcoran for £200, to give additional sport to Epsom races. The set-to commenced with cautious sparring on the part of Darts, who soon discovered that he could not win (!), and in a short time gave in. A singular report crept into circulation, accounting for Darts losing the battle, that Colonel O'Kelly (one of the most celebrated sportsmen on the turf) backed his countryman to a large amount; but to make his bets dead sure, on the night previous to the fight, he presented Darts with £100 not to win the battle, but positively to lose it. Surely no thoroughbred sportsman could commit so barefaced a robbery!" This is rather modest, considering the Colonel's character; what follows, however, distances it by lengths. "And upon the best information, we are assured that Darts in his prime was never half man enough for Peter Corcoran!" The notes of admiration are Pierce's: we have omitted his emphasised italics and small capitals. The reader may form his own conclusion by reading Corcoran's actual battles.

* *Daily Advertiser*, May 17, 1771, and *Monthly Register* for May of the same year.

Darts appears several times as a second during 1771 and the following years; notably in a fight between Sam Peters, of Birmingham, and Rossemus Gregory, an Irishman, in which Darts seconded the Hibernian, but behaved so unfairly to save his man that Peters refused to fight on. The result will be found under PETERS.

PETER CORCORAN

WE may as well here despatch Peter Corcoran, to whom Pierce Egan has devoted several pages of fabrication in honour of "ould Ireland." First he thrashed all the potato diggers in the vicinity of his father's mud edifice; then he, and perhaps another, beat an English butcher who refused to let him and a friend have a shoulder of mutton at their own price: Pierce almost hints they had no money. It seems that Paddy not only thrashed the butcher "Master Steel" in a few minutes, but "shortly afterwards enjoyed his mutton (is the reader or the mutton roasted?) with as keen an appetite as if nothing had happened (which we suppose was the case), and next day pursued his journey to London."* At Portsmouth, after a trip to sea, he performed a number of feats of strength; one among them was "*beating a whole press gang*, and breaking the lieutenant's sword over his head." Here's a scene for a new "Black-eyed Susan." The promotion of Billy Taylor's sweetheart did not, however, fall to the lot of Peter, and "on leaving the navy, he came to London," etc.

The first authenticated notice of his name we find under the date of,

"Sept. 4th (1769). A boxing match was decided between Turner, a pugilist who had beaten Bill Stevens, and Peter Corcoran, an Irishman, for £20 aside, which was won by *the former*." The battle took place in Hyde Park, and is correctly given in "Fistiana," though without a date. Now let us turn to "Boxiana," p. 59, vol. i. "Peter beat one Turner, who fought him for £20, and although the latter had beaten the Nailor, yet, in the hands of Corcoran, he was soon disposed of." Three others, "good men," Dalton and Davis and "Smiler, the bricklayer," were also, according to the same veracious chronicler, "beaten dreadfully." These exploits bring us to Corcoran's two "crosses" and his final thrashing. That with Bill Darts we have said enough about. Of this we read in a contemporary print

—“After a little sparring, Corcoran gave Darts a blow on the side of the head, which drove him against the rail of the stage, when he immediately gave in. It was said that Darts had played booty, and none of the sporting men would afterwards back him; thus by one dirty action Darts lost all the fame he had been for so many years acquiring.” This reflection has a peculiar moral squint, as we have already said. What about the Colonel who bought the poor fellow?

Whether his next battle with Peters was a victory we will just leave to the reader of the report. “The long expected match between Sam Peters and Peter Corcoran took place at Waltham Abbey, Essex, in June, 1774. At setting-to the bets were three to one in favour of Peters (this, we should say, was a good thing), who, though he maintained the superiority, gave in without any apparent cause at the expiry of fifteen minutes, greatly to the disappointment of the sporting ones.” We should think so. Here is the account from “Boxiana,” p. 86, “Sam Peters was the best man, according to Corcoran’s account, that ever set-to with him. It was a complete hammering fight (!), and at the expiration of *ten minutes* Peters declared he was satisfied, and Corcoran’s body for several days afterwards was entirely black, the bruises being extremely severe.” Heavy work on both sides for *ten minutes*. The fastest moderns cannot go this pace. The account of Corcoran’s battle with Harry Sellers, October 16th, 1776, will be found under HARRY SELLERS. As Peter was thrashed, it was of course “a sell,” though it looks like a victory on its merits, and “Boxiana” “points a moral,” which is applicable to this as to all other cases of betrayal of backers by pugilists, who should never forget—

“’Tis not in mortals to command success,”

but “do more, deserve it,” is very good—if the case warranted it.

The favourable notice in “Pancratia,” whence Pierce drew the staple he has spun out so absurdly, thus speaks of Corcoran: “Peter, as a pugilist of his period, stands first rank as a fair fighter; being generally engaged with powerful pugilists, he was *unfortunate* in the *events* of his contests, and indeed he had little reason to triumph when victorious, for as he never shifted or fell, unless accidentally, without a blow, he seldom escaped a severe drubbing.” These are the words of truth and soberness, and place Corcoran’s courage and game on a fair footing, despite the extravagant eulogies of his compatriot. Perhaps, however, Mr. Vincent Dowling, in his “Fistiana,” has exercised the wisest discretion; finding the accounts too discrepant for reconciling, he has left the name of Corcoran out of the letter C altogether.

HARRY SELLERS (CHAMPION)—1776-1785.

HARRY SELLERS, a west country boxer of deserved provincial reputation, was chosen by some friends as a likely young fellow to reduce the braggadocio of Corcoran, whose challenges were of the true Hibernian cut of some hedge-schoolmaster transplanted to the Seven Dials. The match was made for 100 guineas "and a bet of £500 or £600 on the event,"—we do not profess to know what the last phrase means—and the combatants met at the Crown Inn, Staines, October 10, 1776. The attendance appears to have been remarkably good. Corcoran, with the "gift of the gab," was the landlord of the Blakeney's Head, St. Giles's, and was a sort of "Stunning Joe Banks" of his day: what he was good for as a pugilist we cannot say. "At the first onset," says the report, "Corcoran gave his antagonist a violent blow, which threw him to the farthest end of the stage, and the odds increased from three to four to one in Peter's favour. Sellers now fought very shy for about eighteen minutes, in order to wind his antagonist, which having accomplished, he advanced boldly and beat him by straight-forward hitting in ten minutes." Did any one ever read a more "plain unvarnished tale" of how a natural fighter and good boxer beat a bounceable publican? What need of the farrago we find at pages 86, 87, 88, vol. i. of "*Boxiana*," to explain that which needs no explanation? Corcoran was thrashed, and, we believe, couldn't help it. Pierce tells us a story of his house in St. Giles's flowing with "all sorts of spirits, plenty of new pots, etc., inside and outside painted, and got up in superior style to what it was ever witnessed before," etc. Moreover—and here is the detail that clinches it—"Peter was playing skittles next morning with all the activity and cheerfulness of a man who had never been engaged in pugilism."

As Pierce about this period was a Dublin "gossoon," he must have had an exact knowledge of the decorations, interior and exterior, of Peter's hostelry, and a reliable tradition of his morning's amusements. For ourselves, a much more careful search than that of the inventor of "*Boxiana*" (who made none, by the way), fails to tell us more than we have hereinbefore set down.

On the 4th of June, 1777, at Ascot Heath races, Joe Hood,* a hardy and successful boxer, fought Harry Sellers for 50 guineas aside. Joe fought with great courage and skill, but the science and activity of Sellers secured the

* Joe Hood, see *post*, p. 53.

victory. Hood fought Sellers again, four weeks afterwards (June 2), and was again beaten.

In June, 1778, Harry Sellers met the once formidable champion, Bill Stevens, the Nailer. It was a one-sided affair. Stevens, still courageous, could not stand against the rapidity, skill, and freshness of Harry, and was defeated. The stake was but £25, which shows how the mighty Stevens had fallen.

The Crown, at Slough, a favourite rendezvous of the swell patrons of pugilism, was the scene, on the 25th of September, 1780, of a boxing match between Harry Sellers and Duggan Fearn, an Irish boatswain (called Jack Fearn in "*Boxiana*"). The accounts read very like a cross, though we can hardly say that there is clear evidence. "The battle lasted *one minute and a half*, when victory was declared in favour of Duggan." We are not told *how* the event was brought about, but the reporter adds his own opinion: "the amateurs were swindled to a large amount," and certainly very clumsily.

On the 7th of June (1785), we find that Harry Sellers contested a battle with William Harvey, an Irishman, in the Ass Field, near Holywell Mount, Grays Inn Road, "in which, notwithstanding he exerted himself to the utmost, he was conquered by dint of the Irishman's strength in twenty minutes." The reader will observe the date is the 7th of June. This may give him sufficient insight to value accordingly the story of "St. Patrick's evening" (17th March), the "insult to Mr. Harvey's shamrock in his hat," the "leg of mutton and trimmings," offered by Sellers to be let off a thrashing, and the wretched rubbish in "*Boxiana*," pp. 88, 89, "for the greater glory of ould Ireland." The red hot ire of Mr. Harvey remained to cool from March 17th to the 7th of the following June, if there be any truth in the periodical contemporary press.

The appearance of Humphries, Big Ben (Brain), and the rise of the great Tom Johnson, seem to have quite extinguished the minor pugilistic stars, and so occupied the whole attention of the patrons and historians of the ring, that Sellers disappears from the scene. In "*Pancratia*," p. 63, we read, "It has been reported that Sellers actually died with grief, on account of his friends refusing to match him with the celebrated pugilist Tom Johnson when first he rose into fame." This proves, at any rate, that Sellers was what the west countrymen call "a good woolled one:" there was no deficiency in breed, whatever there might be in his probity or judgment.

STEPHEN OLIVER (NICKNAMED DEATH). 1770-1788.

Or Stephen Oliver, whose singular sobriquet, "Death," had a less terrible derivation than it might suggest, we have but scant contemporary notices, yet these have been neglected, and "Boxiana" dismisses him with an incidental mention in the notice under DARTS (see p. 46, *ante*), and four lines in reference to his battle with Small. Oliver seems, by general consent of the best judges, to have been a remarkably skilful, steady, and formidable boxer. The deadly paleness of his visage during his pugilistic contests procured him the nickname of "Death." Oliver, as one of Broughton's pupils, stood high on the list of his favourites. The veteran often commended him as the best teacher and exponent of his system. "He was a well made man, and light (as they reckoned it then), never exceeding twelve stone; he did not possess great strength, but this he fully compensated by his astonishing agility. Oliver fought more battles than any man in England, and though frequently overmatched, often conquered against odds. But his sparring," adds the author of "Historical Sketches,"* "notwithstanding it was thought excellent some years back, is now equalled by any pupil of Mendoza and Humphries. This indisputably shows we moderns have improved in science."

We pass over a long interval of Stephen Oliver's performances to come to his great fight with Bill Darts, March 25, 1770, wherein he was defeated by youth, length, weight, and strength.

Six years afterwards, July 3rd, 1776, Death fought a short battle at Barnet for £20 with a butcher of the name of William Small, a name by no means corresponding with his bulk. A diurnal print tried a small piece of wit in the form of what it called "an epigram." Here it is—

"Ah! foolish wight, why strive to conquer Death?
When he, thou know'st, can stop thy vital breath;
That ruthless tyrant rules the lives of all,
And vanquishes the Great, as well as SMALL."

The renowned Tom Johnson, of whom anon, had already beaten several commoners, and especially Jarvis, "the fighting carman." Stephen accepted his general challenge, and, though stale and old, made a creditable fight, at Blackheath, in 1784. (See JOHNSON, *post.*) Though Jack Towers (brother of William, the bricklayer) is called the "conqueror of the celebrated DEATH," we cannot find the record of his victory.

* "Historical Sketches and Recollections of Pugilism." 1 vol. London, 1808.

Oliver still lingered on the stage till 1788, in which year, on April 17th, "he fought one Elisha Crabbe,* a Jew, *on the turf*, at Blackheath." It was observed in the course of the contest that Death had the lead in fair boxing, but that Crabbe got the best in closing, when he was generally successful in flinging his adversary so as to pitch him on his head. Although Crabbe had received many sharp blows, they did not impair his strength, but Death was wounded badly in the face by a fall, and had a severe gash over his right eyebrow. This obstructed his sight, and very much contributed to lose him the battle. At the end of thirty-five minutes Crabbe succeeded in giving Death a knock-down blow, and the Jew was declared the conqueror. ("Pancratia," p. 78.) The Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), Colonel Hanger (Lord Coleraine), and the leading patrons of the ring, were present on this occasion. A bye battle between Doyle, a well known pugilist, and a sawyer from Deptford, which followed, ended in the anonymous sawyer beating the professional in twenty minutes.

SAM PETERS, OF BIRMINGHAM—1771-1774.

SAM PETERS, of Birmingham, is one of the second rates demanding notice previous to closing this chapter. After many victories in Warwickshire and the midland counties, Sam made his way to the metropolis, and was backed for £20 against Trainer, a stalwart Irish chairman. They met at Epping Forest, June 7, 1771, but Sam was so overmatched that, after a clever fight of thirty-seven minutes, he fell before the heavier metal of his antagonist.

The next month, on the 13th of July, Sam entered the ring at Fair Mead Bottom, near Epping, with Rossemus Gregory, another Hibernian pugilist. Bill Darts seconded Gregory, and Peters gave in on the ground of Darts interfering unfairly in favour of his man. Another match was accordingly

* Elisha Crabbe, though a professor of some notoriety, does not take much rank by this conquest over a boxer of upwards of fifty years of age. His next fight was with Bob Watson, of Bristol, June 9, 1788 (see Appendix to Period II., in the memoir of WATSON), wherein he was beaten, but not disgraced. His last fight was with Tom Tyne (see TYNE), wherein he was also defeated. Elisha, who was in height 5 feet 8 inches, was a man of great muscular power. For many years he filled the responsible position of a peace officer at the Mansion House of the City of London. He resigned this and became a licensed victualler in Duke's Place. He was a civil, obliging man, and always an object of popular attraction among the people of his own persuasion. He died suddenly on board the Gravesend packet, June 9, 1809, on his return to London, and was buried with Jewish tokens of respect.

made, and came off in the Riding School at the Three Hats, Islington.* Here Master Gregory found he had better not have "bitten his thumb" at Sam, for he got a most undeniable thrashing in half an hour. Sam Peters' "sell" with Corcoran, in 1774, has been already commented on. From this time he ceased to find backers.

JOE HOOD—1773-1780.

JOE HOOD, a weaver, fought some good battles between 1773 and 1780. His first important contest was with the noted Jem Parrot, on the 9th of November, 1773, in White Conduit Fields, Islington, for a stake of 20 guineas. Rossemus Gregory (see SAM PETERS, of Birmingham, *ante*) seconded Parrot, and Sam Peters attended upon Joe Hood. The fight was obstinately contested for thirty-five minutes, when a dispute arose between the seconds as to a foul blow. Rossey Gregory would not allow his man to fight longer, and Parrot left the ground, refusing to return. The battle, upon a reference, was awarded to Hood.

On the 31st of March, 1775, Joe Hood met and conquered Dennis Kellyhorn, "a famous Irish bruiser." The battle was for 50 guineas, and took place at Chingford Hatch, Essex.

Macdonald, a sawyer, of great strength and stature, issued a challenge to Joe for £10. The set-to is described by the reporter as "furious on the part of Macdonald." Joe fought on the defensive for half an hour, when the rush of Macdonald having slackened, Joe completely turned the tables, and milled the sawyer all over the ring. Macdonald fought obstinately: "he was beaten so dreadfully before he gave in, that both eyes were closed, and it was found that his jaw was broken."

Joe's next battle with the champion, Harry Sellers, June 4, 1777, ended in a defeat, though "Hood displayed astonishing judgment and bottom." This important battle is not mentioned in "Boxiana" (JOE HOOD, p. 81), nor

* The following shows that police interference was occasional, even in these early times. "May 11, 1778, a boxing match took place at the Riding School, Three Hats, Islington, between John Pearce and John White, both shoemakers, for £10 a-side. At the commencement of the combat White seemed to have somewhat the advantage, but Pearce having recovered his wind, and given White several severe falls, was on the point of winning, when the high constable and his attendants mounted the stage, and put an end to the contest."—*Daily Advertiser*, May 18th.

in "Fistiana," under Hood (p. 58, edit. 1864); nor does Hood's second defeat (July 2, 1774) appear under his name in either authority.

A noted Birmingham pugilist (the "Hardware Village" has always been renowned for boxers) hight Joe Higgins, "who had fought fifteen battles, in all of which he had been the conqueror,"* challenged Hood. He had miscalculated his skill. They met July 23, 1778, when Hood gave him so severe a beating as, says the authority just quoted, "taught him the proper respect due to a scientific pugilist."

The tide of battle now turned against Hood. On the 8th of September, 1778, after a severe attack of illness, Joe met "the Bristol Boy," Peter Bath, at Maidenhead races, for £50 a-side. "The bets were two to one in Joe's favour, notwithstanding his indifferent health." Joe soon "found himself entirely unable to cope with his opponent, and gave in after fighting twenty minutes, when Bath† was hailed the conqueror."

On the 4th of September, 1779, Hood was again unsuccessful in a pitched battle in Smithfield with William Day, an active and game pugilist. This seems to have been Joe's last appearance as a principal, his constitution being impaired.

* "Panoratis," p. 68.

† Bath's name appears as BOOTH in "Fistiana," under Hood, but his battles are omitted in their alphabetical place. The most important were—beat William Allen, 40 min., Barnet, Aug. 20, 1776; beat Joe Hood, £50, 20 min., Maidenhead, Sept. 8, 1778.



CHAPTER V.

TOM JOHNSON (THOMAS JACKLING). CHAMPION
OF ENGLAND—1783-1791.

TOM JOHNSON, whose real name was Jackling, was a native of Derby, although a general claim of Yorkshire extraction has been made for him, and "Boxiana" so states it; followed, of course, by "Fights for the Championship," London, 1855. However, as he signs himself "Thomas Jackling, of Derby," in a printed letter, the point is not worth disputing. He surely could himself have no motive for such a misrepresentation.

Johnson, for we shall retain his popular name, was certainly a hero among heroes; and if Tom was inferior to Broughton in science, he came certainly nearest of any man that had hitherto appeared to that phoenix of pugilistic skill. Nature had endowed him with unusual strength of body, and he was universally admitted to possess a careful and precise style of hitting. His courage was of the highest order, and he possessed a constitutional coolness of disposition and temper. Johnson was born in 1750, the very year that Jack Slack defeated his prototype, the champion Broughton, and at an early age repaired to London, where he followed the laborious occupation of a corn-porter, on a wharf near Old Swan Stairs. His surprising strength was paralleled by his kindness of heart; and while in this employment an anecdote is recorded of him which deserves preservation. Johnson's fellow porter was taken ill, and being burdened with a wife and a numerous family, dependent on his labour for support, they were likely to be reduced to want, had not Johnson immediately undertaken (unknown to them) to do his fellow porter's work, as well as his own. The warehouses where the corn was deposited were situated at some distance from the wharf, at the end of a court, denominated, from its steepness, "Labour-in-vain Court," and to which place Tom carried every journey two sacks of corn instead of one, and gave the money to his family, till his fellow porter was able to return to his work. We would recommend this anecdote for extract in the next number of the "Evangelical Magazine;" it can be much better authenticated than most of

the "lose-nothing" benevolences of their portrait-loving "labourers in the vineyard."

As we prefer truth unadorned to clumsy rhetoric we have here merely paraphrased what we find in contemporaries, and, where advisable, resorted to acknowledged quotations. "After he (Johnson) had assumed the profession of the gymnasium (somewhat pedantic this, but the writer as he goes on becomes more natural), he soon proved the most effective among the whole race of modern athletes. His strength, science, and astonishing bottom gave him rank superior to all his contemporaries, but his greatest excellence was his surprising coolness and judgment. It may appear somewhat ridiculous to the inconsiderate, and those prejudiced against the art, to attempt panegyric upon the mental gifts of a pugilist, but where such a merit did or does exist, it is a duty incumbent on those who are just and impartial to record it. The natural powers of Johnson's mind, although not developed by the care of what the schoolmaster calls fostering education, were remarkably extensive and capable of the accomplishment of great difficulties. Unlike many pugilists, who seldom form any rules for their guidance in emergencies until they find themselves on the stage, he invariably, long before, determined on a system of conduct adapted to his own advantage, and calculated to defeat the style of his adversary. To effect this, he calmly balanced the respective abilities of his opponents, their tempers, power, and mode of attack, and particularly noted the constitution and disposition of his opponent. His grand principle in fighting was never unnecessarily to expose himself to danger, nor hazard anything which could be obtained with certainty by waiting. By acting on this plan, he frequently at the conclusion of a battle, was nearly in as good condition as at its commencement; for though confident when first setting-to of an easy conquest, his prudence led him to protract an engagement, which perhaps he could not speedily terminate, unless by endangering himself. He usually, therefore, acted on the defensive, and never made a blow but when confident of getting home. If his opponent was cool, he was cooler; if warm and precipitate, he endeavoured to make him still more so, by using every justifiable measure to disappoint and baffle him; but he never took advantage of his man by unfair manoeuvres."* This description, despite a certain stiffness of the old school, is written by a master, and an appreciator of the art.

A few casual turns-up had shown the bent of Johnson's natural genius for fistie fame; and at 23 years of age, in June, 1783, he met a carman of the

* Life of Johnson in "Historical Recollections of Boxing, etc." 8vo., 1804; copied in "Pancratia," (1811), pp. 65, 66.

name of Jarvis in Lock's Fields, Walworth. The skill of Johnson, a supposed novice opposed to a practised boxer, astonished the spectators. Jarvis was severely thrashed, and Tom's fame spread abroad.

A desperate rough, known as "the Croydon Drover," next challenged Johnson, and they fought on Kennington Common, in March, 1784. The Drover was completely polished off in twenty-seven minutes.

Stephen Oliver (Death), though a decided "ould'un," would not believe in Johnson's vast superiority until he tried him, on Blackheath, in June, 1784, when he had ocular demonstration by being beaten blind in thirty-five minutes.

Johnson now seems to have reposed on his laurels without a competitor till 1786. On the 11th of January in that year, Bill Love,* a butcher, fancied Tom for 50 guineas a-side. Johnson disposed of Bill Love's pretensions in a few minutes.

Jack Towers, "the celebrated conqueror of Death," says the reporter, though we have not met with the record, met Johnson (for a stake not stated), at Barnet, in February, 1786, and was soundly beaten without a chance of retrieving his fame.

About this period, 1786, Humphries, Martin, the Bath butcher, and Mendoza appeared. These celebrated men will be found duly chronicled "in their right place."

Fry, a big, heavy, and powerful man, next challenged Johnson for 50 guineas, and they fought at Kingston, in June, 1786, but in less than half an hour Fry got so much broiled as to be very glad to put an end to the contest; and Tom walked off the ground almost without a scratch.

Johnson, about this period (1787) beat every one that was opposed to him, and the sporting world was almost nonplussed to find a man who might stand something like a chance with him. As the metropolis could produce no such character, Bristol was searched (the *parley-bed* of pugilists), when Bill Warr† was selected as an article that could be depended upon. He was

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the "lose-nothing" benevolences of their portrait-loving "labourers in the vineyard."

As we prefer truth unadorned to clumsy rhetoric we have here merely paraphrased what we find in contemporaries, and, where advisable, resorted to acknowledged quotations. "After he (Johnson) had assumed the profession of the gymnasium (somewhat pedantic this, but the writer as he goes on becomes more natural), he soon proved the most effective among the whole race of modern athletes. His strength, science, and astonishing bottom gave him rank superior to all his contemporaries, but his greatest excellence was his surprising coolness and judgment. It may appear somewhat ridiculous to the inconsiderate, and those prejudiced against the art, to attempt panegyric upon the mental gifts of a pugilist, but where such a merit did or does exist, it is a duty incumbent on those who are just and impartial to record it. The natural powers of Johnson's mind, although not developed by the care of what the schoolmaster calls fostering education, were remarkably extensive and capable of the accomplishment of great difficulties. Unlike many pugilists, who seldom form any rules for their guidance in emergencies until they find themselves on the stage, he invariably, long before, determined on a system of conduct adapted to his own advantage, and calculated to defeat the style of his adversary. To effect this, he calmly balanced the respective abilities of his opponents, their tempers, power, and mode of attack, and particularly noted the constitution and disposition of his opponent. His grand principle in fighting was never unnecessarily to expose himself to danger, nor hazard anything which could be obtained with certainty by waiting. By acting on this plan, he frequently at the conclusion of a battle, was nearly in as good condition as at its commencement; for though confident when first setting-to of an easy conquest, his prudence led him to protract an engagement, which perhaps he could not speedily terminate, unless by endangering himself. He usually, therefore, acted on the defensive, and never made a blow but when confident of getting home. If his opponent was cool, he was cooler; if warm and precipitate, he endeavoured to make him still more so, by using every justifiable measure to disappoint and baffle him; but he never took advantage of his man by unfair manœuvres."* This description, despite a certain stiffness of the old school, is written by a master, and an appreciator of the art.

A few casual turns-up had shown the bent of Johnson's natural genius for fistic fame; and at 23 years of age, in June, 1783, he met a carman of the

* Life of Johnson in "Historical Recollections of Boxing, etc." 8vo., 1804; copied in "Panorama," (1811), pp. 65, 66.

name of Jarvis in Lock's Fields, Walworth. The skill of Johnson, a supposed novice opposed to a practised boxer, astonished the spectators. Jarvis was severely thrashed, and Tom's fame spread abroad.

A desperate rough, known as "the Croydon Drover," next challenged Johnson, and they fought on Kennington Common, in March, 1784. The Drover was completely polished off in twenty-seven minutes.

Stephen Oliver (Death), though a decided "ould'un," would not believe in Johnson's vast superiority until he tried him, on Blackheath, in June, 1784, when he had ocular demonstration by being beaten blind in thirty-five minutes.

Johnson now seems to have reposed on his laurels without a competitor till 1786. On the 11th of January in that year, Bill Love,* a butcher, fancied Tom for 50 guineas a-side. Johnson disposed of Bill Love's pretensions in a few minutes.

Jack Towers, "the celebrated conqueror of Death," says the reporter, though we have not met with the record, met Johnson (for a stake not stated), at Barnet, in February, 1786, and was soundly beaten without a chance of retrieving his fame.

About this period, 1786, Humphries, Martin, the Bath butcher, and Mendoza appeared. These celebrated men will be found duly chronicled "in their right place."

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backed to fight Johnson for 200 guineas, on a stage, at Oakingham, in Berkshire, on January 18, 1787.

In the first round Warr found out he had got a trump to deal with, by receiving a doubler from Johnson. He immediately assumed the defensive. In fact, it was scarcely worthy of being called a fight, and the amateurs were not only disappointed but much displeased. Warr was convinced that he could not beat Johnson by standing up to him, and therefore determined to try whether he could not tire him out by shifting and falling; accordingly, whenever Tom seemed likely to make a blow, Bill Warr was on his knees praying for pluck, à la Tass Parker and Nick Ward of more modern days. This humbugging lasted for nearly an hour and a half, Johnson's intentions being continually frustrated by Warr's dropping. At length an ugly hit nailed him as he was falling. He insisted on a "foul!" which not being admitted, he instantly bolted, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his seconds to come back and finish the fight. In the words of the report: "Warr jumped up from his knees, crying 'foul!' and jumped from the stage. His second called him several times to return, but he 'mizzled' clean off." Johnson was now firmly established as the champion; his fame ran before him, and it was some months before any person could be found hardy enough to dispute his well-earned title; at length, a brave Hibernian chief, who, like Tom Johnson, had milled all his opponents, came forward, and soon found backers.

How this came about must be told by an episode. On November 22, 1787, a severe contest was decided, in Stepney Fields, between W. Savage and Doyle. Tom Johnson seconded Savage, and Ryan, his countryman Doyle. After a sharp battle of forty-five minutes, Doyle was defeated, and Ryan in some heat challenged Johnson.

Michael Ryan, the Irish champion's skill and courage stood so high, that the odds were six to four before the fight, which took place at Wradisbury, in Buckinghamshire, on December 19, 1787, for 300 guineas a-side. The seconds were chosen from the first-rate pugilists, Humphries for Johnson, and Dunn for Ryan; and even the bottle holders were of fistic eminence, being Tom Tring for the latter, and Mendoza for the former. The spectators were numerous. The celebrated Mr. Windham, Sir Richard Symonds, Colonel Hanger, Colonel Hamilton, Mr. Bradyl, General Fitzpatrick, etc., were more than spectators on this occasion.

The contest long hung doubtful, though, at the commencement, the odds were in favour of Ryan. What follows is from "Boxiana." "After the fight had continued nearly twenty minutes, and at the close of a most tre-

mendous round, Ryan put in a blow upon Johnson's temple, which so completely stunned him that his arms fell by his side, and was following up this advantage with another hit, which must have decided the contest, when Humphries ran in to save Johnson, and caught Ryan in his arms. Cries of 'Foul! foul!' resounded from all parts, and the friends of Ryan instantly demanded the money, by observing that, as long as Johnson had not fallen, it was perfectly fair on the part of Ryan to strike him, and that the latter had won the battle. Here a general clamour took place, during which Ryan, with the warmth peculiar to his country, indignantly told his second, Dunn, that he had not done his duty by him as a man, in suffering such conduct to take place without resenting it, and, had he not been prevented, he would have milled Dunn upon the spot, his rage was so great. Considerable time having now elapsed, Johnson was recovered, and challenged Ryan to renew the combat: the latter, like a man, notwithstanding it was considered there was no necessity for so doing, agreed to it, thinking he could beat Johnson.

"The battle was at length renewed; but it was soon perceived that Ryan's strength was exhausted by passion, and he now, in about ten minutes, became an easy conquest to Johnson, by giving away the chance. Ryan's conduct in the battle was so noble, and his manly courage and science so truly apparent, that the amateurs were still left in doubt to decide accurately which was the best man" ("Boxiana," pp. 94, 95).

In consequence of this opinion, a second battle was determined upon, and fought upon a stage in the Rabbit Dell in Cashiobury Park, near Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, for 300 guineas a-side, on February 11, 1789. This was a contest of great anxiety, and the whole sporting world was there, from the Corinthian to the costermonger.

Johnson, who had for his second, Humphries, and Jackson as his bottle-holder, mounted the stage at three o'clock, and were immediately followed by Ryan, who was seconded by Mr. Rolfe, a baker, and Nowlan his bottle-holder. The set-to was one of the finest ever witnessed, and much science was displayed; the parries and feints eliciting general admiration. At length Ryan put in a severe blow on Johnson's chest, which floored him.

The second round, which continued about two minutes, was terrible beyond description—science seemed forgotten—when Ryan received a knock-down blow. The battle was well sustained on both sides for some time; but Ryan's passion getting the better of him, he began to lose ground. "Johnson," says "Pancratia," p. 83, "stopped Ryan's blows with the greatest dexterity, and, hitting over his guard, cut him under the eyes." Ryan's head and eyes made a dreadful appearance. The contest lasted for thirty-

three minutes, when Ryan gave in. A hat, ornamented with blue ribbons, was placed upon the conqueror's head; and Johnson gained a considerable sum of money, as, besides the 300 guineas stakes, and £512 door money, equally divided between the combatants, Mr. Hollingsworth, a cornfactor, and a former master of Johnson, settled £20 a year upon him for life, in consideration of the money he had won by backing him.

Brain, better known as Big Ben (see *post*), was now considered the only man capable of meeting Johnson, and a match was made for £1,000; but Ben, being taken ill at the appointed time, forfeited the deposit, which was £100.

We now approach one of the most interesting and remarkable contests in the annals of pugilism. The various coloured accounts of more modern writers cannot be excused of exaggerating the incidents of this fight, yet, as our object is rather authenticity than "sensation," we shall simply transcribe the report from the old *Sporting Magazine*, for the month of September, 1789.

Birmingham having challenged London to produce its most noted men to meet their best pugilists, the matter has been put in train, and the combatants paired thus:—Isaac Perrins* challenges Tom Johnson, the champion;

* It would be injustice to omit a short sketch of what our Yankee friends would call so "tall" a boxer as Isaac Perrins. His immense strength was "yoked with a lamb-like disposition." In Birmingham, where he had long followed his occupation as foreman of a large manufactory, he was respected by his employers, and beloved by the workmen under him. Perrins was far from an illiterate man. In his general conversation he was intelligent, cheerful, and communicative, and possessed of a considerable share of discernment, which, after he quitted his calling as a coppersmith at Birmingham, and became a publican at Manchester, was of great service to him in business. His house was well attended by customers of a superior class. Isaac, too, had a natural taste for music, and, at one period of his life, was the leader of a country choir in psalmody. In company, Perrins was facetious, full of anecdote, and never tardy in giving his song; and was a strong instance in his own person, among many others which might be cited, if necessary, that it does not follow as a matter of course that all pugilists are blackguards! The following anecdote from a work entitled "The Itinerant," not only places the good temper and amazing strength of Perrins in a conspicuous point of view, but exhibits one of the peculiar traits of an erratic histrionic genius, whose reckless riot ruined and extinguished his higher gifts. "It happened that Perrins, the noted pugilist, made one of the company this evening. He was a remarkably strong man, and possessed of great modesty and good nature; the last scene took such an effect on his imagination, that he laughed immoderately. Cooke's attention was attracted, and turning towards him with his most bitter look, 'What do you laugh at, Mr. Swabson, hey? Why, you great lubber-headed thief, Johnson would have beat two of you! laugh at me! at George Cooke! come out, you scoundrel!' The coat was soon pulled off, and, putting himself in an attitude, he exclaimed, 'This is the arm that shall sacrifice you.' Perrins was of a mild disposition, and, knowing Cooke's character, made every allowance, and answered him only by a smile, till aggravated by language and action the most gross, he very calmly took him in his arms as though he had been a child, set him down in the street, and bolted the door. The evening was wet, and our hero without coat or hat, unprepared to cope with it; but entreaty for admission was vain, and his application at the window unattended to. At length, grown desperate, he broke several panes, and, inserting his head through the fracture, bore down all opposition by the following witticism: 'Gentlemen, I have taken some pains to gain admission, pray let me in, for I see through my error.' The door was opened, dry clothes procured, and about one o'clock in the morning we sent him home in a coach." Despite the second-hand wit, the credit remains with the pugilist.

In the "Annual Register," under date of December 10, 1800, we read, "Died at Man-

Jacobs will fight Bryan (Big Ben); Pickard, George Ingleston (the brewer); Tom Faulkner (the cricketer), Watson; and Thornhill, Hooper (the tinman). The challenges of the three first heroes were accepted, and the terms proposed by "the bruisers" agreed to.

The meeting of Johnson and Perrins was arranged for the first October meeting at Newmarket, to be fought on the turf, for 250 guineas a-side, and two-thirds of the door money to the winner, one-third to the defeated combatant. We continue from the contemporary report:—

"Perrins was an uncommonly strong man, gigantic in height and weight, with force adapted to his form, and, for his size, of astonishing activity. He stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet, and weighed seventeen stone, three stone heavier than Johnson. Perrins is stated to have lifted eight hundred weight of iron into a waggon, and to have performed other feats of strength almost beyond credibility. He was universally allowed to possess much skill in boxing, and excellent bottom. He had won many battles with ease, beating every competitor in Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, and undoubtedly thought himself superior to every athlete, as is shown by his advertisement, challenging to fight any man in England for 500 guineas. His Birmingham friends considered him invincible, and backed him in the contest for many thousands of pounds, at two, and even three, to one against Johnson.

"The combatants, however, were not permitted to fight at Newmarket, and Banbury, in Oxfordshire, was then fixed upon, where they accordingly met on the 22nd of October, 1789. The battle was fought on a turf stage, raised five feet from the ground, twenty-four feet square, and railed in. Johnson's second was Will Ward (Warr), and his bottle-holder Joe Ward; Pickard seconded Perrins, and his brother was his bottle-holder. Colonel Tarleton was umpire for Johnson, and Mr. Meadows, of Birmingham, for Perrins.

"At a little before one the combatants set-to, and Johnson's friends, who before had flattered themselves with certain success, when they viewed the wonderful difference of size between the bruisers, began to tremble for the event.

"For five minutes all was anxious expectation; Perrins then with great

chester, aged 50, Mr. Isaac Perrins, engine-worker. This pugilistic hero will ever be remembered for the well-contested battle he fought with the celebrated Johnson, in the month of October, 1789. Perrins possessed most astonishing muscular power, which rendered him well calculated for a bruiser, to which was united a disposition the most placid and amiable. His death was occasioned by too violently exerting himself in assisting to save life and property at a fire in Manchester. He was sincerely lamented by all who knew him." Perrins needs no further epitaph than this tribute of one who knew him.

force aimed a blow, which Johnson very dexterously eluded, and gave the first blow, by which Perrins fell. The three next rounds terminated also in Johnson's favour, who confused his antagonist by dancing round him, and occasionally planting an unexpected hit. Perrins became excessively irritated at this conduct, and throwing off the caution he had shown at the beginning, followed Johnson with vast resolution, and appearing to treat his manœuvres with contempt, he, despite of several sharp hits, at last got in a successful knock-down blow, which success he followed up for several rounds, in one of which he brought blood by a severe cut on Johnson's lip.

"Johnson watched his opportunity, and in reply to a taunt from the Birmingham Goliath jumped in, and planting a blow over Perrins' left eye, cut the eyebrow, and completely closed it up. This blow, and the failure of Perrins' wind, which was now very visible, raised the bets amazingly in Johnson's favour; the odds, however, again changed upon Perrins closing one of Johnson's eyes; after this Johnson began once more to fight cunning, and having skilfully parried a violent attack of Perrins, he caught him so severe and swift a blow in the face as laid his nose completely open. Odds now rose 100 to 10 on Johnson.

"Perrins recovered his breath, and with great vigour and resolution attacked Johnson, who retreated parrying, but Perrins got in a blow over Johnson's right eye that again brought down the odds, but not to even. Forty rounds of resolute boxing had now taken place.

"In the following round Johnson fell when not struck, and Perrins claimed the victory, but the unapires decided it was allowable,* as the articles did not specify to the contrary." We suspect the Birmingham men, for Perrins was as brave a boxer as ever pulled off a shirt, were trying to "snatch a verdict," as the day was clearly going against them.

"Perrins, in turn, seemed now to lose much of his strength. He tried to imitate his antagonist's mode of fighting, with which he was totally unacquainted.† He fought low, and had recourse to chopping back-handed strokes, which at first drove back Johnson and disconcerted him, but against which he soon guarded himself very collectedly; often getting home a sharp return.

"Johnson seemed to improve in strength as the battle went on, never beginning the attack. Perrins, in aiming several heavy blows, fell, as if

* The account does not say whether blows had been exchanged, but we presume there had —ED

† Those who witnessed the memorable third fight between Caunt and Bendigo (at Sutfeld Green, Oxfordshire, Sept. 19, 1845), so unfairly reported at the time, may think they are perusing an account of it. So does pugilism, like history, under like circumstances, "reproduce itself." —ED.



THE FIGHT BETWEEN TOM JOHNSON AND ISAAC PERRINS, AT BANBURY, OXFORDSHIRE, NOVEMBER 22ND, 1789.
From an Engraving published in 1790.

from weakness. Johnson watched his falling, and hit him in the face, generally falling at the same time. He seemed now to hit Perrins whenever he tried. At the end of one hour and a quarter Johnson gathered himself for a blow, and it took effect directly, in the centre of the face,* and finished as severe a contest as stands recorded in the annals of pugilism; the combatants having fought sixty-two rounds of fair hard boxing."

Mr. Bullock won £20,000 by the battle. He backed Johnson, taking high odds, and afterwards made him a present of £1000 (and he deserved the generous gift). The door-money amounted to £800, of which Johnson had £533, after expenses deducted. As the song says,

" Shall we ever, shall we ever;
Shall we ever see the like again?"

The remarkable print from which our engraving is furnished, is certainly, when we compare it with most of the art-productions of the day, a most creditable production. The descriptions which we have quoted from witnesses of the fight, and from persons who well knew the combatants, are fully realised. Although the stoop of Johnson certainly exaggerated the vast proportion of Perrins, the disparity, upon closer examination, is not so extreme. The faces, you feel, must be portraits.

The fights which followed will be found under **BRAIN** (Big Ben) and **GEORGE INGLESTON** (note to **JOHN JACKSON**).

Johnson now seemed to be without a rival to dispute his supremacy; but about the year 1790, the Duke of Hamilton, who had been the firm friend and patron of Ben Brain of Bristol (Big Ben), was extremely anxious to back his *protégé* against the renowned, and as yet invincible Johnson. A challenge was accordingly published, the Duke backing Ben for 500 guineas.

"Johnson," says "Pancratia," "who the year before possessed the amount of £5000 acquired by his astonishing success in the battles he had fought, by an unlucky '*leter*' of shaking the elbow, found himself obliged, in order to replenish the exchequer, to accept Ben's offer. The conditions were agreed upon, and the day fixed for January 17th, 1791. Never was public curiosity more on tiptoe;" but as this battle belongs by our system to the memoir of the victor, it will be found in the memoir of **BRE BEN**. This was the last fight of both these celebrated pugilists.

Johnson's name appears from time to time as second to Hooper, the *claman*, "Gentleman Jackson," and other pugilists, but no more as principal. We

* This seems to have been such a hit as that with which the Tipton closed accounts with **TOM PARKER** in their last fight, or **TOM KING** gave **MACE** at the conclusion of their second meeting. Those hits, when a man is "shaky," are receipts in full.—ED.

ind Bell soon after his victory over Stanygard, the Birmingham boxer, (in December 1792) challenging Johnson to "mill for a guinea;" whereon the reporter remarks: "Tom, however, has lost too many of the yellow-boys lately to trouble himself to win a single one, and left the stage." A sufficient allusion to Tom's improvidence.

Johnson, becoming a Boniface, took the "Grapes" in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Here he failed in business, owing to his gambling propensities, which also caused the loss of his license. He then became the proprietor of an EO table at races, etc. This, too, failing, he migrated to Ireland. In Dublin he kept, as we see by advertisements, a public house in Cooper-Alley: but here again the gaming practices and frequenters incensed the magistrates, and he was deprived of his license. He next is found in Cork, where he advertised for pupils in the art of boxing, and where, on the 21st of January, 1797, aged forty-seven years, the Champion fell before the arm of the great leveller—death.

"Johnson's appearance," says a contemporary, "indicated, when stripped, more of strength than beauty of form. He was in height nearly five feet nine inches, and about fourteen stone in weight; a remarkably round-made man, with very fine chest and shoulders, and displaying immensely strong loins. He was by no means a showy fighter, and his guard was generally considered inelegant, and his attitudes more defensive than otherwise. In the fight he was peculiarly steady, watching every movement of his antagonist with a coolness unequalled, receiving the attack unappalled, and scarcely ever failing in the return of planting a most desperate hit. The head was his favourite object, and if his adversary did not possess considerable science, he was in extreme danger of being put in the dark. Johnson walked round his antagonist in a way peculiar to himself, that so puzzled his adversary to find out his intent, that he was frequently thrown off his guard, by which manœuvring Johnson often gained the most important advantages. Tom was thorough game, and showed the utmost contempt for retreating; at the same time careful to avoid exposing his person too much to the attacks of his antagonist. One pugilist," continues the author of "Pancratia," "may be superior in strength, a second in science, a third in endurance, but in Johnson have been more fully combined the requisites of a complete boxer than in any pugilist up to this day."

CHAPTER VI.

**BENJAMIN BRAIN (BIG BEN). CHAMPION—
1786-1791.**

BENJAMIN BRAIN (called in the chronologies Brian and Bryan) was a native of Bristol, where he was born in the year 1753. His familiar nickname, "Big Ben," was scarcely justified by his size, his weight being rather under that of Johnson (14 stone), and his height 5 feet 10 inches. Brain was a powerful pugilist, celebrated for his straight and severe right-handed deliveries, though remarkably good with both hands. Ben's early years were passed as a collier at Kingswood, near his native place; and it was here that the future champion first signalled himself by a battle with Clayton, "the Shropshire champion." A fellow collier, also of Kingswood, called Bob Harris, who had earned a provincial reputation in that nursery for pugilists, Bristol, also succumbed to Ben, after a game and determined conquest.

Brain arrived in London in 1774, shortly after these battles, and passed several years as a coal-porter, at a wharf in the Strand. He was a good-looking man, and when out of his business always appeared clean and respectable, mild and sociable in his demeanour, and never ridiculously presuming upon his qualities as a boxer.

Ben's first set-to in London was with "the Fighting Grenadier," in the Long Fields, Bloomsbury, on October 31, 1786, in which, had it not been for the assistance of a medical man, who witnessed the contest, Ben must have been defeated. The soldier was a first-rate punisher, and Ben's eyes were so swelled, from the heavy blows he received, that he could not see, when just at this juncture the ring was broken, during which accident the swellings were skilfully lanced by a surgeon, and Ben restored to vision. A fresh ring was made, and the combat renewed; and in the course of a few minutes the Grenadier gave in.

Corbally, an Irish chairman, fought Ben, upon a stage, twenty-five feet square, at Navestock in Essex, on December 31, 1788, after Bill Warr had defeated Wood, the coachman. Notwithstanding the weather was extremely severe, the combatants stripped with the most perfect indifference, and the fight was carried on with determined courage on both sides; Corbally was eventually defeated. Mr. John Jackson seconded Ben on this occasion.

In 1789 he forfeited £100 to Johnson, as already noticed, which sum was deposited in part of £500, Brain being in a bad state of health.

Ben received a challenge from Jacombs, a Birmingham pugilist, which he accepted (See JOHNSON and PERRINS), and the battle came off at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, on a twenty-four feet square stage, October 23, 1789. Jacombs* was a stout made man, of high courage, and not without science. In the early part of the combat, Jacombs exhibited determined resolution, and went into Brain in a style that would take no denial. Whether Ben felt any doubt about the battle, he did not conduct himself after his accustomed method, but fought on the retreat, shifting often to avoid Jacombs' blows, and fell frequently. Jacombs, on the contrary, received Ben's attacks undauntedly. Considerable diapprobation was expressed by the spectators, particularly the Warwickshire men, who were getting outrageous at Ben's manœuvring. Brain at length stood to his adversary, and showed what he was capable of performing by putting in a tremendous floorer, which quickly convinced the spectators of his quality. First-rate courage was displayed upon both sides; but after a most dreadful battle of one hour and twenty-six minutes, the brave Jacombs was conquered.

Tom Tring (the Big Porter at Carlton House) was matched, as a sort of bye-battle, with Ben, who, as we gather from contemporary prints, had so very "little" opinion of his really "big" opponent's boxing qualifications, that he met him at Dartford, for the paltry stake of 10 guineas a-side. Pierce Egan has invented a dreadful battle, in which "Ben was nearly blind," "the blows that passed between them were tremendous in the

* Jacombs, whose provincial triumphs are unrecorded, was a strong rough, with an Englishman's heirdom, unyielding pluck. We find only one other notice in the journals of the time. "March 10 (1790). A desperate contest was fought at Stoke Golding, near Coventry, between Jacombs, the Warwickshire boxer, and Payne, of Coventry. At setting-to Jacombs was the favourite, but after a most severe conflict of two hours, in which the combatants contested ninety-five rounds, and during which both the combatants were several times thrown from the stage, Payne was declared victorious. The conduct of Payne was cool, but admirably courageous, whilst that of Jacombs seemed brutally passionate. He seemed to depend more upon driving and bruising his opponent against the railings than fair and open fighting with the fists." We regret to say that Jacombs has had too many successors in this unmanly art, even with the less dangerous ropes and stakes of the modern ring.

extreme," and that Big Ben "refused to enter the lists with Tom Tring a second time, but declared before his death that his constitution had suffered most materially from the severe blows which he had encountered at Dartford," etc. (see "Boxiana," vol i., pp. 298, 299, Tom Tring). The fact is, Tom could not hit his man, and was thoroughly beaten in twelve rounds, occupying under twenty minutes.*

In the following year (1790), the battle, long anxiously looked for between Big Ben and Hooper, the tinman (see HOOPER's other battles in Period II.) at Chapel Row Revel, near Newbury, Berkshire, on August 30, for 100 guineas.

Hooper's patron had completely miscalculated his man's powers. The affair could not be called a fight. Ben treated his opponent with perfect contempt. In a close at the end of the first round Ben hit Hooper so heavily in the body, that he could not be induced again to come within distance. He fell every time Ben's hand reached him, and even before; ran all over the stage, filled his mouth with water and spirted it in Ben's face, accompanied by provoking and blackguard epithets to irritate Ben and throw him off his guard. It is true Hooper got in some few "facers" by his trickery and activity, and he was on the ground before Ben could get in a return. At length Ben determined not to follow him, and none of the stratagems of the tinman could induce him to break ground. He stood firmly at the scratch, in the middle of the stage, and called upon Hooper to face him: this the latter did for a few seconds, and was then off and away. This piece of diversion took place on August 30, 1790, at Chapel Row Revel, near Newbury, in Berkshire, and continued for three hours and a half. The night coming on

* Tom Tring in person, but not in physiognomy, resembled the late burly and alumsy boxer Ben Caunt. He was, however, a civil, inoffensive, and mild looking giant. He was the original of several Academicians' drawings and paintings of Hercules. "He challenged all England" (except his friend Tom Johnson—a judicious exception), "for one thousand guineas;" so do the advertising hair-dressers: but when Pierce asks us to believe that poor Tring's "qualities as a pugilist were of a most tremendous nature, and few men appeared who were capable of resisting his mighty prowess," and of his being "clad in the rich peripeternalis (which of the princesses married him?) of royalty," we begin to ask ourselves whether we are reading the history of Tom Thumb. To support this magniloquent introduction, we are told he beat Tom Pratt, "a very formidable man," in 1787, a guinea to four shillings, "Pratt ran away, leaving Tom in possession of the ring." We find, instead of this, under date of August 19th, 1787, that "a boxing match was contested on Kennington Common, between Jacob Doyle, the Irish boxer, and Tom Tring, which the latter won with ease. Tring is said to be the finest made man in England, and the talents of several of the first artists have been employed to delineate the symmetry of his person. As a boxer he possesses little science, but good courage." (Quoted in "Panorætia," p. 78). A terrible "street fight" with one Norfolk, a bricklayer, is here improvised, to introduce his thrashing by Big Ben. Poor Tring was another of the victims of the heartless dandy and unprincipled epistolical mis-called "the first gentleman of Europe," without a particle of the gentleman in his whole composition. Tring obtained a precarious living as a model to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hooper, Sir William Beechey, and others, and earned a crust as a street porter. He was a civil inoffensive fellow; in height six feet two inches, and weighing fifteen stone in prime condition. He died in the pursuit of his humble calling in the year 1816.

fast, several of the amateurs asked Ben if he should be able to finish the battle that day? He jocularly replied, "That it entirely depended upon his antagonist:" and observed, "they had better begin the next morning at six o'clock, and have the whole day before them." The Fancy were completely disgusted with such treatment. After what was termed one hundred and eighty rounds had taken place, and it being nearly dark, it was declared a drawn battle, and Ben walked off without receiving any particular hurt.*

And now came Ben's crowning victory over the renowned, brave, and skilful, but imprudent and reckless champion, Tom Johnson.

Towards the close of the year 1790, the Duke of Hamilton, the patron and firm supporter of Ben Brain in all his matches, was anxious to match him against the hitherto invincible Johnson, and offered to back his man for 500 guineas. We have already noticed Tom's reckless prodigality and gambling, and necessity spurred him not to let pass the chance of such a golden prize. "Public expectation," says the *Oracle* newspaper, "never was raised so high by any pugilistic contest; great bets were laid, and it is estimated £20,000 was wagered on this occasion."

On a stage twenty feet square,† at Wrotham, in Kent, on January the 17th, 1791, the two best boxers in England met to decide the Championship. Punctually at one o'clock, the time named in the articles, Johnson ascended the theatre of combat, followed by Joe Ward, as second, and Dan Munday as his bottle-holder. He bore an aspect of steady composure and modest confidence. Big Ben immediately followed, with a cheerful countenance, having Will Warr as his second,‡ and Humphries as his bottle-holder. "The betting, from the first making of the match," says the reporter, "was seven to four in favour of Johnson." Truly our grandfathers were bold, nay reckless, layers of odds. What follows is a verbatim transcript of the contemporary report.

"The combatants being prepared, set to, and in the first round, which was much more violent and quickly terminated than usual, Johnson fell upon his forehead, from a violent blow on the nose. This blow determined the fate of the battle, for Johnson never was capable of recovering himself.

"In the second round he also fell by a severe blow; bets became even.

* "Fighting for darkness," a few years since, became a sort of calculated "off-chance," to save bets among the "down the river" second-class pugilists of the London ring.—ED.

† Rather too small for big men.—ED.

‡ The distribution of duties of seconds, and a third party in care of the water, etc., in modern times, is noted elsewhere.—ED.

"Third round he knocked Ben down; and odds again increased in his favour.

"After this, Ben reassumed his advantage, and kept it to the end. In this round (the fourth) both combatants seemed to throw aside skill, and, entering upon a rally, totally depended on strength and courage. At the expiration of twenty minutes, Johnson drew back, and springing in with a desperate blow at Ben, which the latter evaded, broke the metacarpal bone of his middle finger by striking the rail of the stage. At first this severe accident did not seem to affect his spirits and he manœuvred actively; but shortly afterwards Ben put in two successive blows which decided the turn of battle. One struck him in the ribs, another dreadfully cut his lip." Another account describes Johnson as "holding Ben by the hair to prevent his striking, so unlike his conduct in former fights." All, however, did not avail; the die was cast, and Ben Brain was the undisputed conqueror in eighteen rounds, occupying no more than twenty-one minutes. We resume the report:—"Johnson, in this battle, did not preserve that coolness and regularity of temper which hitherto have caused him to be considered so admirably pre-eminent as a safe boxer. His wind was good, but the first knock-down blow so much disconcerted him that he frequently shifted, and went back. Ben, however, seldom advanced, at least not at the instant, and when he did, he kept up good guard, and penned Johnson in without room to manœuvre, compelling him to fight out of it if he could. Though Johnson was so heavily punished, in appearance Ben seemed little hurt, and on the Monday following he displayed great agility in a sparring match at the Grecian Theatre, in the Strand." *

After four years' interval, during which Ben appears now and then as a second, our hero accepted a challenge from Will Wood, the coachman, to fight on the 24th of February, 1794. Though Ben's health had been in a precarious state, the odds were largely in his favour. But a more formidable adversary declared himself: a scirrhus liver deranged Ben's vital functions; his disease ran on rapidly, and on the 8th of April, 1794, the Champion died in full possession of the honour, at his dwelling in Gray's-Inn-Road. On the Friday following (the 11th) we find him among the burials in St. Sepulchre's church-yard. His funeral, which was conducted with the solemnity such occasions demand, was attended by his old friends and professional brothers, Johnson, Warr, Wood, Symonds, and several others of inferior note.

A pugilist wrote the following epitaph for his tombstone :—

“ Farewell, ye honours of my brow,
Victorious wreaths, farewell !
One blow from Death has laid me low,
By whom such brave ones fell.

Yet bravely I'll dispute the prize,
Nor yield, though out of breath,
’Tis not a fall—I yet shall rise,
And conquer even Death !”

Of which rhymes we can conscientiously say the anonymous “brother pugilist” of Ben need not have been ashamed ; for far worse have been written on marble by “unco’ guid folk” who would scorn to bestow a glance on the grave of a boxer.

END OF PERIOD I.

PERIOD II.—1784-1798.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF DANIEL MENDOZA TO THE FIRST BATTLE OF
JEM BELCHER.

CHAPTER I.

DANIEL MENDOZA—1784-1820.*

THE conveniences of the plan of a biographical history the editor flatters himself are by this time sufficiently obvious to the reader: the index of names and of events at the end of the volume, and the grouping of the memoirs into Periods, bringing the men who contended their most important battles with each other into close companionship in our pages.

As the introducer of a new, a more rapid, and more elegant style of boxing, and a more artistic *taotique*, the Israelitish champion Mendoza deserves the distinction of heading a division of followers and pupils. Accordingly we begin with his pugilistic career, to be succeeded by those of his clever antagonists, Richard Humphries and Mr. John Jackson, Bill Warr, Tom Owen, Paddington (Tom) Jones, etc., with Stanyard, George Ingleston, Fewterel, and many minor stars in the Appendix, and in foot-notes, where their conflicts with more distinguished boxers have preserved their names from oblivion.

DANIEL MENDOZA, one of the most elegant and scientific boxers recorded in the annals of pugilism, was born in the year 1763, of Jewish parents, in the vicinity of Whitechapel. Of his earlier years nothing worthy of record is known. His first noted pugilistic contest took place at Mile End, in 1784,

* Mendoza's last ring battle may be considered as that with John Jackson in 1798. His return to the ring to fight out a quarrel with Harry Lee, in 1806, and the foolish exhibition in 1820 with old Tom Owen, are solecisms, and do not disturb the arrangement by Periods.

with a big rough, known by the name of Harry the Coalheaver. Dan appears to have polished off this black diamond in forty minutes—at least, so says “Boxiana;” yet so far from being drawn from his regular employment and pursuits by this triumph, his name does not figure until 1787. Shortly after, Dan rose like a phenomenon in the fistic horizon, where he long sparkled a star of the first magnitude. His advent was unquestionably a new feature in the practice of the art, and his style of fighting gave rise to much controversy and animadversion among the cognoscenti.* So far as it was illustrated in his own practice, it was substantial and complete; and it may be candidly allowed that whenever Mendoza failed, it was rather from insufficient muscular strength, and being over-matched in weight, than any deficiency of skill or courage. It has been contended that there was more elegance about his positions than strength, and more show than utility. No pugilist ever stopped with greater neatness, hit oftener, or put in his blows quicker, than Mendoza; but they often failed in doing that execution which might have been expected from want of force. In height about five feet seven inches, with a well-formed manly chest, and arms of a strong athletic nature; a courage never impeached; and possessing wind that was seldom disordered, his battles were numerous and well-contested.

On the 17th of April, 1787, Mendoza made his first public appearance in the lists, on Barnet race-course, with Martin, the Bath butcher, an opponent of Humphries, and of great provincial reputation. The victory was well disputed, Mendoza exhibiting thus early those points of excellence which soon afterwards ripened to perfection. The battle was for 25 guineas, and in twenty minutes the Bath boxer acknowledged that the young Israelite was his master in the art. Humphries, who had last fought Martin, in the previous year, had taken 105 minutes to dispose of him.

This victory was much talked of, and already the youthful Jew was mentioned as “the coming man” to lower the pretensions of “the Gentleman Boxer.” In 1787, a casual rencontre took place between these great rivals, at the Cock, at Epping, in which rumour gave Humphries so much the best that it led to a match in 1788, which, as Mendoza was defeated, will be found in Chapter II., under Humphries. The superiority of the latter was, however, a matter of very serious question with the most competent judges,

* A contemporary writer, in 1790, says of him: “Mendoza is a pugilist better initiated in the theory of boxing than perhaps any of his contemporaries, and has produced some exceedingly expert pupils. In his manner there is more neatness than strength, and it has been said, more show than service; his blows are in general deficient in force, but given with astonishing quickness, and he is allowed to strike oftener, and stop more dexterously, than any other man; he is extremely well formed in the breast and arms, but his loins are very weak; his wind is good, and he possesses excellent bottom.”

and their doubts were proved valid by the sequel, for a second match was made, the progress and result of which we now proceed to detail.

May the 6th, 1789, was the day fixed for the long and anxiously expected battle. The place fixed upon was Mr. Thornton's park, near Stilton, Hunts. In order to accommodate the spectators, a building was erected, enclosing a space of forty-eight feet in diameter ("Boxiana" says "in circumference"), with seats raised one above the other, capable of containing nearly three thousand persons, the highest seat being eighteen feet from the ground.

Humphries, attended by Tom Johnson, as his second, entered between one and two o'clock, followed by Butcher, as his bottle-holder, and Harvey Combe, Esq., the brewer and alderman, as his umpire. Mendoza immediately afterwards made his appearance, attended by Captain Brown and Michael Ryan, as his second and bottle-holder, having Sir Thomas Apreece for his umpire. The seconds, according to agreement, retired to separate corners on the setting-to. The reporter continues: "The first blow was struck by Humphries at the face of his antagonist, which Mendoza stopping with great adroitness, returned and knocked Humphries down. The second and third rounds terminated in precisely the same manner. Astonishment at the confidence and quickness of Mendoza was expressed by every spectator.

"After the contest had lasted about forty minutes, in which Mendoza, by generally catching his opponent's blows on his arm and returning with his left hand, or throwing him, had indisputably the advantage of the combat, it was stopped by a circumstance that created the greatest confusion on both sides.

"In the twenty-second round, Mendoza having struck at Humphries, the latter dropped. The articles of agreement particularly specified that whichever combatant fell 'without a blow,' should lose the battle. Consequently a general cry of 'Foul! foul!' took place, and it was declared by Mendoza's friends that he had won the battle. Humphries, Johnson, and the spectators interested on that side of the question, contended it was fair, asserting that Humphries had stopped the blow before he fell. The partizans on the opposite side as vehemently insisted on the contrary, and the whole was a scene of uproar and confusion. Sir Thomas Apreece, as the umpire of Mendoza, declared it foul, but Alderman Combe refused giving an opinion. During this affray, Captain Brown (Mendoza's second) in a moment of irritation called Johnson a liar and a blackguard, which was answered by the approach of Johnson in a stern and menacing manner. This led to the expectation of a bye-battle between the seconds. Humphries came several times to his adversary, calling on him to fight out the battle, but Mendoza's

friends would not permit him. Humphries then throw up his hat, and challenged him again to the combat. However, numbers present said, that this went no way to the decision of the point in dispute, and the battle most likely would have been a drawn one, had not Mendoza, by the advice of his friends, or perhaps irritated by his adversary's continually taunting him for not continuing the fight, consented to resume the contest.

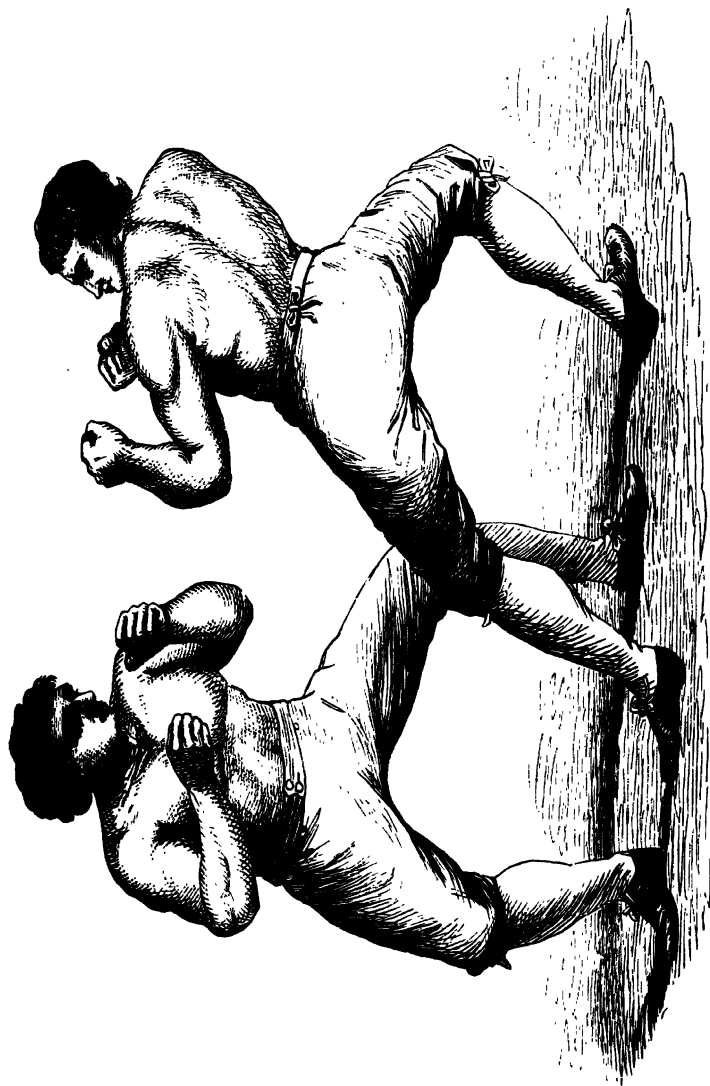
"They again set-to, and the first two rounds terminated by Mendoza's knocking down his adversary. They fought for about half an hour, Mendoza all the time evidently holding the advantage, and at last gained the victory, by Humphries again violating the articles of agreement. In the last round, after some blows had passed, Humphries had given way, Mendoza followed him up, and was preparing to strike, when his opponent fell, obviously without receiving any blow. Mendoza was immediately declared the conqueror.

"Mendoza in this battle displayed great superiority of skill. Humphries allowed his antagonist to gain ground upon him during the whole combat; and when he was preparing to strike, he always flinched. Mendoza, on the contrary, stood up to his man manfully, and followed him with coolness and resolution, which proved much more serviceable to him than the impetuosity of temper he displayed in his last contest with Humphries at Odiham. Several times, when Humphries was in the act of setting-to, he walked up to him, and viewing him with a keen look, seemed contemptuously to drop his guard. When Humphries closed, he several times said to Mendoza, 'Very well, indeed—very well!' and which Mendoza, when he succeeded in throwing him, repeated in a mocking tone of irony. Nevertheless, during the whole contest, up to his fall, the bets were in favour of Humphries.

"The only blows of consequence received by Mendoza were one on the cheek, and several on the ribs and back at the time of closing. Towards the end of the contest Humphries aimed several very severe darts at the pit of the stomach, which were admirably stopped by Mendoza; had they reached their aim, they might have proved fatal to his chance. Humphries was much beaten about the face; one eye was closed, and his forehead cut above the other; his lip was also cut, and he frequently spat blood, but we think the hemorrhage was merely from the last-mentioned wound."

Humphries was by no means satisfied of the Jew's superiority, and persisted he had been "wrangled" out of the fight. A third trial by battle was therefore sought by him, and readily agreed to. We copy the report.

"September 29th, 1790, is rendered memorable in the annals of pugilism by the well-fought third battle between the celebrated champions Humphries



THIRD FIGHT BETWEEN DANIEL MENDOZA AND GEORGE HUMPHRIES, AT DONCASTER, SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1790.
From an original Picture.

and Mendoza. An inn-yard at Doncaster was pitched upon as the spot for the decision of the contest. The time (the Sellinger and Cup week), and the place were capitally chosen. The ground was bounded on two sides by the backs of houses, at one end by the inn, at the other by a strong palisade, behind which ran the river Don." Upwards of 500 tickets at half-a-guinea were sold, and the persons admitted. But the Yorkshire "tykes" of humbler means were not to be baffled; and a 'cute ferryman having brought over some hundreds at sixpence a-head, the crowd outside soon demolished the paling, stout as it was, and an immense concourse got in. The spectators seated around the stage, however, prevented any inconvenience or interruption of the principal performers.

"At about half-past ten Humphries made his appearance, immediately followed by Mendoza; the former mounted the stage, which was about four feet high, and twenty-four square, with astonishing agility, evidently in high spirits. Mendoza also seemed equally alert and devoid of apprehension. Ward seconded Humphries, and Jackson was his bottle-holder; Colonel Hamilton being chosen by him as his umpire. Tom Johnson was second to Mendoza, and his bottle-holder Butcher. Sir Thomas Aprcece, who was umpire for Mendoza on his last battle with Humphries, at Stilton, was also chosen on this occasion, and Mr. Harvey Aston was mutually agreed upon as the third umpire, should any altercation arise during the combat, and a difference of opinion arise between the Colonel and Sir Thomas with respect to its decision.

"Everything being thus arranged, the combatants began to strip. Odds were laid five to four in favour of Mendoza, and readily accepted by Humphries's friends, who considered that although perhaps it might be impossible for him to beat the Jew by carrying on the fight regularly and in a scientific style, yet, by his impetuous exertions at the commencement, would be able to overcome his antagonist, and bear away the palm."

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—The onset of Humphries was bold and astonishingly vigorous, but was repelled by Mendoza with equal force; they mutually closed, struggled, and both fell.

2.—The same vigorous spirit was manifested on both sides, but Humphries struck the most blows, though apparently without overpowering Mendoza.

3.—This round was fought with much caution on both sides, each being equally careful of giving or receiving a blow; what passed, however, were in Mendoza's favour, and it terminated by his giving Humphries a knock-down blow.

4.—They engaged, but only for a few moments.

5.—Humphries aimed a severe blow at Mendoza's stomach, which he dexterously stopped, and struck him in the face; this blow, however, Humphries returned, but at the same time fell.

"A number of rounds after this took place, but in every one of them Mendoza evidently had the advantage, and odds had risen forty to five, and ten to one in his favour; Humphries continually fell, sometimes in consequence of blows, but more frequently from a policy often used in boxing, which perhaps

may be considered fair; several times he sunk without a blow, which conduct, although contrary to the articles of agreement, was passed unnoticed, as his general manners placed him above the suspicion of cowardice. For although he had undoubtedly the worst throughout the battle, he fought with great resolution, and even when his friends, perceiving him conquered, and one eye perfectly closed, persuaded him to yield, he solicited to fight a little longer. Notwithstanding all this display of excellent bottom, he was again obliged to acknowledge the ascendancy of the Israelite.

"Mendoza was very much cut about the left side of his head, his left eye and ear

being much mutilated, and he had received a severe cut in the ribs on the right side by a projectile left-handed blow of his antagonist.

"Humphries had several hits which drew blood under his left arm; his right eye was closed early in the battle, and he had a severe cut over his left. He had a wound clear as a razor cut by the left side of his nose by a straight-forward springing blow of Mendoza's. The same hit also split his upper lip. He was carried through the crowd on the shoulders of his friends, who conveyed him in a post-chaise out of the town. Mendoza walked on the race-ground on the Town Moor for some time after the combat, 'the observed of all observers.'"

"Money was collected from the spectators and amateurs present, as a prize to be fought for between Aaron Mendoza, a cousin of the successful champion, and Packer, a West-country boxer; the former was seconded by Johnson, and the latter by Ward. It was a most severe contest; they fought for an hour with the greatest violence, when on closing, they fell, and when down, Aaron being uppermost, Packer raised his knee, and so threw him a perfect somerset against the railing.* This decided the battle, and Packer was declared the conqueror."

Dan spent the year 1791 in a sparring tour; for like most of the "prophets" he had an eye to the "jewels of gold and the jewels of silver" to be collected from the Gentiles. He crossed from Liverpool to Ireland, and there we find one "Squire Fitzgerald," a swell of "great weight" and little prudence, tried his "prentice han" on Dan. He soon found he had a workman to deal with, for Mendoza soundly thrashed him in twenty minutes, on the 2nd of August, 1791, fully demonstrating the striking difference between professionals and amateurs in boxing as in most other arts and sciences.

On his return to "Duke's Plashe," the Fancy, who had been looking out for the triumphant Jew, decided that Bill Warr† was a likely man to lower the pride of Dan, and a match was made to come off in June, 1791. Stokenchurch, in Oxfordshire, was named as the rendezvous. As, however, the company were on the road, they received intimation that the magistrates of Oxfordshire were resolved to prevent the battle. Upon this the cavalcade stopped at Uxbridge, and an arrangement was made to fight in Fenner's Cricket Ground. Objections were, however, started, and the Duke of Hamilton, on the part of Warr, and Alderman Macaulay, on the part of Mendoza, agreed that they should postpone the affair till the Doncaster Meeting in September; all bets to stand over. Here, however, the old cup and lip proverb was verified; the authorities interposed, and the treat was

* This would have lost Mister Packer the battle by the modern rules.—ED.

† See notice of WARR in Appendix to Period II.

postponed till May 14th, 1792, when the venue was changed to Smitham Bottom, near Croydon. On this eventful morn pedestrians out of number, and vehicles of every quality, were seen in rapid motion, eager to arrive at the destined spot. Between one and two the combatants appeared upon the stage, and were greeted with shouts of applause. Mendoza had for his second and bottle-holder, Tom Johnson and Butcher, with Harvey Aston, Esq., as his umpire; Warr was attended by Joe Ward and Jackson, and Mr. Watson as umpire.

At the commencement of the fight the odds were in favour of Warr; and much was expected from his well-known skill and strength. For the first eight rounds of the battle he fought tremendously; and in the fourteenth he succeeded in nailing Mendoza on the jaw in such a style that the Star of Israel came down with uncommon violence. Warr's friends were now in high spirits, as it was thought that Dan had received a sickener; but his game soon brought him about, and he finished two successive rounds by flooring his opponent cleverly. The superiority of Mendoza now became manifest, Warr perceived he was in the hands of his master, and the spectators began to change their opinions. Mendoza knocked down his antagonist every round; nevertheless, Warr fought gamely an uphill battle, and put in some good hits. In the twenty-third round the combatants closed, Warr was completely exhausted, and Mendoza falling on him, he reluctantly gave in. This victory established Dan's fame as a game man.

Nevertheless, Bill Warr fancied that in another trial he might regain his laurels; accordingly a match was made to come off in January, 1794, near Hounslow, but the magistrates interfering, it was postponed till the 12th of November following, when it was decided upon Bexley Common.

The opening of the battle was good, and Warr seemed to feel that he should accomplish his wish; as before, in the earlier rounds he seemed to have a slight advantage, and his opponent fell before him. Whether Mendoza permitted him to show himself off in this manner that he might be enabled to exhibit his great superiority afterwards, or that he could not resist the efforts of his antagonist, cannot be ascertained; but it was evident that he treated all the attempts of Warr with perfect coolness, and seemed quite confident of the success of his waiting game. In the fifth round he went in, stopped the hits of his opponent with the greatest ease, and returned so tremendously, that Bill was disposed of in the short space of fifteen minutes! It was clear that Warr, from the moment Mendoza assumed the offensive, was lost; his opponent's confidence completely overawed him, and it was visible that he laboured under its depressing effects.

But amid all his glory he was doomed to experience the vicissitudes of fortune by a mortifying defeat in his contest with Mr. Jackson, at Hornchurch, on April 15, 1795, which will be detailed in the memoir of Mr. JOHN JACKSON. This preyed so much upon his feelings that, after six years had elapsed, they burst forth with fury, occasioned by the following circumstance. Jem Belcher, after defeating Burke at Hurley Bottom, challenged Dan to fight, who immediately replied, that he had given up pugilism, and supported by his industry (as a publican, at the Lord Nelson, in White-chapel), a wife and six children, and only wished to fight Jackson, who had dealt unhandsomely by him as a pugilist; and he now publicly declared himself ready to enter the lists with him for 100 guineas, provided that he would not take the unmanly and cowardly advantage of holding his hair. This speech of Mendoza's was soon trumpeted abroad, and some busy persons inserted a sort of challenge to Mr. Jackson in the *Oracle* and *Daily Advertiser*, which was immediately answered by the latter. The letters, as mere specimens of the ring correspondence of the time are given under the head of JACKSON. It will be observed that Mendoza asserts therein that he had fought *thirty-two* pitched battles, and Pierce Egan makes up a list to that amount of names, which, for aught the records of pugilism show, may have been selected from the London Directory.* It will be, however, to the point to give one of Mendoza's letters, from which it would seem that Dan's challenge was not, in the first instance, inserted with his permission.

To the Editor of the DAILY ADVERTISER.

MR. EDITOR,—It was with inexpressible concern that, in your paper of Wednesday last, I observed a letter signed "John Jackson," purporting to be an answer to a supposed challenge from me, inserted in your detailed account of the recent pugilistic contest at Maidenhead. Mistake me not, Sir. I was not concerned at the contents of Mr. Jackson's elegant effusion, nor in the least affected or surprised at the opprobrious falstiy, brazen impudence, or malignant calumny of his assertions, which I deny *in toto*; but felt particularly hurt at the idea that I was compelled either to sit down tamely under injury, or incur the risk of offending my best friends, and particularly the respectable magistrates of this division, by resuming a profession which, both from principle and conviction, I had wholly relinquished.

- | | | |
|------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1—Thomas Wilson | 13—William Taylor | 26—George Smith |
| 2—John Horn | 14—John Knight | 26—William Nelson |
| 3—Harry Davis | 15—John Brantree | *27—Martin (the Bath Butcher) |
| 4—John Lloyd | 16—William Bryant | *28—Richard Humphries |
| 5—Thomas Monk | 17—John Matthews | *29—Ditto |
| 6—John Hind | 18—Tom Tyne | *30—Ditto |
| 7—William More | 19—Ditto | *31—William Warr |
| 8—John Williams | 20—George Hoast | *32—Ditto |
| 9—Richard Dennis | 21—George Mackenzie | *33—John Jackson |
| 10—George Cannon | 22—John Hall | *34—Harry Lee |
| 11—A. Fuller | 23—William Cannon | *35—Tom Owen. |
| 12—T. Spencer | 24—George Barry | |

Such is the list; see "*Boxiana*" (Vol. iii. p. 489). There is "a curious felicity" in the selection, as, with the exception of Tom Tyne (Nos. 18, 19), whose two defeats by Mendoza are unrecorded, and those with an asterisk, not one name ever figures as fighting anybody else on any discoverable occasion.

In order satisfactorily to refute Mr. Jackson's allegations, it is only necessary to observe that a month after our battle at Hornchurch I waited on him, upbraided him with his unmanly conduct, by laying hold of my hair, and offered to fight him for 300 guineas. Jackson proposed to fight for 100 guineas; and upon that sum being procured, declined fighting under 500 guineas. Here was courage, here was consistency, here was bottom, and yet Mr. Jackson is a man of honour and of his word!!!

Mr. Editor, after this I left London for five years, which may easily account to Mr. Jackson for the interval of silence. I have fought thirty-two pitched battles—four with Humphries (three of which I won), and two with Will Warr, in both of which I was victorious; these two men were both game, and good fighters, and of course, having received so many blows, my only motive for wishing again to fight Mr. Jackson must be that spirit of honour and retaliation ever inherent in the breast of man.

Mr. Editor, I repeat that I am delicately situated. I wish to fight Mr. Jackson, and intend it; but that, from a dread of injuring my family, by offending the magistrates as a challenger in a newspaper (which would be indecorous in a publican), I can only observe, that I should be very happy to see, as soon as possible, either Mr. Jackson or his friends, at my house, where they shall receive every attention from me, as I wish most earnestly to convince the world what a deep and just sense I entertain of all Mr. Jackson's favours conferred upon

"Admiral Nelson," Whitechapel.

DANIEL MENDOZA.

Mendoza, in the year 1806, again introduced himself to the notice of the public in a diffuse correspondence, arising out of a personal quarrel with Harry Lee. Those curious may read the whole in "Boxiana," vol. i. pp. 272-276. We learn from it incidentally that Dan, after his retirement from the ring, was an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex, a favourite Jewish calling in the days of arrest on mesne process and of sponging-houses. Harry, in his last letter, accepts the challenge of Dan, which is all we care about the quarrel.

Harry was well known as an elegant sparrer, but his ring capabilities were untried. He was also taller, younger, and more active than the veteran Dan.

On March 21, 1806, at Grinstead Green, a short distance beyond Bromley, in Kent, the combatants met, and 50 guineas were the stakes deposited. It was a roped ring of twenty-five feet. Mendoza had for his second his old opponent and firm friend, Bill Warr, and for his bottleholder, Bill Gibbons; Harry Lee was attended by the Game Chicken and John Gully. The odds were three to one that Dan proved the conqueror.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Mendoza, with his piercing black eye, looked at his opponent with scornful contempt, and a more than usual degree of confidence. Lee soon showed he was no novice in the art. He stood well up, with his left arm extended, and tried rather artfully to pop in a hit over Mendoza's guard; but the latter stopped several of these, and eventually sent Harry down. The odds rose ten to one on Dan, and the bets were decided respecting the first knock-down and first blood.

2.—Lee rose exasperated, the claret flow-

ing copiously. Mendoza made a hit, which was neatly returned by Lee upon Dan's nose—they closed and fell.

3.—Lee, out of temper, went in to mill away; but Mendoza punished him right and left for his tomerity, and he saluted his mother earth.

4.—Lee now convinced the spectators that he was something more than a sparrer, by blowing game—he put in a good hit over the left eye of Mendoza; but Dan threw him in the close. The opinions of the cognoscenti began to waver, for it appeared not

quite so easy a thing as imagined; and two to one was sported that Mendoza did not beat Lee in half an hour.

5.—Lee, not destitute of pluck, attempted to rally; but Mendoza, aware of his intentions, put in so severe a blow, that Harry went under the ropes. Three to one against Lee.

6.—Mendoza, experienced in all the manoeuvres of the art, with the coolness of the veteran, judging that his opponent would attempt another rally, waited for him with the greatest composure; as he came in Dan put in a tremendous hit over Harry's nose, and threw him.

7.—Of no account.

8.—Lee, trusting to impetuosity more than judgment, went in rapidly; but the folly of such conduct was self-evident—Mendoza hit him away with the greatest ease, following him, and, in the event, throwing him a cross-buttock. Lee's frontpiece had now a variegated appearance.

9.—Lee, full of gaiety, rallied; but Mendoza hit him sharply over the left eye, which was already terribly swelled. Five to one on Mendoza.

10.—Dan laughed at his opponent; who made a feeble hit and fell upon his knees.

11.—It appeared from Lee's conduct that he entertained an idea that his opponent was to be conquered by impetuosity. He rushed in most furiously, when the latter hit him; Harry retreated and took refuge upon the ground.

12.—Mendoza thought it was necessary to show a little fight, and, in a sharp rally, quickly punished his opponent out of the ring.

13.—Rallying was the order of the day with Lee; Dan put in a severe hit, and, to avoid going down, Harry caught hold of his opponent.

14.—Mendoza struck his adversary, who, to the astonishment of the spectators, laid himself down as before. (Some hisses and disapprobation occurred; and cries of "Foul—take him away!")

15.—Trifling away time; Lee went down without a hit, and Dan laughed at him. (Six to one against Lee.)

16.—Mendoza waiting for his opponent, hit him in the throat, which more than tickled him, and he fell from its effects, to all appearance extremely weak. (The odds now were out of comparison: a guinea to half-a-crown was offered.)

17.—Lee went to the ground on the first blow.

18.—Mere flourishing—the men closed and fell.

19.—Harry, quite gay, tried what effect another rally might produce; but Mendoza's sagacity rendered the attempt futile. He gave Lee a desperate blow upon the chin, which not only out it severely, but sent him under the ropes.

20.—Mendoza laughing at the insufficiency

of his opponent's attempts—who now appeared quite passionate—stopped Harry's blows with the greatest *sang froid*. In closing, both went to the ground.

21.—Dan gave Lee so severe a body hit that it instantly felled him. (All betters, no takers.)

22.—As Mendoza made himself up to strike his opponent, Lee fell. (Cries of "Foul!")

23.—Of no consequence—both closed and fell.

24.—Lee, still fond of rallying, tried it on; but Mendoza hit him away easily, and Lee slipped down.

25.—Mendoza, as if expecting Lee would rally again, was perfectly prepared for the attempt. Lee went in, and got punished right and left, finally going to the ground, much exhausted.

26.—Dan, full of spirits and vigour, as soon as Lee stood up gave him a flogger.

27.—Lee, in making a hit, lost his distance and fell.

28.—This was a most singular round. Harry went in to his opponent, and by main force threw him down by the arm.

29.—A rally on both sides—Lee, undismayed, put in several hits: in the close Mendoza was uppermost.

30.—The science of Dan was truly conspicuous, he stopped every blow; but happening to slip, Lee put in some facers as Mendoza was going down.

31.—Of no note whatever.

32.—Dan appeared rather fatigued, in making a blow he went down upon his knees.

33.—Lee now endeavoured to show that his spirits were in good trim, and made the best use of his knowledge, which was by no means mediocre; but it was in vain: his heart was better than his skill, and Dan milled him down.

34.—Both the combatants fought well; but the turn was in Dan's favour.

35.—Mendoza sent Lee under the ropes, from a well-directed blow.

36.—Dan repeated the dose.

37, 38, 39.—In all these rounds the superiority of Mendoza was manifest: Dan stopped and hit as he pleased.

40.—Mendoza punished Lee's ribs severely; he fell from the effects of the blows.

41.—Lee was now becoming much exhausted: he fell from a mere touch.

42.—Lee began to be convinced that the chances were against him; his exertions were on the decline. Mendoza did as he pleased, and closed the round by throwing him.

53.—For the last ten rounds Lee had not the smallest prospect of success; still his game prompted him to continue the fight in hopes that some lucky chance might offer; but having fallen a second time without a blow, Mendoza was declared the conqueror.

The amateurs were completely surprised at the protraction of the above fight, for one hour and ten minutes. It is certain that Lee was not equal to the task of encountering so experienced and finished a pugilist as Mendoza; but it is equally true that his conduct was entitled to honourable mention; and, considering it was his first appearance in the ring, Lee acquitted himself in a superior manner. That he was not wanting either in courage or resolution was evident; and his scientific efforts, in several instances, were entitled to much praise: indeed, he eradicated the prevalent idea that he was nothing more than a sparrer.

Among the amateurs present the reporter enumerates, Lords Albemarle and Sefton, Count Beaujolais, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Sir John Shelley, Sir Eden Nagle, Captain Halliday, Squire Thornhill, General Keppel, Messrs. Baxter, Fletcher Reid, Bagley, Challis, Robert Allen, etc.

Year after year we find "Ould Dan," with an eye to business, making tours and exhibiting the "noble art," of which he was unquestionably a talented demonstrator. In the summer of 1819, Dan made a most successful sparring tour, and we find him at Lincoln issuing a hand-bill, of which the following is an extract:—

"Mr. Mendoza has the authority of members of the Senate and Judges on the Bench in asserting the tendency of the practice of boxing to prevent the more fatal resort to the knife or other deadly weapons. To gentlemen it may prove more than an exercise or an amusement, by initiating them in the principles of a science by which the skilful, though of inferior strength, may protect themselves from the ruffian assault of the powerful vulgar, or save their friends and those who are defenceless from insult and imposition."

We have already had occasion to observe the rarity of men believing in the decline of their own physical capabilities; and Mendoza, unfortunately, must be added to the list of those who, in the words of Captain Godfrey, when speaking of Broughton, allow their "valour" so far to get the upper hand of their "discretion" as to "trust a battle to waning age." But other men, as well as pugilists, are guilty of this mistake: we shall not therefore dwell upon it further than to say that Dan ended his career, like so many other celebrated men, in defeat, though by no means in disgrace.

In July, 1820, being fourteen years from his last appearance within the roped ring, Mendoza met Tom Owen, in a contest for fame and 50 guineas. The battle arose from an old grudge; and although no one can doubt the game of Tom Owen, as we shall duly note in our memoir of that boxer, yet the frothy outpourings of the "Historian" in honour of his friend "Tom,"

and at the expense of Mendoza,* are as bad in taste as they are extravagant in phrase. Be that as it may, Dan was defeated, and we need hardly add it was his "last appearance" within the ropes, though not "upon any stage," the Fives Court being occasionally illuminated by his displays. In August, 1820, he made an "appeal" to the amateurs for "past services" to the pugilistic state, and delivered the subjoined address, which breathes a tone of reproach to the boxers as well as gratitude to his patrons:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I return you my most sincere thanks for the patronage you have afforded me to-day, and likewise for all past favours. To those persons who have set-to for me to-day, I also acknowledge my gratitude; and their services will never be forgotten by me. Gentlemen, after what I have done for the pugilists belonging to the prize ring, I do say they have not used me well upon this occasion; in fact, the principal men have deserted me *in toto*. Gentlemen, I think I have a right to call myself the father of the science; for it is well known that prize fighting lay dormant for several years after the time of Broughton and Slack. It was myself and Humphries that revived it in our three contests for superiority, and the science of pugilism has been highly patronised ever since. (Hear, hear, from some old amateurs.) Gentlemen, I have once more to thank you for the present, and all other past favours; nay, more, I now take my leave of you, and I trust that I shall never trouble you for another benefit. (Applause.) I have now only to say—Farewell."

From this period Dan's life no longer belongs to the history of the ring. We may, however, observe that for several years he supported a large family, a wife and eleven children, as a publican, keeping the Admiral Nelson, in Whitechapel. He died on the 3rd of September, 1836, among his "peoplesh" in the East, in the region where he had been so long the milling star, at the advanced age of 73.

Mendoza was, in company, a shrewd, intelligent, and communicative man. As a scientific professor of the art of self-defence it was Mendoza who trod most immediately in the steps of Broughton. His success as a professor was unrivalled; and there was scarcely a town in the kingdom where he did not exhibit his finished talents to admiring and applauding assemblages. It seems, from a work we have before us, published by Mendoza himself, and containing much forgotten squabbling between himself and Humphries, that he derived his first knowledge of the art, scientifically, from his elegant com-

* Mendoza was at that period fifty-seven years of age, while Owen was nearly six years younger; an important difference—supposing all other circumstances equal—at such an advanced (we had almost said absurd) time of life for a fistie exhibition.

petitor, "the Gentleman Boxer" But he so rapidly improved upon his master's system as to stand for years without a rival. No man of his time united the *theory* of sparring with the *practice* of boxing so successfully as Daniel Mendoza; and hence, as a distinctive feature, the "School of Mendoza" marks a period in the HISTORY OF FENCIBLES.

CHAPTER II.

RICHARD HUMPHRIES, "THE GENTLEMAN
BOXER"—1784-1790.

THE popular cognomen of "the "Gentleman Boxer" may give the cue to the prepossessing appearance, quiet self-possession, and amenity of manners, which contemporary writers agree in attributing to Richard Humphries. "His attitudes," says the author of "Sketches and Reminiscences," already quoted, "were remarkable for their impressive grace;" of course according to the taste of the old school. We doubt if modern cognoscenti, as they inspect our faithful copy of a contemporary engraving, will endorse the opinion; but, as the Latin poet told us two thousand years ago, "times change, and men change with them:"* though we must admit that our progress has brought improvement.

Humphries was about the middle size, 5 feet 8 inches, well-limbed, and had practised boxing to great advantage. He was apt and ready; his blows were effective; and his aims at the "mark," or wind, and under the ear, are talked of by contemporaries. Contrary to our modern notions, Humphries puzzled his antagonists by hitting with his right at leading off, and stopping with his left. He did not, however, like Mendoza, use both hands with equal facility. His game was unquestionable, and he was justly esteemed a model of pugilistic excellence. He was so attractive as to give a new and increased impetus to the art of self-defence; and on the public announcement that "the Gentleman Boxer" would fight Samuel Martin, the Bath Butcher, on a stage at Newmarket, on the 3rd of May, 1786, the battle was attended by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of York (*arcades ambo*), the Dukes of Orleans and De Fitzjames, and most of the French nobility then in England, with a crowd of the best and bravest of the land. A guinea was the admission-fee, which hundreds cheerfully paid, to go to the winner, and between £30,000 and £40,000 awaited the wager of battle.

* *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*—VIRGIL.

Sam Martin* was a boxer of some repute, shorter than Humphries, strongly made, a little heavier, and had seen some service in the field of battle. The set-to was remarkable for science, Humphries parrying Martin's attacks with singular adroitness, and standing up to Martin manfully. Martin seemed deficient in distance, and occasionally fell; hence his deliveries were ineffective. Humphries retained his position of favourite. Martin, finding himself kept out of distance, went in boldly. Humphries exchanged, and fought "with" his man, till the betting became equal. Humphries appeared the stronger man, giving his opponent a most tremendous knock down, which brought the odds to his favour. Martin, notwithstanding, appeared game, and fought well, contesting every inch of ground; and it was not until after a determined combat of an hour and three quarters, ("Boxiana" states three quarters of an hour) that Martin declared he had had enough. The distinguished company were highly gratified, and Humphries won—"golden opinions from all sorts of men."

Numerous sporting men rallied round pugilism, and the professors of the science were not without high and noble patrons. Royalty now frequently witnessed the display of the art, accompanied by dukes, earls, honourables, etc.; and men of the first distinction did not feel ashamed of being seen in the ring, or acting as umpires at a manly boxing match.

The science, courage, and gentleman-like conduct of Humphries had secured him many friends; and, with a mind by no means destitute of intelligence, he could not fail in obtaining admiration and respect. But, deservedly distinguished as Humphries stood in the boxing hemisphere, a competitor arose to share his fame and glory, if not to aspire to superiority. He was not only a daring, but a most formidable rival, as his pretensions to pugilistic excellence were known to be sound. He had been proved, and his displays of skill in trying conflicts had made a deep impression upon the best judges. As there was beyond this a personal jealousy and rivalry, there was little difficulty in bringing together Daniel Mendoza and Richard Humphries.

* Sam Martin, known as the Bath Butcher, fought many good battles in "the West Country." On his coming to London, however, he was unlucky in being pitted against such masters of the art as Humphries and Dan Mendoza. To Sam's battle with Humphries, the author of "Panoratis" (p. 68), attributes "the revival of pugilism, and its high patronage." The result is related in the text.

Martin was next matched against Mendoza. His defeat, April 17, 1787, will be found in that boxer's biography. His last battle of importance was with Bligh, "the Coventry Champion," a riband weaver of that town. It came off at Evesham, in Oxfordshire, on the 7th of April, 1791, for 50 guineas a side. George Ring, the Bath Baker, seconded Martin; a local boxer (Brooks), picked up Bligh. Martin's two defeats, and Bligh's local fame, made the latter the favourite, at six and seven to four. After a severe contest, Martin was hailed as conqueror,

We have already noticed the preliminary brush between the rivals at the "Cock," at Epping.

Preliminaries being agreed to, Odiham, in Hampshire, was fixed upon as the place, and 400 guineas as the sum for which these masters of the art should contend. A raised twenty-four feet stage was prepared, in a paddock, and the door-money was to be divided between the combatants. On the day (January 9, 1788) being announced, the anxiety which prevailed upon the decision of this tourney was unprecedented. Odiham was then a distance from town; it is now a steam steed's "stride." Everybody was there, for Humphries and Mendoza were to fight. In the towns and villages near the scene of action, the country people were equally interested, and innumerable pedestrians were seen in all directions moving towards the fight, so that within an hour previous to the battle the multitude collected was truly astonishing. To prevent the combatants from being bilked of the door-money (which was half a guinea each), the most athletic of the milling *corps* were selected for the protection of the entrance, and the potent arms of Dunn, Ryan, Warr, and Tring, assisted by other powerful pugilists, kept for some time order in the crowd. But, as the time drew near for the combatants to mount the stage, John Bull's anxiety increased beyond every other thought; and, with one desperate effort, the "majesty of the people," like a mighty flood, swept all before it. The door-keepers were soon lost in the violence of the torrent, and thousands never gave themselves the trouble of asking the price of admission. All was noise, uproar, and confusion, for some minutes; but upon the appearance of the combatants their attention was so completely riveted that silence instantly prevailed.

According to our practice, whenever procurable we quote the report:—

"About one o'clock on Wednesday (January 9th, 1788), Humphries ascended the stage amid the cheers of the spectators, attended by Tom Johnson as his second, Tom Tring as his bottle-holder, and Mr. Allen as his chosen umpire. After bowing to all around, he proceeded to strip. His dress, when prepared for the contest, was a pair of fine flannel drawers, white silk stockings with gold-coloured clocks, pumps, and black shoe-ribands. While Humphries was preparing, Mendoza mounted the stage, and was received with reiterated plaudits. His second was David Benjamin; his bottle-holder, Jacobs, both Jews; and his umpire, Mr. Moravia. Mendoza's dress was more plain than his opponent's.

"In a few minutes the combatants were prepared for the onset, shook hands, and immediately Mendoza assumed his attitude with the air of a man determined on victory. Humphries appeared astonished, and both

remained in serious expectation for some minutes before a blow was offered. Mendoza struck first, but recoiling, slipped and fell; Humphries caught it, and retreated. The second blow Mendoza gave his opponent brought him down, and in the next round they closed, and Mendoza threw his adversary. For full fifteen minutes did Mendoza attack with such violence and superiority, that the odds, which at the beginning were two to one against him, changed considerably in his favour; and during this time Humphries had many falls, but still remained undaunted.

"Whether the defensive mode of fighting adopted by Humphries in his first onset was manoeuvre, or the *nouvelle* style in which he was attacked, and the unexpected vigour of his antagonist, made him give way, cannot but remain a matter of dispute. At the commencement of the battle Mendoza drove him to the side of the rail, and, while his body was suspended, aimed a blow at the bottom of his ribs, which undoubtedly would have decided the battle, had not Johnson caught it. Mendoza's friends immediately exclaimed, 'foul, foul;' but the umpires decided Johnson was perfectly justified in acting as he had done, for that Humphries must be considered as being knocked down.*

"From the wetness of the day, the stage was extremely slippery, and this was particularly unfavourable to Humphries: he therefore took off his shoes; but silk stockings were ill calculated to remedy the inconvenience, and he afterwards put on a pair of worsted stockings, in which he stood more firm, and began to manifest great superiority. Having very much recovered himself, he stood up to his antagonist, and with great dexterity threw Mendoza, pitching him on the face, which cut his forehead above the right eye, and very much bruised his nose. From this moment odds changed again in favour of Humphries. He threw in a blow near the loins of his antagonist, and in the next round planted a most severe one in the neck. In this round Mendoza also struck him in the face; but slipping, he fell with his leg under him, sprained his foot, and immediately gave in: he shortly after fainted, and was carried off the stage.

"The contest lasted twenty-nine minutes (twenty-eight minutes fifty-four seconds), and it was acknowledged there never was more skill and science displayed in any boxing match in this kingdom.

"Mr. Bradyl, Humphries' patron, not being on the ground, he immediately forwarded to him the result in the following laconic style:—

"SIR,—I have done the Jew, and am in good health.

"RICHARD HUMPHRIES."

* This was an unjustifiable interference on the part of the second.—ED.

The Israelites were severe sufferers; but although Mendoza was defeated, his fame and character as a pugilist were considerably increased. His style of fighting was highly spoken of by the scientific; and at close quarters, and as a quick hitter, he was evidently superior to his antagonist. The advantage was also upon the side of Mendoza in strength of arm; and, when struggling to obtain the throw, he punished his adversary considerably by keeping down his head. His guard was excellent, and displayed a thorough knowledge of the art; in consequence of keeping it closer to his body than that of his adversary, his blows were given with more force when he hit out; and with respect to stopping he was not inferior to Humphries. For elegance of position, cool and prompt judgment, fortitude of manner, and force of blow, however, he was thought much inferior. He wanted also that manly bearing which was so apparent in Humphries, whose confidence rendered him so apparently indifferent of self. In throwing, Mendoza, to the great surprise of many, had the advantage.

Humphries' attitudes were of the most manly and tasteful description, and, even in the most trying moments of the fight, his postures were considered graceful. His intellectual capacity had rendered him more acquainted with the properties of the human frame than pugilists in general; and his habits of life had tended to make him more conversant and attractive in society than fighting men perhaps think essentially necessary. His manners were conciliatory, and he endeavoured through life to enact the gentleman. His friends were materially increased by such conduct.

It was extremely difficult to decide which was the neatest pugilist; so much activity, science, elegance, and courage, were displayed upon both sides, though extremely different as to character and manner: but it appeared that Humphries, in the defensive position, although he kept his adversary at a distance by extending his arms, lost that celerity and power which his hits might have possessed had his arms been nearer his body.

Thenceforward, the pugilistic career of Humphries was a fruitless attempt to prevent his victor's wreath from falling into the hands and adorning the brow of his able Israelitish rival. Twice did he do all that man can do—his best—to stem the advancing tide of fate, but in vain. How he struggled is already written in the memoir of MENDOZA. Humphries lived for many years after their last contest (September 29th, 1790), and died in respectable circumstances, his calling being that of a coal-merchant in the Adelphi, Strand.

CHAPTER III.

MR. JOHN JACKSON—1788-1795.

IN penning the History of Pugilism, one object has been our polestar—a desire on the one hand to avoid fulsome adulation, and, on the other, never to cast undeserved censure: to “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,” but to speak of men as they were, and as their actions proved them.

These remarks appear appropriate to a notice of John Jackson, inasmuch as, blinded by early prejudices, which no after information has tended to dispel, and imposed upon by the contemptible sophisms and paltry libels of lily-livered scribes, who “earn” their dirty pay” by pandering to what they suppose the taste of the reading public, no small proportion of that public has taken it for granted that pugilism and blackguardism are synonymes. It is as an antidote to these slanderers that we pen a candid history of the boxers; and, taking the general habits of men of humble origin (elevated by their courage and bodily gifts to be the associates of those more fortunate in worldly position), we fearlessly maintain that the best of our boxers (we take no account of outsiders, inasmuch as they have no claim to the designation,) present as good samples of honesty, generosity of spirit, goodness of heart, and humanity, as an equal number of men of any class of society. But the manly art of self-defence—one of the most generous, noble, and national traits of the English character—has never lacked detractors. The mean-spirited, the treacherous, and the cruel can never be its admirers. But does it appear that the mind is debased from witnessing such public displays? would the usages of society be infringed upon if such exhibitions were legalised? Are the feelings of men so blunted from these specimens of hardihood and valour, as to prevent them from fulfilling those public situations in life which many are called upon to perform, with fidelity, justice, and reputation? We reply, no! and experience corroborates our assertion. Were it otherwise, we should admit pugilism to be a disgrace to the country where it is permitted, and boxers obnoxious to society.

The “great moralist,” Samuel Johnson, surely saw the rough side of

pugilism in his day; yet we read in his works, "Courage is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected, even when found associated with vice." Without accepting the corollary of the ponderous Doctor, himself—as in the case of the brewer's servant in Fleet Street, and of Davies, the bookseller in Covent Garden—a practical exponent of the *ars puginandi*, we are ready to appeal to the readers of these pages, whether courage of the highest order, in the case of the leading pugilists, is not associated with forbearance, humanity, and active benevolence?

One of the most respected public characters in the early part of this century, whose patriotic attention to the preservation and due administration of the laws; whose firmness in supporting, upon all occasions, the liberty of the subject; whose dignity and consistency of conduct in representing the first city in the world in Parliament; and who filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, with honour to himself, and advantage to his fellow citizens, was an ardent and firm patron of pugilism, and "a friend" of John Jackson. We allude to Harvey Christian Coombe, Esq., whose name never suffered the slightest tarnish from his patronage of the Old English custom of boxing in the early part of his life; but, through a long and distinguished career, proved his pretensions so clearly to the character of a real Englishman, an honest citizen, and an independent senator, that in 1816 he was returned a fourth time as member for the City of London.

Another member of the senate, whose enlightened mind, classical acquirements, and transcendent talents, shone at a time when wits and orators were rife in St. Stephen's Chapel, was the friend of John Jackson, and of pugilism. To a mind stored with ancient and modern literature, conversant with popular recreations in all their gradations, from the rusticity of a cudgelling bout at a country fair to an *assaut d'armes* in the aristocratic fencing-school, the Right Hon. William Windham added a true English spirit of fair play, when he thus publicly declared his sentiments:—"A smart contest this, between Muldox and Richmond! Why are we to boast so much of the native valour of our troops, as shown at Talavera, at Vimiera, and at Maida, yet to discourage all the practices and habits which tend to keep alive the same sentiments and feelings? The sentiments that filled the minds of three thousand spectators who witnessed those two pugilists were the same in kind as those which inspired the higher combatants on that occasion. It is the circumstances only in which they are displayed that make the difference.

'He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.'



MR JOHN JACKSON 1798

From an original Painting in possession of Sir Henry Smith, Bart

There is no sense in the answer always made to this, 'Are no men brave but boxers?' Bravery is found in all habits, classes, circumstances, and conditions. But have habits and institutions of one sort no tendency to form it more than another? Longevity is found in persons of habits the most opposite; but are not certain habits more favourable to it than others? The courage does not arise from mere boxing, from the mere beating, or being beat, but from the sentiments excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices. Will it make no difference in the mass of people, whether their amusements are all of a pacific, pleasurable, and effeminate nature; or whether they are of a sort that calls forth a continued admiration of prowess and hardihood?"

A slight anecdote, apropos of the prevalence of the taste for the use of the "muffles," as boxing-gloves were then called, will take us back to the days when Vauxhall was in the height of its splendour. Old Tyers, then the proprietor of the Gardens, had commissioned Hayman, the painter, to panel the "Hall of British Worthies" with portraits of the heroes of our land. The gallant and good-natured Marquis of Granby was waited upon by Tyers, with a request that he would honour Hayman with a sitting. In consequence, the hero of Minden dropped in at the artist's studio in St. Martin's Lane. "But, Frank," said the peer, "before I sit to you, I insist upon having a set-to with you." Hayman, astonished at the oddity of the observation, affected not to understand his visitor, whereupon the Marquis exclaimed, "I have been told that you are one of the last boxers of the school of Broughton, and I flatter myself not altogether deficient in the pugilistic art; but since I have been in Germany I have got out of practice, therefore I want a little trial of your skill." Hayman pleaded age and gout as obstacles to his consent. To the first the Marquis replied, "There was very little difference between them; and to the second, that he considered exercise as a specific remedy," adding, laughing, "besides, a few rounds will cause a glow of countenance that will give animation to the canvass." Hayman no longer resisted; the gloves were donned, and to it they went. After a good display of strength and science, Hayman delivered such a straight hit in the "bread-basket," that down they both went with a tremendous crash. This brought up stairs the affrighted Mrs. Hayman, who found the academician and commander-in-chief rolling over each other on the carpet like two unchained bears. Frank, who was a humourist and *bon vivant*, often narrated this anecdote of the nobleman,

"Who filled our sign-posts then as Wellesey now,"

over a social glass at his own and his friends' merry meetings.

We cannot but think the reader will consider these slight notices of how our fathers viewed the science of self-defence—now, for a season only, as we trust, “fallen into the scar, the yellow leaf”—as a fitting preface to the life of Jackson, who flourished in the palmy days of pugilism; one of “nature's gentlemen,” who not only supplanted Mendoza, but took a higher position in the social scale than any boxer who preceded or followed him, no less from the firmness and urbanity of his manners, than the high requisites he possessed for shining as an athlete.

John Jackson was born in London, in 1768, and was the son of an eminent builder, by whom the arch was thrown over the Old Fleet Ditch, near the mouth of the River Fleet, flowing from the Hampstead and Highgate Hills, and crossed by bridges at Holborn and Ludgate. This forms the great sewer of Blackfriars from the north into the new Low Level, over which run Farringdon Street (the site of the old Fleet Market), and Bridge Street, leading to the splendid bridge by Cubitt, with its ugly iron companion carrying the L. C. & D. R. John Jackson's uncles were farmers, and tenants of the Duke of Bedford and the Marquis of Hertford. Nature had bestowed upon him all those athletic requisites which constitute the *beau ideal* of perfect manhood. There was a happy combination of muscular development with proportionate symmetry in his frame (his height was five feet eleven, and his weight fourteen stone), which rendered him a fitting model for the sculptor, and excited the admiration of all those by whom these qualities are appreciated. At the age of nineteen he became a frequenter of the sparring schools, and displayed such talents as proved that he was destined to eclipse the most favoured of his cotemporaries; added to which, possessing as he did the *suaviter in modo* as well as the *fortiter in re*, he soon found patrons of the highest grade.

It is stated that a conversation with Colonel Harvey Aston* led to his

* As a matter incidental to the history of pugilism, we cannot omit a short notice of Colonel Aston. The story has a spice of romance, and “points a moral” in favour of the principles we are advocating. We copy the “News from India” in the *World* for 1799. “Colonel Aston being for a short time absent from his regiment, a misunderstanding occurred between Major Picton¹ and Major Allan with a lieutenant. Immediately on the return of the colonel, he was made acquainted with the affair, and wrote his opinion, in a private letter, that the behaviour of the two majors was somewhat ‘illiberal’ to their subaltern officer. The letter being shown, Majors P. and A. demanded a Court of Inquiry, which was refused by the commander-in-chief, as calculated to destroy ‘that harmony among officers so essential to the support of discipline in regiments on foreign duty.’ Major Picton now called upon Colonel Aston to demand an explanation of the term ‘illiberal.’ Colonel Aston ‘did not think himself bound to account for his conduct in discharge of his duty as Colonel to any inferior officer; but if Major Picton had anything to reproach him with, as a private gentleman, he was prepared to give him any satisfaction in his power.’ This brought it into the domain of a private quarrel (!), and the next day they met by appointment, accompanied by their seconds. Major Picton had the first fire: his pistol snapped, which was declared equal to a fire by the seconds. Colonel Aston immediately fired in the air, declaring he had no

¹ Afterwards the renowned cavalry officer under the Iron Duke in the Peninsula, and slain at Waterloo.—*Ed.*

first encounter in the prize ring. Fewterel, a Birmingham boxer, as yet unbeaten, had been the conqueror, says "*Panoratia*," in eighteen battles. The meeting took place at Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, June 9th, 1788. We copy the report.

"This day there were decided three boxing matches, which had been long depending, and great bets were depending on. The first was between Jackson, a fine young man of nineteen years only, and Fewterel,* of Birmingham. Tom Johnson seconded Jackson, and Bill Warr, Fewterel; Humphries and Dunn were the bottle-holders. Fewterel is a man of extremely great bulk, so much so that, at first setting-to, it was doubted whether Jackson would ever level such an opponent. Yet this he never failed to do when he could plant his blows at distance. The contest lasted one hour and seven minutes; its decision being very much procrastinated by Fewterel fighting shifty,

quarrel with the major." Would not a rational man think this punctilious foolery was settled; but no! We continue our quotation. "Notwithstanding the kindly manner in which this affair had been apparently settled, to the reciprocal satisfaction of the code of the duello, Major Allan the next day demanded satisfaction for the private opinion expressed by the colonel of his conduct. A similar answer was returned, that the colonel denied his right to call upon him to explain any act of his official duty; that he was at all times ready to vindicate his private conduct, but at the same time was unconscious of having offended Major A. The latter, however, assumed a tone of vehemence and authority, which rendered the meeting on the part of the colonel unavoidable. Major Allan fired the first shot—the seconds did not perceive the ball had taken effect. The colonel, having received the fire, appeared unhurt, stood erect, and with the greatest composure levelled his pistol with a steady hand, shewing he had power to fire on his antagonist. He then leisurely drew it back, and laying it across his breast, said, 'I am shot through the body; I believe the wound is mortal, and therefore decline returning the fire: for it never shall be said that the last act of my life was dictated by a spirit of revenge.' He sat down on the ground, was carried home, where he languished in excessive agony for several days, and without a murmur expired.

"Colonel Harvey Aston was brother to the pretty Mrs. Hodges, well known in the sporting world. He married Miss Ingram, the daughter of Lady Irwin, and sister to the Marchioness of Hertford, Lady William Gordon, Lady Ramsden, and Mrs. Meynell, whom he left with a young family to deplore this melancholy accident." The chivalrous honour, manly forbearance, and moderation of this staunch patron of pugilism shines through every phase of this deplorable case of manslaughter. We call things by their right names.

* Fewterel is said by Mr. Vincent Dowling, in his obituary notice of John Jackson, to have been a Scotchman; we think it probable from what we here give.

The only other contest of Fewterel's, worth preserving, is his battle with a Highlander, on the Leith Ground, Edinburgh, March 23, 1793. The Highlander, whose calling was that of an Edinburgh chairman, was reputed a phenomenon among his brethren of the Scottish capital.

"Fewterel, when stripped, appeared very corpulent, and by no means in the condition in which he fought Jackson. The Highlander was by far the finer and stronger man, and was reported to possess wonderful readiness and courage. They set-to at about eight o'clock in the morning, and the first knock-down blow was given by Fewterel, who sent his antagonist a surprising distance, there being no roped enclosure. The next round he also brought down the Scot by a severe blow in the chest. In the next round the Highlander got in a well-hit stroke under Fewterel's right eye, which cut him severely. He, however, stood firm, and kept cool. The next blow Fewterel got in, he again brought him down, and this so enraged the Highlander, that during the remainder of the contest he never recovered his temper. This gave Fewterel a decided advantage, and though he afterwards received many severe blows, he constantly reduced the strength of his antagonist. At length he put in a hit under the Highlander's jaw that laid him senseless on the grass. Thus terminated the contest, after thirty-five minutes. The Scot soon, however, recovered, but was unable to walk home. The match was 40 guineas to 30 guineas. The odds were given to Fewterel, who generously gave the man he had beaten 10 guineas, the sum he (Fewterel) was promised if he won the battle."—"*Panoratia*," pp. 111, 112.

getting down to avoid a blow, and then remaining so long on the floor as often to require the interposition of the umpires to remind his seconds of 'time.' Fewterel at last gave up the contest, and Major Hanger, by command of the Prince of Wales, who was present, gave young Jackson a bank note." *

Jackson's next contest (March 12th, 1789) was with George Ingleston, the brewer. It closed by an untoward accident, by which Jackson broke the small-bone of his leg, as will be seen under the head of Ingleston, in the Appendix to Period II.

Jackson's next contest was one of the greatest interest to the pugilistic world. The victories of Mendoza had placed him on the pinnacle of fame; and the attempt to defeat the conqueror of Sam Martin, of Humphries (twice), of Bill Warr (twice), to say nothing of minor boxers, was viewed as indeed a bold flight of young ambition. On April 15th, 1795, the men met at Hornchurch, in Essex, for a stake of 200 guineas aside. We copy the contemporary report:—

"A twenty-four feet stage was erected in a most advantageous hollow, which accommodated upwards of three thousand spectators, and so excellently adapted that no one could claim a superiority of situation. All the eminent patrons and amateurs were present: the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Delaval, Sir John Phillipson, Mr. Clark, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Leo, Mr. Fawcett, etc.; and among the pugilists of note were Jackling, Will Warr and Joe Warr, George the Brewer, Tom 'Tyne, Fearby (the Young Ruffian), etc.

"At one o'clock Mendoza mounted the spot of combat, accompanied by his second, Harry Lea, and Symonds (the Old Ruffian), as his bottle-holder. Jackson immediately followed, with Tom Johnson as his second, and Wood, the coachman, for his bottle-holder. The chosen umpires were Mr. Alexander and Mr. Allen.

"They each politely bowed to the people, and were received with general acclamations. About five minutes after one they, as usual, saluted each other by shaking hands, and immediately set-to. Bets five to four in favour of Mendoza.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Both having assumed their attitude, displayed the greatest caution; full a minute expired before a blow was struck, when Jackson made a hit, and his antagonist fell.

2.—Mendoza guarded with great science, avoided the blows of his opponent, and put in several severe ones.

8.—In this round there was much hard fighting. Odds rose two to one in favour of

* "The second boxing match was between Elisha Crabbe, the Jew, who beat Death (see ante) and Watson of Bristol; won by the latter. The third between two outsiders."

Mendoza, but the round terminated by Mendoza falling.

4.—This was the most severely contested round throughout the battle. Jackson seemed to hold his opponent's manoeuvres in contempt, followed him up with great resolution, and put in some dreadfully severe blows, by the last of which Mendoza fell, and his right eye was much cut; Jackson now evidently had the advantage.

5.—In this round Jackson caught his opponent by the hair, and holding him down, gave him several severe blows, which brought him to the ground; Mendoza's friends called "foul," but the umpires decided on the con-

trary. Odds had now changed two to one on Jackson.

6, 7, 8.—Throughout these three rounds Jackson supported his superiority. Mendoza acted entirely on the defensive.

9.—This was the last round. Jackson manifestly displayed astonishing advantage; he several times struck his adversary, when he fell quite exhausted, and gave in.

The battle only lasted ten minutes and a-half, and was acknowledged by every spectator to be the hardest contested that ever was fought in so short a time. Jackson was very little hurt, leaping from the stage with great agility, but Mendoza was quite cut up.

"A subscription purse was made and fought for between a Jew called Black Baruk, who was seconded by Symonds (the Old Ruffian), and Burk a glass-blower, seconded by James the waterman. It was very well contested for half an-hour, when a dispute arose about a foul blow, and it was terminated by sharing the money between them."

Nearly seven years after his combat with Mendoza, a "gag" paragraph having appeared in the newspaper, announcing a forthcoming fight as in arrangement between Mendoza and Jackson, the latter inserted the following letter to the Editor of the *Oracle and Daily Advertiser* of Wednesday, December 1, 1801:—

"SIR,—I was somewhat astonished on my return to town on Saturday, to learn that a challenge was inserted in your paper on Thursday last, as if from Mr. Mendoza. Should I be right in my conclusion, by believing that it came from that celebrated pugilist, I beg you will inform the public through the medium of your paper, that for some years I have entirely withdrawn from a public life, and am more and more convinced of the propriety of my conduct by the happiness which I enjoy in private among many friends of great respectability, with whom it is my pride to be received on terms of familiarity and friendship: goaded, however, as I am to a petty conflict, I hope that it will not be considered too much arrogance on my part simply to observe, that, after waiting for more than three years to accept the challenge of any pugilist, however dexterous in the science, and however highly flattered by his friends, I think it rather extraordinary that Mr. Mendoza should add a silence of four years to those three, it being nearly seven years since I had the satisfaction of chastising him; but Mr. Mendoza derived one great good from the issue of that contest—he was taught to be less hasty in forming his resolutions, more slow in carrying them into effect.

"This cautious and wise principle of action deserves much commendation; and having served an apprenticeship of seven years to learn a certain portion of artificial courage, he now comes forward with a stock of impudence (the only capital which during that time he seems to have acquired) to force me to appear once more in that situation which I have for years cheerfully avoided.

"Reluctant, however, as I am to attract again, even for a moment, the public attention, I shall have no objection to vindicate my character by a meeting with Mr. Mendoza when and where he pleases, PROVIDED he'll promise to fight, and provided he'll also promise not to give previous information to the magistrates at Bow Street, or elsewhere.

"I am, Sir, yours and the public's most respectfully,

"JOHN JACKSON,"

Nov. 20, 1801.

Need we say that this was on the part of Mendoza a mere piece of that absurd system of gagging then so much in vogue, and on which we have elsewhere commented.

Independent of his pugilistic prowess, Mr. Jackson was distinguished for

his extraordinary powers as a runner of a short distance, and as a leaper no man of his day was equal to him at a standing jump, of which many extraordinary feats are on record. His muscular strength was equal to his bodily activity, and in the presence of Mr. Harvey Coombe, and other gentlemen, he lifted ten hundred weight and one quarter, and wrote his own name with eighty-four pounds weight suspended from his little finger!

One of the most able and experienced sporting writers, the late Vincent George Dowling, Esq., the founder, and for more than thirty years the editor of *Bell's Life in London*, has left on record a graceful tribute to the memory of his friend of many years, John Jackson, in the form of an obituary notice. From this we shall here make a few extracts.

"John Jackson was an instance of the glorious truth which this country is constantly evolving—that if a man be true to himself, he may defy the obloquy and malice of millions. No matter in what grade of life a creature be thrown; no matter whether from necessity or choice he mingles with the learned or the illiterate, the high or the low; give him the attribute of genius, or, if that be denied, honesty and perseverance, and he must distinguish himself. The choice of a profession is the puzzle of boyhood—be it so. *A profession never degraded a man, if that man took care not to degrade his profession.*" This last axiom deserves to be written in letters of adamant; it contains the philosophy we hope to inculcate by our pages. Mr. Dowling continues: "As there always have been, and always will be, ruffians loose upon society, who can only be met and quelled by the arguments such brutes can appreciate; and as

" Heads, nineteen in twenty, 'tis confess,
Can feel a crabstick quicker than a jest,"

it is essential that boxing, as an art, should not fall into desuetude. It empowers the little man to defend himself against the big one; makes the weaker man, to a considerable extent, able to protect himself against the onset of the stronger one, and, in some cases, to punish his want of skill and his presumption. Doubtless much has been done in our great cities by gas and an improved police; but even now things do occasionally occur to call upon every man to know how with his own hands to defend his own head, or, what is doubtless of more consequence, the heads of those near and dear to him, or under his protection. Such a power is a *corps de reserve*, which, though it may never be called into action, it is valuable and assuring to possess. So thought our grandfathers, so thought our grandfathers' fathers in the days of Fielding. Boxing, to a gentleman, was a more modern and practical application of knight-errantry; it enabled a man

to protect himself against aggression, and yet more, to defend an insulted woman. 'Good,' exclaims the anti-pugilist, 'but what say you to the prize-fighter?' The response is plain: He is the exemplar, the professor, the demonstrator of a practice, of an exercise. Could or can the sword or the bow be taught without professors, and can they teach without exemplifying?" * * * After a few facts, which will be found embodied in our Memoir, Mr. Dowling concludes: "From 1785, Mr. Jackson ceased to be a public pugilist, having fought but three battles, winning two, and not gaining (for it cannot be called losing) the third by an accident. On what basis, then, rests his fame as a thoroughly tried boxer? On none whatever; the pedestal of his popularity was conduct, the keystone to fortune in every grade of life. There is a singular similarity in the career of John Jackson and John Gully: the latter fought but thrice, was beaten once, won the other two, and then retired to enjoy a better fortune in a higher sphere of society."

Ere quitting the mere active sporting career of Mr. Jackson, it may be as well to state that as a runner his speed was extraordinary, but he could not last: he also excelled as a jumper until the celebrated Ireland "took the shine out of all England."

The opening of "Jackson's Rooms, 13, Old Bond Street," was literally an era in the gymnastic education of the aristocracy. Not to have had lessons of Jackson was a reproach. To attempt a list of his pupils would be to copy one-third of the then peerage. Byron, who was proud of being thought a pugilist, has in his correspondence spoken highly of his tutor; but the fact is, from lameness, the poet could neither hit nor stop effectively. When Jackson taught the author of "Childe Harold," he was forty-four, Byron about twenty-three; the latter therefore stood a boy before a veteran. In a note to the 11th Canto of "Don Juan," we find this: "My friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esquire, professor of pugilism, who I trust still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments."

And in his diary we read:—"Jackson has been here; the boxing world much as usual, but the club increases (*i.e.* Pugilistic Club). I shall dine at Cribb's to-morrow."

He records going to this dinner thus: "Just returned from dinner with Jackson (the Emperor of Pugilism), and another of the select, at Cribb's, the Champion's."

The next extract shows the author of "Childe Harold" actually in training: "I have been sparring with Jackson for exercise this morning, and

mean to continue and renew my acquaintance with my muffs. My chest, and arms, and wind are in very good plight, and I am not in flesh. I used to be a hard hitter, and my arms are very long for my height (5 feet 8½ inches); at any rate exercise is good, and this the severest of all; fencing and the broad-sword never fatigued me half so much." This latter is dated the 17th of March, 1814.

"Got up, if anything, earlier than usual; sparred with Jackson *ad sudorem*, and have been much better in health for many days."

Byron kept at his work, for we find him writing thus on the 9th of April, 1814: "I have been boxing for exercise for the last month daily."

In returning to the younger days of the "finest formed man in Europe," we shall take the liberty of borrowing a graphic colloquial sketch from the lips of a veteran: "There were the Lades, the Hangers, the Bullocks, the Vernons, but give me Jack Jackson, as he stood alone amid the throng. I can see him now, as I saw him in '84, walking down Holborn Hill, towards Smithfield. He had on a scarlet coat, worked in gold at the button-holes, ruffles, and frill of fine lace, a small white stock, no collar (they were not then invented), a looped hat with a broad black band, buff knee-breeches, and long silk strings, striped white silk stockings, pumps, and paste buckles; his waistcoat was pale blue satin, sprigged with white. It was impossible to look on his fine ample chest, his noble shoulders, his waist, (if anything too small), his large, but not too large hips (the fulcrum of the human form, whether male or female), his limbs, his balustrade calf and beautifully turned but not over delicate ankle, his firm foot, and peculiarly small hand, without thinking that nature had sent him on earth as a model. On he went at a good five miles and a half an hour, the envy of all men, and the admiration of all women."

As regards his face nature had not been bountiful; his forehead was rather low, and the mode he wore his hair made it peculiarly so. His cheek bones were high, and his nose and mouth coarse. His ears projected too much from his head, but his eyes were eyes to look at rather than look with; they were full and piercing, and formed a great portion of his power as a pugilist—with them he riveted his men.

Anatomists of the first standing examined Jackson, and artists and sculptors without number took sketches and models of his arm; but it was the extraordinary proportion of the man throughout that formed the wonder.

After 1795 Mr. Jackson resolved to teach others the art in which he himself excelled. For an instructor he had that invaluable requisite, temper; he was never too fast with his pupils. This made his initiatory lessons

tedious to young gentlemen who go ahead, and it may readily be conceived that amid the aristocracy of England he had plenty of rough assailants to deal with. But he was always on his guard; there was no chance of rushing suddenly in and taking Jackson by surprise—he could not be flurried. Amid the other qualifications he had studied Lavater, and managed to reckon up his customers at first sight, and knew what he had to trust to. It has been said “he defied any man to hit him;” this is the truth, but not the whole truth—he defied any man to hit him whilst he (Jackson) stood merely on the defensive; in a fight, of course, it is impossible to avoid being hit.

“His sparring was elegant and easy. He was peculiarly light upon his feet, a good judge of distance, and when he indulged his friends with a taste of his real quality, the delivery of his blow was only observable in its effect. It literally came like lightning, and was felt before it was seen. Most big men are comparatively slow, but he was as rapid as Owen Swift or Johnny Walker, and this, too, when upwards of fifty years of age.

“Jackson not only told you what to do, but why you should do it; in this essential point many capital instructors are and have been deficient. The want of this power of explaining the purpose of an action made Young Dutch Sam and Richard Curtis bad instructors, though they were finished pugilists, and, which does not always follow, capital sparrers.

“Jackson was not unmindful of the fact that art never ends. If there was anything new in the gymnastic, equestrian, or pedestrian way, there he assured was Jackson; not merely witnessing the exhibition, but examining the means by which the effects were produced. He was consequently often at Astley’s and at the Surrey, when Ireland, the jumper, was there, and knew all the famous fencers, funambulists, dancers, and riders of his day, and his day was a long one.

“Of his private character, what can be said more than that all his pupils became his friends. Save with Dan Mendoza, it is not known that he ever had a quarrel. He was a careful man, not a mean man—saving, but not penurious. It is to be remembered, too, from his peculiar situation, continued calls were made upon his purse by the ruffianly and profligate, who claimed a brotherhood that he utterly and properly repudiated.”

In 1811, he procured a benefit at the Fives Court, in aid of the subscription for the suffering Portuguese; it realised £114. Next year he did the same for the British prisoners in France; this benefit amounted to £182 6s. He also aided the benefit for the Lancashire weavers (1826).

One old boxer (but who was not of Jackson’s day) pestered him incessantly

for money. "No," said Jackson, "I'll give you no money; but you may go to the Horse and Groom, and you will find a clean bed, three meals, and a pot of beer a day; stay there until matters mend." The man was thankful in the extreme; but a week had not elapsed ere he was found in the tap-room bartering his dinner for gin!

Of course a "lion" like Jackson could not avoid being made a "show" of on particular occasions; accordingly, when the allied sovereigns were in England, his aid was required. On the 15th of June, 1814, at the house of Lord Lowther, in Pall Mall, a pugilistic fete came off in the presence of the Emperor of Russia, Platoff, Blucher, etc. The display so delighted those illustrious fighting men that it was resolved to carry the thing out on a grander scale; accordingly, the King of Prussia, the Prince Royal, Prince of Mecklenburgh, and others assembled. Jackson, Cribb, Belcher, Oliver, Painter, and Richmond, were the principal performers. The foreign nobility now wanted a peep, and at Angelo's rooms some splendid displays took place. It was said that Jackson had inoculated them with a pugilistic fever, but it is believed he never obtained a single pupil from among them. If this be a fact, it is an extraordinary one.

At the coronation of George the Fourth, 1821, Mr. Jackson was applied to to furnish an unarmed force "to preserve order." Cribb, Spring, Belcher, Carter, Richmond, Ben. Burn, Harmer, Harry Lee, Tom Owen, Joshua Hudson, Tom Oliver, Harry Holt, Crawley, Curtis, Medley, Purcell, Sampson, and Bales, with Jackson at their head, formed the corps, dressed as Royal Pages.

One gold coronation medal was given to the boxers—they raffled for it at a dinner. Tom Belcher won and wore it.

In 1822, a number of noblemen and gentlemen, admirers of the gymnastic sports of their country, with a Royal Duke (Clarence) at their head, presented John Jackson with a service of plate. The salver, which bears the subjoined inscription, is of magnificent workmanship, weighing one hundred and eighty-seven ounces.

THIS SALVER

(With other Plate),

Was purchased by Subscriptions from

A ROYAL DUKE

AND SEVERAL OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY,

And presented to

JOHN JACKSON, ESQ.,

Under the Superintendence of the following Committee:

The Most Noble the Marquis of
Worcester,
Henry Smith, Bart, M.P.,

Admiral Tollemache,
Major General Barton, and
John Harrison, Esq.

Mr. Jackson had for many years been stakeholder, frequently referee, and was always ready to go round personally to solicit a subscription for the beaten man—and who could refuse John Jackson? A match was made in 1822, between Randall and Martin for 500 guineas a side, but Mr. Elliot, Martin's backer, "cried for his toy again," in fact, demanded his money back. Mr. Jackson declared he would never again be a stakeholder, and he kept his word. Thus virtually he retired from the ring, and from that moment the ring declined. Its progress downwards has been checked, now and then, by men of good conduct, and battles of great interest. Spring and Langan (1824) revived the hopes of many. Dutch Sam from 1827 to 1839, rallied a few of the right sort around him, so did Burn and Owen Swift. A sort of reaction took place when Broome fought Bungaree; another, when Caunt fought Bendigo; again on the occasion of the great resultless battle of Farnborough between Sayers and Heenan in 1861; and lastly, the Benicia Boy's pulley-hauley match with Tom King, awakened attention; but down, down, down, the ring was doomed to go, and in 1879 we may safely say that in writing its later history we have penned its epitaph. The management of fights fell into the hands of Jew speculators in special railway trains, whose interest it became *not* to allow the announced battle to come off, and to repeat the process of plunder in the shape of extortionately charged "excursion tickets," at one to three pounds each, until the fraud would no longer be submitted to.

John Jackson lived for many years at the house in which he died, No. 4, Lower Grosvenor Street West. The Old "Tattersall's" may be said to have divided his residence from that of another great artist, the late John Liston. "It is with pleasing melancholy we remember," says his old friend Vincent Dowling, "the Yarmouths, the Coombes, the Lades, the Ashtons, wending their way to the house of the one, while the Kembles, with perhaps Charles Mathews and Charles Taylor, Theodore Hook and Young, were standing in converse near, or visiting the low-roofed house of the latter."†

There is little more to say. Loved by many, respected by all, enjoying

* That the everyday use and familiar handling of deadly weapons lead to their reckless use, we may quote a few recent instances from the history of our descendants in America. The horrible assassination of the great and good President Abraham Lincoln, and the ferocious use of a "billy" and a bowie-knife upon the helpless and prostrate Mr. Secretary Ward, his son, Major Frederick Seward, and an attendant, are offshoots of a familiarity with daily outrages by lethal weapons, and the general resort to them to redress injury or resent insult. The death of the assassin Booth is the culmination.

† *Ehne fugares anni*—not only have the men departed, but their local habitations have vanished. The spacious hotel, once Wallace's, now the Alexandra, and palatial mansions, cover the ground extending from Hyde Park Corner (on the side of St. George's Hospital), towards St. Paul's new Puseyite pinnacles at Knightsbridge. Even "the Corner" itself—the world-famed "Tattersall's" has migrated. It will be known only to the remainder of the present, and the next rising generation, as the splendid club-room and spacious horse-mart at the junction of the Brompton and Kensington Roads.

a large circle of excellent society, John Jackson passed his later days. Affluent, but not rich in the vulgar sense, he wanted less than he had, and his income exceeded his expenditure. He was a cheerful companion, sang a good song, told his anecdotes with great tact, and never obtruded them. For the last year or two before his death his health declined, but until then he rarely had a day's illness. Peacefully and trustfully, with his hand in that of his niece (whom he loved, and had assisted as a daughter), John Jackson expired on the 7th of October, 1845, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. His death was as calm and resigned as his life had been exemplary.

The remains of John Jackson rest in Brompton Cemetery, beneath a handsome monument, by Mr. Thomas Butler, of which we give a faithful representation. On the side of the mausoleum nearest to the entrance is inscribed on each side of a medallion portrait of the deceased :—

HERE LIE THE
REMAINS OF
JOHN JACKSON,

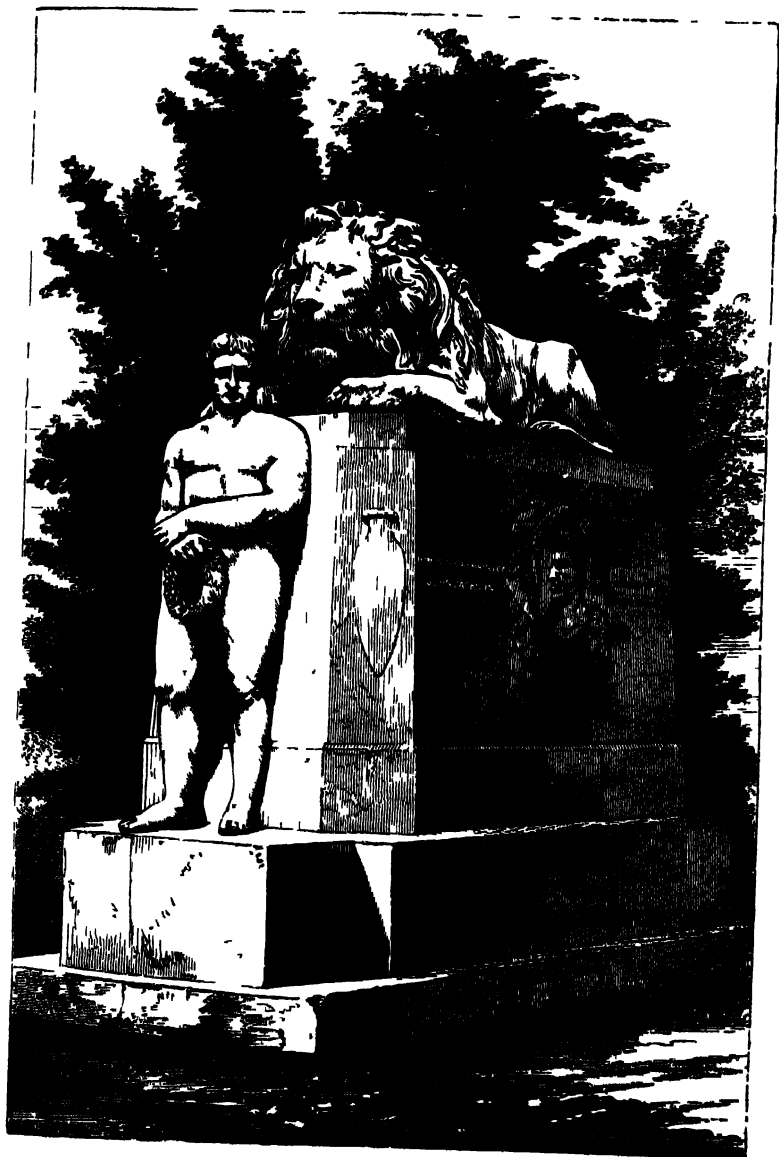
Born, Sept. 28,
1769,
Died, Oct. 7, 1845,

HIC VICTOR CÆSTUS
ARTEMQUE REFONDO.

On the opposite side to the footpath is a nude gladiator, holding a laurel wreath, and plunged in grief. On the top is a lion couchant, and on the farther end we read the following :—

"Stay, traveller," the Roman records said,
To mark the classic dust beneath it laid ;—
"Stay, traveller," this brief memorial cries,
And read the record with attentive eyes.
Hast thou a lion's heart, a giant's strength ?
Exult not, for these gifts must yield at length.
Do health and symmetry adorn thy frame ?
The mouldering bones below possessed the same.
Does love, does friendship every step attend ?
This man ne'er made a foe, ne'er lost a friend.
But death too soon dissolves all human ties,
And, his last combat o'er, here Jackson lies.

THIS MONUMENT was erected by the subscriptions
of several noblemen and gentlemen,
to record their admiration of one
whose excellence of heart and incorruptible worth
endear'd him to all who knew him.



MONUMENT TO JOHN JACKSON IN BROMPTON CEMETERY.

THOMAS BUTLER, Sculptor, 1847.

CHAPTER IV.

BILL HOOPER (THE TINMAN)—1789-1797.

As a foil to the bright memoir of a high-minded, self-respecting, and honoured athlete, we cannot better "point a moral" than by devoting a brief chapter to the sudden rise and inglorious fall of the "lion-hearted" boxer, known in the latter part of his career as "Bully Hooper;" his story is a beacon of warning to the successful pugilist in the day of his patronage, prosperity, and success.

William Hooper was born at Bristol in 1766, and previously to his unfortunate connexion with the notorious Lord Barrymore, followed his trade as a tinman in Tottenham Court Road, where he had the character of a smart, industrious, well-behaved young man. His qualifications as a pugilist were undoubted. Fear formed no part of his composition. His confidence was innate; and neither the size nor strength of his antagonist deterred him any more than a thorough-bred bull-dog would calculate the bulk of his unwieldy bovine foe. Transplanted from making saucepans to the festivities of Wargrave, and made the personal companion of a *roué* nobleman, he lost his head, as many better nurtured men than poor Hooper have done. The transition from narrow means and humble station made him insolent, overbearing, and ostentatious, and finally the petted pugilist sunk into the ferocious "bully," thence from dissipation and violent excess into a shattered human wreck, his melancholy end marked by poverty, desertion, and disease.*

* About 1790, Lord Barrymore was in the hey-day of his riot and "larkery" at Brighton, where the Prince of Wales had just finished that grotesque kiosk known as the Pavilion, once the scene of royal orgies, now a cockney show-shop of London super mare. The Lord Barrymore, who was Hooper's patron, was the head of the family firm nicknamed Newgate, Hellgate, and Cripple-gate, from colloquial, acquired, or personal peculiarities. On hearing these elegant sobriquets, the Prince is said to have objected to the omission of the lady sister of the trio from this nomenclature, and ungallantly suggested the name of "Billingsgate," as a fourth of the family.

One anecdote is too characteristic of the actors to be lost. "In one of his wild freaks, his Lordship, from his lofty phaeton, struck with his driving whip a Mr. Donadieu, a respectable perfumer of Brighton, who was driving in his gig, for not getting quickly enough out of his impetuous Lordship's way. Mr. Donadieu drove after him, but his lordship's terrible high-bred cattle soon distanced him. The next morning Mr. D., perceiving Lord Barrymore upon

In person Hooper was compact and symmetrical. His shoulders and arms were fine, his chest deep and broad; his height under five feet eight inches, giving him the weight of 11 stone, showing him to have been nowhere overloaded.

He is said to have fought "a number of good battles," of which we have no evidence, save Pierce Egan's assertion, to set against the *per contra* of a contemporary, that he had "fought but twice before he met Lord Barrymore's man." We suspect, however, an incidental trace of our hero to lurk in the following paragraph at the end of the account of the great battle between Tom Johnson and Ryan, at Cashiobury Park (see *ante*, page 59).

"Two other battles were likewise fought on the 11th of February, 1789, on the same stage. The first between Solly Sodicky, the Jew, and Wilson, in which the Jew beat. The second was between the Welchman and a *Tinman*, in which the former was cleverly defeated." Be this as it may, on the 19th of August, 1789, Hooper was matched with a local celebrity, Bill Clarke, the plasterer, and the affair came off in Bloomsbury Fields, a plot now covered with streets and squares, adjacent to Tottenham Court Road, where Hooper exercised his vocation of a tinman. The battle was obstinately

the Steyne, in company with several sporting men, went up to him and remonstrated upon the ungentlemanly usage he had experienced the previous day. His Lordship replied insultingly, and struck the perfumer. The tradesman was an Englishman, and at once returned the blow. A smart rally convinced the eccentric peer that his credit as a boxer was at stake, for his resolute opponent drove him before his attack. Lord Barrymore tried to take an unfair advantage, when the Prince of Wales, who had witnessed the whole frolic from a window of the Pavilion, called out in a loud voice, 'D—n, Barrymore, *fight like a man!*' In the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley's volumes, "*My Life and Recollections*" (London, Hurst and Blackett, 1866), vol. i., pp. 49-78, is a curious sketch of Brighton at the close of the 18th century, with anecdotes of Colonel Hanger, Lord Barrymore, John Jackson, etc., and the ladies whom the heir apparent delighted to honour. The specimen of the Prince's style, in the anecdote of the Royal Harriers, pp. 70, 71, will show that the "first gentleman of Europe" was *facile princeps* in the then fashionable accomplishment of swearing. Grantley Berkeley makes a slip in the closing lines of his notice of Lord Barrymore, which it may be worth while to correct. He says: "A rapid career of reckless extravagance was brought to a sudden close whilst marching with a detachment towards Dover: *the musk of one of his men went off, eventually causing his (Lord Barrymore's) death.*" We must acquit the Berkshire militia of this charge of clumsy or intentional homicide. We extract from the memoir of a contemporary: "Lord Barrymore was a lieutenant of the Berkshire militia stationed at Rye, and was marching a party of French prisoners to Deal. They marched through Folkestone to the top of the succeeding hill, and halted at a small public-house to refresh his men and the prisoners. Admiral Macbride and General Smith met his lordship there; he was in high spirits, and accepted an invitation to dine with them at Deal. Lord Barrymore had marched at the head of his party from Rye; he now ordered his *sal-de-chambre*, who drove his curriels in the rear, to procure him a pipe of tobacco, saying, 'I'll ride and smoke while you drive.' He was in high glee, counted up the score with chalk on a slate, & *la Bonifiance*; imitated Hob, from 'Hob in the Well,' a farce he was very partial to; treated all about him; gave the landlady a kiss, and leaped into the curriels. He gave the fustil to his servant, who placed it carelessly between his legs and drove off. They had scarcely proceeded fifty yards when the piece went off. The contents entered his lordship's right cheek, forced out the eye, and lodged in the brain: he was pointing to the coast of France at the moment. He lived forty minutes, groaning heavily, but never spoke again. The fustil was loaded with swan shot; he had been killing gulls and rabbits on his way from Rye to Folkestone. An inquest was held on the 8th of March, the verdict '*Accidental Death.*' He was interred on Sunday, March 17, 1798, in the chancel of the church at Wargrave."

contested, Clarke being a powerful man, but the intuitive skill, activity, and courage of Hooper carried him through, and his fame as a boxer spread.

Cotterel, the shoemaker, challenged Hooper for 10 guineas a side, and they met on Barnet Common, September 5th, 1789. There was a numerous assemblage, for Hooper was looked upon as something surprising, and was seconded by Tom Johnson, the Champion, while Bill Warr picked up Cotterel. Thirty-five minutes' desperate fighting on the part of Cotterel led to his utter defeat, and Hooper, little the worse for the conflict, was proclaimed the conqueror.

A carpenter at Binfield Heath, of the name of Wright, having acquired much fame in Berkshire for his fistic skill, was proposed by Lord Falkland as a competitor for the Tinman, and Lord Barrymore, who had witnessed Hooper's prowess, at once accepted the cartel on Hooper's behalf, naming his own seat of Wargrave as the place of battle. Whatever might have been Wright's pretensions among the yokels, he made a poor figure before Hooper, who fought with such skill and rapidity at his opponent's head, that in twenty minutes Wright* was all wrong, and so punished as to be compelled to give in. This battle took place December 3, 1789.

Bob Watson, of Bristol, whom we shall have occasion to mention elsewhere (see *Watson*, Appendix to Period II.), was next introduced as an antagonist for Hooper. This proved a most remarkable battle. The place was Langley Close, near Salt Hill, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and the day February 17th, 1790. Bill Warr seconded, and Joe Ward was bottle-holder to Watson; Hooper was waited on by Tom Johnson and Butcher. Major Churchill and Colonel Harvey Aston acted as umpires, but called in a referee, owing to several differences of opinion during the prolonged contest. In the third round the Tinman cleverly floored his opponent, being the first knock-down blow; and this success he repeated in the three following rounds: the odds were now high in favour of Hooper, and continued to increase as the battle went on. Watson, though he could not ward off Hooper's attacks, proved thorough game, and rallied strongly at the close of each bout. Two hours and a half, and one hundred rounds were fought, not without several appeals as to Watson's style of delivering a blow and falling, and other unfair practices. Finally, after Watson had been "seven times accused of striking unfairly," Hooper was acknowledged the victor.

Lord Barrymore's increasing folly now led to Hooper being matched with Brain (Big Ben). This mockery of boxing took place at Chapel Row Revel,

* In "Fistiana," Wright is, by a slip, called "Lord Barrymore's man." Cotterel's fight is also omitted under Hooper.

near Newbury, Berks, August 30th, 1790; night coming on, after three hours and a half harlequinade by Hooper, it was declared "a drawn battle!"* (See *ante*, p. 67).

This exhibition much tarnished the fame of Hooper, who was now the boon companion of the depraved Lord Barrymore's excesses, and for more than two years he did not appear within the ropes, save in the capacity of a second. As on one of these occasions we find him officiating for Bill Treadway in a combat which brings under our notice the earliest record of a black pugilist, we preserve the paragraph as we find it, under the date of—

"June 13th, 1791. A pitched match was contested in Marylebone Fields, between an excellent African pugilist and the well-known Treadway. Peter Bath seconded the Black, and Hooper, the Tinman, his antagonist. The battle lasted thirty-five minutes, when Treadway was carried senseless from the field. During the combat the African showed great agility, excellent bottom, and a thorough knowledge of the art, not to be exceeded by the most skilful among the boxers." This black diamond's name is not preserved.

In September, 1792 an announcement appeared in the *Chelmsford Advertiser* that two pugilistic contests would take place at Colchester on the 4th of that month. "The grand jury who were at that time sitting, addressed the mayor, recorder, and magistrates, expressing their wish that they might not be permitted within the corporate jurisdiction. The mayor accordingly, by the public wish, forbade the erection of any public stage or any prize fight within the limits of his jurisdiction."

In consequence of this notice, "orders were given for the erection of a stage eighteen feet square at Bentley, about nine miles from Colchester."

On Thursday, September 4, 1792, the men met, according to arrangement, and at four o'clock the first two combatants, Hooper, the Tinman, and Bunner of Colchester, mounted the stage. Tom Johnson seconded Hooper, with Sharp as bottle-holder. Bunner's second was Williams, and his bottle-holder Johnson's old opponent Ryan. The stakes were 50 guineas a side. Bunner, who was a young fellow of great strength and resolution, began so vigorously that he bored down Hooper, and in the second round closing upon him, brought him down heavily. The odds went up on Bunner, and the Essex men were triumphant. Hooper found it would not do to trifle with his opponent: he kept out, and displayed his superiority in the art in great style, punishing his man sharply. In the sixth round, however,

* This battle does not appear under Hooper's name in "Fistiana."

Bunner fell by an overreach, and broke his right arm, thus giving Hooper an easy conquest.*

George Maddox,† whose battle with the young Tom Cribb, has preserved his name and memory, next challenged Hooper. They met for a stake of 50 guineas, at Sydenham Common, Kent, Monday, February 10, 1794. Tom Johnson once more seconded Hooper; Maddox was attended by Joe Ward and Bill Gibbons, the renowned of Westminster, as his bottle-holder. George had proved himself a good man, and great expectations were entertained of his ability to dispose of Hooper, who was much the lighter man. Betting was five to four on Maddox. The Duke of Hamilton and a number of the aristocratic patrons of pugilism were present. For the first three or four rounds Maddox appeared to have the lead, and his friends were confident. Hooper, however, met him with undaunted courage, hitting straight, and putting in his blows with cutting severity. After three quarters of an hour's sharp fighting, Maddox fell off, while Hooper increased in activity, and at the end of fifty-five minutes, Maddox gave in with much reluctance, and the Tinman was hailed the victor.

So high had Hooper's fame now risen that a match was made by his backer in March, 1794, for him to fight the renowned Dan Mendoza on a twenty-four foot stage, for 50 guineas within a month. Dan, however, was not to be had at such a bargain. The Israelite preferred forfeiting his friends' £20 deposit to risking his reputation on such terms.

That determined boxer, Bill Wood‡ was anxious to try his abilities with our hero. His friends assisted him with £50, and on Monday, June 22nd, 1795, they met and fought upon a stage erected on Hounslow Heath, in the dangerous vicinity of the powder mills. At two o'clock the combatants set-to. The contemporary accounts describe it as "a truly desperate battle." After the first few minutes, the odds rose five to one, ten to one, and twenty to one on Wood. After fighting twenty-five minutes, during which the punishment was heavy, Hooper levelled Wood with a stupefying blow under the left ear. From this time Wood, though he struggled gallantly, never entirely recovered, and the blow being repeated, at the end of forty-eight minutes§ Hooper was victorious. Towards the close of the fight the odds had changed to twenty to one on the Tinman. "The Duke of Hamilton, Colonel Hamilton, and a

* There not being time for the second contest between Stanyard, of Birmingham, and Andrew Gamble, the Irish champion, it was postponed to the next day. See GAMBLE, in Appendix to Period II.

† Maddox will find his place under CRIBB's period. His first fight was in 1792, his last with Bill Richmond in 1809.

‡ See Wood's memoir, Appendix to Period II., *post*.

§ "Fistiana" misprints it *sixteen* minutes.

distinguished party of amateurs were present," says the chronicler of the day.

Hooper had now arrived at the summit of his success by the conquest of so game and experienced a pugilist as Wood. His time had come to tread the downward path that leads to the cold shade of poverty, disgrace, and neglect. Within one year of his conquest of Wood his excesses and riot began to tell on a constitution shaken by hard living, night-riot, and debauchery, and Tom Owen,* a powerful young fellow, then known as "the Fighting Oilman," having been quarrelled with by Hooper, professed his desire for a fight with "the Bully," as he was now generally called. Charley Coant, then a boxer of some note, forming a high opinion of Tom, introduced him to Mr. John Jackson, and that good judge, approving the new candidate for the honours of the P.R., obtained friends for "the Young Oilman," and a match was made for 100 guineas, which came off at Harrow on the 14th of November, 1796. Owen proved himself a resolute and steady fighter, and in the words of the reporter, "constantly kept a straight guard of such prodigious strength that Hooper could never beat it down, and very seldom put in a hit. Hooper, in striking a blow, dislocated his shoulder, and being dreadfully bruised, gave in" after fifty rounds of hard fighting. (See *Life of Tom Owen*, *post*, p. 110). As we have already said, Hooper was but a shadow of his former self; luxury and debauchery had spoiled him.†

Few men are more obnoxious to the smiles and frowns of fickle fortune than the pugilist: victory brings him fame, riches, and patrons; his bruises are unheeded in the smiles of success; and, basking in the sunshine of prosperity, his life passes pleasantly, till defeat comes, and reverses the scene. Covered with aches and pains, distressed in mind and body, assailed by poverty, wretchedness, and misery, friends forsake him—his fame waxes dim—his character is suspected by the losers; no longer the "plaything of fashion," he flies to inebriation for relief, and a premature death puts a period to his misfortunes. Thus it was with Hooper: sheltered under the wings of nobility, he became pampered, insolent, and mischievous. His courage was undoubted, and though his frame was but small, it contained the heart of a lion; big men struck no terror to his feelings, and he opposed them with all the hardihood of an equal competitor, determined to conquer. Lord Barry-

* A memoir of this well-known boniface, whose memory yet lives with old ring-goers, (he died at his house at Plumstead, Kent, in 1843), will be found in its chronological order.

† "The Historian" inflicts a second thrashing by his hero and pal "Ould Tom Owen" on poor Hooper, ten weeks afterwards, at the same place, under similar circumstances. We suspect "Ould Tom," as Pierce Egan calls him, who had a lively imagination, to say the least, must have narrated a dream to his "philosopher and friend."

more, as already noted, was fond of larking and practical jokes, and whenever he could not come through the piece in style, Hooper appeared as his bully—his name overawed, and many a time saved his patron a deserved thrashing. One evening his Lordship took Hooper to Vauxhall, “disguised in liquor,” yet farther disguised in band and cassóck, as a clergyman. The visitors discovered “the bully and his patron,” and after some rough handling, they were summarily expelled from what Old Simpsón, the M.C., grandiloquently termed “the Royal Property.” At length his lordship cast him off, which, as he had cast himself away before, is not surprising. Hooper soon afterwards became wretched, disease overtook him, repeated intoxication brought him to the brink of the grave. One evening he was found insensible on the step of a door in St. Giles’s, and conveyed to the watch-house; on enquiring who he was, he could but faintly articulate, “Hoop—Hoop—” Being recognised as the miserable remnant of that once powerful pugilistic hero, he was humanely taken to the workhouse, where he immediately expired!—
Sic transit gloria athleta!

CHAPTER V.

TOM OWEN—1796-1799 (1820).*

TOM OWEN, though living only in the memory of the present generation as a landlord combining liquor and literature, some fancy, more fun, a certain amount of old-school pugilism and much pretence, deserves a niche in this period of the History of British Boxing.

True it is the clumsy bespattering of praise with which, in bad English and worst taste, his name is loaded in "Boxiana," may induce many of better judgment to turn from his biography; yet is there enough to furnish matter worthy the pen of the chronicler of deeds of courage and of skill.

Tom Owen was a native of Hampshire, being born at Portsea, on the 21st December, 1768.

Of the apocryphal rigmareoles which disfigure "Boxiana," we shall not condescend to take any account; suffice it to say, that after several provincial encounters with the Smiths, Joneses, Greens, and Browns of his vicinity, Tom Owen came to London, where he followed the occupation of an oilman; a calling which the reader will perhaps condescend to remember was much more followed than now; for, as Byron says, "in those days we had not got to gas."

A casual turn up caused an introduction to Mr. Jackson, who, perceiving the germ of future greatness in Tom, took him in hand, and, fancying his style, he was matched against the then celebrated Bully Hooper, for 100 guineas.

On the 14th, Nov., 1796, Owen met his formidable antagonist, who, it must be remembered (with the exception of his draw with Big Ben) was as yet unconquered. The battle-field was near Harrow. Owen was seconded by Joe Ward and Jack Bartholomew, Hooper by Symonds and Paddington Jones. "The contest," says the reporter, "lasted rather more than an hour, during which the men fought fifty rounds of hard fighting, but for the most part of

* These exceptional events are out of ring chronology, properly speaking. Owen and his opponent, old Dan Mendoza, belonged, as pugilists, to a previous generation.



TOM OWEN, 1820.

From a portrait by GEORGE SHARPLE

which Owen constantly kept a straight guard of such prodigious strength, that Hooper could never beat it down, and very seldom put in a hit. Hooper, in striking a blow, dislocated his shoulder, and being also dreadfully bruised, gave in. Owen was so little hurt, that he leisurely put on his clothes and walked away."

Pierce Egan tells us of a second fight (Hooper not being satisfied) for 100 guineas, at the same place (Harrow), a few weeks afterwards, which "Owen won in equally good style." We fail to find it in contemporary records, though Pierce adds, "the stakeholder had his pocket picked of the 100 guineas, and Owen never got a single farthing afterwards," vol. ii., p. 194.

The fame of Owen now spread, and a match for 25 guineas a-side was made between Jack Bartholomew and Tom, which took place at Moulsey Hurst, August 22, 1797. George Maddox and Goff seconded Owen upon this occasion. It was a desperate battle, and highly spoken of at the time, for the courage displayed on both sides; but here Tom was forced to succumb; Bartholomew overfought him, both at close quarters and out-fighting, and the contest was finished by Owen being hit out of time.

On September 2, 1799, Tom entered the lists with one Houssa, a Jew, for 10 guineas a-side, on the race ground at Enfield. Joe Ward was second to Owen. But here again Owen was so desperately beaten, that, after a struggle of forty minutes, he was incapable of coming to the scratch, and the Jew was the conqueror.

Davis, of Deptford, an excavator, weighing fourteen stone, was beaten by Owen in one hour, at Deptford, in December, 1799.

At a benefit which took place at the Horse-shoe and Hoop, Tower Hill, Owen and Jack Bartholomew had some words about their fight at Moulsey. The result was an exchange of blows. Pierce Egan tells us, "the smiles of victory crowned the exertions of Owen in a quarter of an hour." Perhaps so—but old Tom was his own reporter.

At the Surrey Sessions, in January, 1805, Owen was indicted for a riot and conspiracy, on Putney Common, in aiding and abetting Joe Berks and Pearce to fight a pitched battle. The jury found Owen guilty, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in Horsemonger Lane.

From this period Tom figured as a trainer and second, and his judgment was generally considered good in all matters pugilistic; he also flourishes immensely in the benefit-taking line, and was, as the "Historian" terms him, "fly to every movement on the board."

We shall decline transferring the trash of the Apocrypha of Boxing respecting the exploits of Owen, as no traces of them are to be found in the

"canonical books,"—which we take to be the journals of the time. Leaving him, therefore, as a blind guide, we proceed to the contest with Mendoza. This, although a very foolish affair on the part of the Jew, as the follies of great men, even in pugilism, outweigh in interest the wiser doings of lesser ones, is our chief reason for giving Owen a separate chapter in the history of pugilism—despite the immense, intense, and absurd gaggery of his injudicious friend and biographer.

In 1820, Tom (being no bad judge at match-making) proposed to Daniel Mendoza a "passage at arms" to settle an old grudge. Dan, like an old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, though physically but a shadow of his former self, met the twelve stone Tom Owen. Thirty-three years had elapsed since the "Star of the East" had first peeled in the lists, and fourteen since his last appearance. Although, however, his deeds were, even to the existing generation of ring-goers, rather matter of tradition than evidence, the fame of Mendoza made him the favourite at six and five to four. Owen was known to be a good man, but it was thought he had not science enough to oppose the accomplished Israelite. Hence a great number of the oldest amateurs were induced to be present. It is worthy of note, that Sir Thomas Apreece, Bart., who was Mendoza's umpire at Odiham, acted in that capacity on this occasion.

Owen, attended by Cribb and Josh. Hudson, threw up his hat first; and Mendoza, followed by Randall and Harry Lee, repeated the token of defiance. Mendoza was loudly cheered, and backed at five to four. Mendoza was quickly ready, and walked about the ring with a coat thrown over him. Owen was a considerable time preparing himself, and in making his shoes right; instead of drawers he fought in a pair of nankeen breeches. Mendoza's colours were a blue silk bird's eye, and tied over Owen's.

THE FIGHT.

Round I.—Mendoza, on stripping, exhibited a fine manly bust; his eyes sparkled with confidence, and there was altogether an appearance about him that seldom characterises an individual of fifty-five years of age. Owen, on the contrary, looked thin; and his general appearance was rather meagre than otherwise. On setting-to, both the combatants were extremely cautious, and a minute elapsed before a hit was made. Owen at length let fly, but without any effect. Some exchanges took place, when they closed at the ropes, and, after an attempt to sib on the part of Mendoza, which was frustrated by Owen, a struggle for throw ensued: in going down, Dan was the undermost.

2.—Mendoza ran in with great alacrity,

made a sort of push forward, and got Owen on the ropes; the latter went down, and his neck got scored from them. (Great applause for Mendoza. While Tom was on the knee of Josh, the latter said, "Master!"—Owen, smiling, "What says my boy?"—"Have you brought the pepper oastor with you?"—"Yes, my lad, and the mustard and vinegar crust too!")

3.—The Jew behaved very handsomely, and showed some good fighting; but Owen planted a tremendous hit on his left cheek, just under the eye, whence the claret flowed copiously: Mendoza went down, yet jumped up gaily. (Randall told Mendoza he should not have done so. "Let these cold ones alone," said Josh; "they know more about

fighting than you or I do." Even betting, but Owen for choice. "I say, master," says Josh, "you furnished Danny with some sour crout then!"

4.—Owen now showed the spectators that he was the younger man. Mendoza was again nobbed, and the claret profusely running down his cheek. In going down Owen was undermost. ("When am I to have the tobacco-stopper, master?" cries Josh. — "Leave it all to the cook yet!" Owen smilingly observed.)

5.—Mendoza now showed he was completely gone by as to any superiority of fighting. Owen, having nothing to oppose him, "displayed talents that astonished the ring." Mendoza received a dreadful fall.

6.—Owen, in retreating from his antagonist, ran against the stakes, but the latter again planted a heavy fencer. In struggling, both went down.

7.—Here Tom was the hero of the tale. He nobbed Mendoza, and got away with all the dexterity of a youth: it was now only Mendoza by name; his excellence as a fighter had evaporated, and his hits were generally short. Owen, in a close at the ropes, held Mendoza as firm as if the latter had been screwed in a vice, and pummelled him at the back of the neck so dreadfully, that Dan at length fell exhausted.

8.—Mendoza came to the scratch bleeding, and almost in a state of stupor, from the severity of the last round. Owen planted such a tremendous hit on Dan's face, that he

went back, and slipped down at the corner of the ring. The Jews were still backing Mendoza with confidence.

9.—Long sparring: Owen convinced the spectators that he was a perfect master of the art. He hit Mendoza in the eye, jobbed him also in the face, and at the end of the ropes held Mendoza by the arm, and punished him till he went down. (Two to one on Owen.)

10.—The appearance of Mendoza's face was much changed; his left eye was encircled in claret. Owen got away from his antagonist in good style. Mendoza was punished all over the ring; Owen threw his opponent, and fell heavily upon him. (Three to one. Indeed, it was any odds.)

11.—Owen was determined not to give a chance away; and he also appeared determined not to have any more body blows. He accordingly kept at out-fighting. A short but sharp rally occurred, when Owen fell; and Mendoza likewise, at about two yards distance, came heavily down upon his face on the turf.

12th and last.—Mendoza was quite abroad, and hit short, and at the ropes was again held by Owen, and flogged down. Mendoza said he would not fight any more, as he could not win it. He was terribly punished, and defeated in fourteen minutes and twenty-seven seconds and a quarter; while, on the contrary, Owen had not a scratch on his face. The latter was carried out of the ring by Cribb and Hudson, amidst the cheers of the spectators.

Mendoza, while being dressed, seemed sensibly affected at his defeat. He had not the least idea of losing the battle.

Mr. Jackson collected £20 on the ground for Mendoza, who was put into a coach. Owen soon returned to the ring, decorated in the spoils attendant upon conquest. Mendoza's blue trophy was hung round Owen's neck, surmounted by the yellow-man of Hooper; now doubly won.

This battle hardly deserves comment, after the observations we have already made under the memoir of Mendoza; yet it is valuable as a warning. The merits of the combatants remain, except in the balderdash of "the historian" of the P. R., just where they stood previous to the fight.

Tom's judgment as a second was unquestionable. His coolness and readiness as second to Turner in his victory over Scroggins, and in the remarkable fight with Sutton and Painter, may be cited.

Tom was known for many years as a pleasant companion, a good convivial singer, and the landlord of a house on the ground now occupied by the basin of St. Katherine's Docks, whence the hand of improvement compelled him to migrate. For several years he was well known as the landlord of the Shipwrights' Arms at Northfleet, where the fancy of all grades found him a civil, pleasant, and obliging host. Owen died at Plumstead in 1843 aged 75 years.

CHAPTER VI.

TOM JONES (KNOWN AS "PADDINGTON JONES").
1786-1805.

THIS well-remembered pugilist, whose career forms a link between the Second and Third Periods of the History of the Ring, well deserves a chapter, from his numerous and game contests, his attentive civility during his protracted connexion with fistic affairs, and yet more from his identification with the renowned Jem Belcher, for whose first metropolitan competitor he had the honour to be selected. Tom, including his numerous "outside" or "bye-battles," is supposed to have fought more battles than any other pugilist. The Ring in Hyde Park was the frequent arena of his contests, which in his noviciate were chiefly with roughs and commoners.

About the year 1786, Paddington gave birth to this hero, from which place he derived his pugilistic title. Tom commenced boxer when quite a youth, and, from the intuitive science which he displayed at that early period, attracted the notice of the veteran Tom Johnson, who pronounced him to be a promising pugilist. Jones's weight was ten stone and a half, his height five feet eight inches, and his frame of much symmetry and activity.

Tom's first regular contest was about the year 1786, with one Jack Holmes, in Harley Fields, near where Cavendish Square stands, for the important sum of *half-a-crown*, and it appears it was as well-contested as if £100 had been the stakes; but Jones being a mere novice, and quite a stripling, and Holmes a full grown man, the latter proved the conqueror.

A match was made between a one-eyed sailor, a most determined boxer, and Tom Jones, for 10 guineas a-side, in February, 1786, which was decided in the Ring, in Hyde Park. The contest proved a desperate one. The Sailor was considered as ugly a customer as ever stood up for a mill; but, in the event, Jones was declared victor. This hardy son of Neptune was not satisfied with the first broadside, and soon afterwards entered the lists for another 10 guineas, when he was again vanquished; yet, like a perfect true blue, he was valiant enough to endure a third engagement, in which he was

also beaten. The Sailor displayed great bottom, and was punished severely before he gave in.

In the course of the twelvemonth, however, smarting under the recollection of defeat, Tom challenged Jack Holmes to a second trial (half-minute time), for a guinea and a half, when Jones obtained an easy conquest. This was on the 19th of December, 1786.

Aldridge, the Life-guardsmen, who had been vaunting of his great deeds of pugilism at Tom Johnson's house, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, was told by Joe Ward that he would produce a boy who should soon take the conceit out of him: accordingly, a match was made for two guineas against a watch, and Paddington Jones was brought forward as the man to accept the challenge. It was to have been decided in the street, in the first instance, but was removed to Harley Fields. On stripping, the guardsman smiled with contempt at his boy-like antagonist, and, from his long arms, had the advantage at the first part of the battle, dealing out some sharp punishment; but the science and bottom of Tom soon stopped his career. After a most desperate conflict, which was witnessed by most of the celebrated pugilists of that day, who were astonished at the intrepidity displayed by Jones, the "*boy*" succeeded in milling his opponent in sixty rounds. Joe Ward seconded Jones.

Shortly after the above circumstance, in the same fields, Jones fought one Jack Blackwell, a lime-burner, for 10 shillings; and, although the latter showed complete ruffianism in the battle, he was easily disposed of by Tom. Tom Burley, a companion of Blackwell, thought he could now vanquish Jones, and had the temerity to enter the ring, immediately on the fight being over, and challenged him for the like sum. Tom instantly accepted the cartel. Burley was also a complete ruffian, and tried what downright force could effect; but Jones so completely foiled his attacks, and returned blows with so much science and effect, that Burley was perfectly satisfied. These contests were rendered somewhat conspicuous from the celebrated Major Hanger (afterwards Lord Coleraine) and his black servant performing the office of second and bottle-holder to Jones.*

On May 14, 1792, immediately after the fight of Mendoza and Bill Warr, at Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, upon the same stage, Jones fought Caleb Baldwin. The battle was for a purse of £20, but a dispute arising between the parties, although Caleb claimed the victory, it was declared a drawn battle.

* There was a boxer at this period, Bill Jones, who fought Dunn, Tom Tyne, and Bob Watson, who has been confounded with Paddington Jones.

Soon after the above contest, Jones entered the ring in Hyde Park, with Dick Horton, a baker, for 20 guineas. The latter was considered to have some pretensions to pugilism; but Jones dealt out his hits so hard and fast, that the baker was glad to cry enough.

Jones, in company with Pardo Wilson, anxious to witness the fight between Hooper and Bunner, at Bentley Green (September 4, 1792) walked down to Colchester, and was extremely stiff from the effects of his journey. The following day, a man of the name of Abraham Challice, standing six feet high, and weighing fourteen stone (a perfect terror to the inhabitants of that part of the country from his great strength), observing Tom Jones upon the race-ground, and to show his dexterity, out of mere wantonness, endeavoured to trip up Jones's heels, and otherwise insulted him, also threatening to give him a good hiding. Tom, notwithstanding the great disparity between them, was not to be insulted with impunity, and, perhaps with more pluck than prudence, instantly showed fight. Challice laughed at him with the most sovereign contempt, bidding him get along for "a boy," or he would kick his breech for his impudence. The spectators were alarmed at the youthful appearance of Jones, who weighed but ten stone five pounds, and begged of him to desist, as the consequences might prove of the most serious nature; but Tom was not to be deterred, and soon pulled off his clothes. Upon setting-to, Challice had the advantage from his superior strength, and kept it for three rounds; but in the fourth, Jones put in a hit under Challice's ear, that knocked him down, when Tom Johnson offered to back Jones for £100. Challice, on standing up, appeared much confused, and Tom served him out in the same style, and continued punishing him every round till he could scarcely move, and he soon acknowledged he had never received such a complete milling before. The farmers and others who witnessed the contest were so pleased that this insolent fellow, who had rendered himself so disgusting about that neighbourhood, had received a good thrashing, immediately made a subscription purse, which soon amounted to 80 guineas, and presented it to Jones for his bravery.

The next day a countryman, well known in the neighbourhood of Bentley Green under the name of "Leather Jacket," mounted the stage, and, with considerable vaunting, publicly challenged any Londoner to enter the lists with him. The words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when up jumped Tom, without any consideration for his hands, which were bruised from the effects of the severe punishment he had bestowed upon the nob of Abraham Challice the preceding day, and instantly began to prepare for action. The countryman seemed thunderstruck with astonishment, and with faltering

speech exclaimed, "Na! na! you be the man that beat Ab. Challice yesterday—I mean only one but thee!" and made a hasty retreat from the stage, amid the laughter and sneers of the spectators at Leather Jacket's vain boasting.

Jones beat Keely Lyons, the Jew, at Blackheath, on the 10th of May, 1794, for a purse of 20 guineas. Tom Johnson was second to Jones. It was a well-contested battle, in which much science and bottom were displayed on both sides.

In a second attempt on a stage at Hounslow, June 22, 1795, Jones disposed of the same boxer in nine rounds, occupying sixteen minutes. Lyons was a courageous pugilist, and a boxer above mediocrity.

In the August of 1795 Jones was at Bristol, the pugilistic nursery, with Tom Johnson and other celebrities: a match for a purse with Spaniard Harris took place. After twenty minutes' fighting, Harris, during a wrangle, got hold of the purse, and bolted with it, leaving Jones and Co. "lamenting."

On the renowned Jem Belcher's appearance in the metropolis as a pugilist, Tom Jones was the man selected to have the trial set-to with him. This came off at Old Oak Common, Wormwood Scrubs, on April 12, 1799.

Belcher was seconded by Bill Warr, and Bill Gibbons acted as his bottle-holder. Jones had for his attendants, Joe Ward and Dick Hall. Belcher was, at this period, only nineteen years of age. The odds were six to four upon Jem. The spectators were much interested upon the commencement of the battle, from the very high character which had been promulgated by Bill Warr, as to the astonishing abilities that his pupil possessed, and the feats which he had achieved at Bristol. The first round, considerable science was displayed upon both sides—the experience and skill of Jones were well displayed; and the dexterity and new mode of fighting, so exclusively Belcher's own, were soon exhibited. On the termination of the first round Belcher was knocked down. The advantages in the second and third rounds were evenly balanced; but in the fourth and fifth Jones was levelled. In the sixth and seventh rounds Jones showed off in most excellent style: skill, manliness, and fortitude, no shifting, nothing shy, hugging out of the question, and hauling not resorted to: it was a clean fight throughout, stopping and hitting were the order of the day, and it might be deemed a model for pugilists in general to follow. Belcher, with all the gaiety and confidence of youth, now exhibited a new feature as a boxer. The odds had changed five to four on Jones. The eighth and ninth were spiritedly contested; but, in the tenth round, Belcher put in some tremendous hits, with the rapidity of lightning. This immediately altered the appearance of

things, Jem was looked upon as the favourite, and the odds were laid accordingly. Yet Jones nobly contested for victory for the space of thirty-three minutes, before he gave in. Jem weighed twelve stone six pounds, and Tom Jones but ten stone five pounds. It should not escape the memory, that Jones stood up to Belcher (before that distinguished pugilist lost his eye) considerably longer than any other man ever did.

In 1798 Jones was matched in London to fight George Nicholls (the conqueror of Cribb). Mendoza and Johnson took Tom down to Lansdown, near Bath, for that purpose; but upon the combatants stripping, and just as they were about commencing the set-to, the following singular circumstance occurred:—Nicholls cried out "Stop!" and observing that Jones was above his height, declared he would not fight him, and, *sans ceremonie*, immediately left the ring, to the great astonishment and disappointment of the spectators. After some years had elapsed, upon Nicholls arriving in London, a match was made for 20 guineas, and they tried their skill at Norwood, in March, 1802. Three rounds were well contested, and considerable science was displayed; but in the fourth, Nicholls ran furiously in, and getting his head between Jones's legs, and catching fast hold of both his ankles, threw Tom with considerable violence. This was deemed an infringement upon the rules of pugilism by the friends of Jones: a considerable interruption was the consequence, and the fight was at an end. The stakes were demanded on the part of Jones; but Bill Warr, who seconded Nicholls, would not suffer them to be given up. Respecting which was the best man, it was impossible to form anything like a decision. Jones, on his road home, had a turn up with a man of the name of Carter, who had insulted him about a challenge from Simpson. Tom, who was not much hurt from the above contest, set-to with good pluck, and so soon convinced Carter he was in the wrong, that he sheered off.

Isaac Bittoon, the Jew, had offered himself to Jones's notice, when Jem Belcher, who had beaten Jones, generously undertook to find him backers. Forty guineas were put down, and they met on Wimbledon Common, July 13, 1801. Jem Belcher seconded Jones. It was a severely-contested fight, but Bittoon was the heavier and stronger man, and although Tom displayed great science and courage, he was unable to come to time (half-minute) at the end of twenty-two minutes, being hit senseless.

Simpson, a pupil of Tom Johnson's, upon whom considerable expectations had been raised, was matched against Jones for 10 guineas a-side, which battle was decided on the Green, near Putney, in June 1804. It was termed a good fight, and Tom proved the conqueror.

On August 6th, 1805, Tom Jones fought another Lyons, known as "the Yokef Jew," at Hounslow, for 10 guineas a-side. This was one of the most terrible conflicts in which Tom had been engaged. Yokef was a desperate punisher, and Jones suffered severely in the fight; nevertheless Yokef gave in.

Notwithstanding the numerous lists of battles which have been mentioned, it does not appear that Paddington Jones ever made pugilism his peculiar profession, but industriously followed through life his occupation, much respected by his friends for his civility and good nature. Jones was a man of mild and civil behaviour, and for a long series of years was well known as master of the ceremonies at the Fives and Tennis Courts, as a second and an attendant upon sparring exhibitions.

As a pugilist, Jones is entitled to honourable mention; to a respectable amount of skill he united game of the first quality. He turned out several good pupils. His guard was good and his position ready, with his left arm firm and extended to protect his body from assault, while his right was on the alert to give the return. Tom was a hard hitter, used both his hands with equal facility, stood well upon his legs, and met his man with fortitude.

Notwithstanding the evident disadvantages that Jones had to contend against in his battle with Jem Belcher—the disparagement of having been severely punished in numerous battles, and other hurts from skirmishes, contrasted with Belcher who had scarcely been pinked, and was blooming from the country—Tom's conduct was far above mediocrity.

No man appeared oftener in the character of a second than Tom Jones, and few understood that duty better than himself. In most of Randall's battles Tom performed that office.

It is impossible that we can take our leave of Paddington Jones without characterising him as a brave pugilist, and well deserving to occupy a niche in the temple of fame as a straightforward, courageous, and deserving man. Jones died at his birthplace, Paddington, August 22, 1833, at the age of 67

APPENDIX TO PERIOD II.

BILL WARR, OF BRISTOL—1787-1792.

WILLIAM WARR (incorrectly spelt Ward in many chronologies, etc.) was one of the many boxers of the Bristol nursery. He was expressly brought to London to lower the pretensions of Tom Johnson, with what success we have already seen. He was five feet nine inches in height, strongly made, with symmetrical breast and arms, robust in appearance, extremely active, and altogether well framed for a pugilist. As a second, Will Warr figures in numerous fights of his period, and was of acknowledged judgment.

After his defeat by Johnson, Warr's next battle was with Wood, the coachman, December 31, 1788, at Navestock, Essex. It snowed incessantly during the combat, "yet," says the report, "the ardour of the combatants was not chilled, nor even the curiosity of the spectators damped. The snow, however, did not fail to have its effects upon the battle; for the boards of the stage being rendered extremely slippery, the pugilists were unable to keep their feet, and each in his turn, as well in giving as receiving blows, was brought to the ground. Warr fought in his usual style, with much clever shifting, and displayed great agility and science. Considering this Wood's first essay, and against one of such experience in the pugilistic art, he showed great courage and determination. He fought, however, with too much impetuosity, and by this means exposed himself to the more deliberate defence of his opponent. For the first twenty minutes the battle was most admirably contested on both sides. In five minutes after setting-to Warr succeeded in closing Wood's right eye, yet he continued the fight for half an hour with astonishing firmness, until Warr got some heavy hits in succession on the other eye, when he was forced to yield the victory.

His two defeats by Mendoza are reported in the memoir of that pugilist (pp. 76, 77).

On the 5th of May, 1789, as Bill Warr and Watson were going down to Stilton to be present at the battle between Mendoza and Humphries, he met with an unfortunate occurrence. A man of the name of Swaine, a smith, who

was an outside passenger of the same coach, having had some words with Warr about the merits of Mendoza, challenged Warr to fight. Accordingly, at the Bell Inn, Enfield, they turned out, when Warr struck him an unlucky blow in the chest: Swaine fell and instantly expired. Warr was taken into custody, and the following Sessions, at the Old Bailey, was convicted of manslaughter. The whole tenour of the evidence went to show that Warr tried everything short of cowardice to avoid the encounter.

Stanyard, of Birmingham, who had fought a draw with Andrew Gamble, an Irishman (one of Pierce Egan's Irish heroes, renowned for being beaten, despite the most wondrous qualifications*), was liberally backed against Warr for 100 guineas, and they fought at Colnbrook, October 27, 1792. We may observe that "the fight was fixed to take place at Langley Broom, but was interrupted by the interference of the magistrates, and a move took place to Colnbrook." We give, as shall be our custom, a report instead of an embellished paraphrase:—"A stage having been erected, at half-past two Stanyard ascended, accompanied by Tom Johnson as his second, and Butcher as his bottle-holder. Shortly afterwards Warr made his appearance, with Watson for his second, and Joe Ward as his bottle-holder. Captain Halliday and Mr. Sharp were chosen umpires. Mr. Harvey Aston, Lord Say and Sele, Mr. Dashwood, Sir Thomas Apreece, Colonel Hamilton, Mr. Bedingfield, and other distinguished persons were present.

At forty-six minutes to two, the combatants being prepared, set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Warr acted on the defensive; some minutes were lost in sparring, when Stanyard put in a body blow, but without much effect; they then exchanged several blows, and Warr was knocked down.

2.—Stanyard displayed superiority, and Warr fell.

3.—Warr gave his adversary a severe blow on the right cheek, which broke his jaw at the angle. It was generally allowed to be the severest blow thrown in.

4.—Notwithstanding this misfortune, Stanyard stood, and never even complained to his second. In this round Warr was knocked down.

5.—Warr was again knocked down, and at the conclusion held up his open hand to protect his face.

6.—In this round Stanyard displayed most astonishing strength, for he fairly held Warr up, struck him most severely, and threw him down on the stage with astonishing violence.

7 and 8.—Both these rounds Stanyard ter-

minated by giving his antagonist a knock-down blow.

9.—Stanyard gave Warr a severe blow under the right eye, and he again fell.

10.—This was the last and best round, being the only one of any continuance, and during which much hard fighting was displayed; Warr gave his opponent four severe blows on his broken jaw, and it finished by both coming down.

At the conclusion of this round, although they had only fought thirteen minutes, Stanyard gave in. His appearance was in his favour, but no one had any idea of the injury he had sustained. He was immediately conveyed to Colnbrook, and medical assistance procured, when it was found his jaw-bone was fractured near the articulation. Warr was in prime condition, and never displayed greater skill and courage. He challenged Tom Johnson to fight for a guinea; an empty boast, as we have elsewhere observed.

* See *Life of JIM BELCHER* in Period III.

Will Warr, miscalculating his skill, sought another trial with the accomplished Mendoza, who disposed of him in fifteen minutes (see MENDOZA). Warr became a publican at the One Tun, Jermyn Street, in after life, and seconded Jem Belcher, Tom Belcher, Henry Pearce (the Game Chicken), Mendoza, Tom Cribb, and others in important battles. In December, 1808, we find a benefit advertised at the Fives Court, for Warr, at which John Gully, Tom Cribb, Dutch Sam, Dogherty, Tom Belcher, and Richmond, set-to for the veteran. Warr died in March, 1809, and was buried in St. James's burial ground, St. Pancras.

WILL WOOD, THE COACHMAN—1788-1804.

BILL WOOD, although his defeats were preponderant, deserves honourable mention at the hands of the historian of pugilism as one of the bravest and hardiest of boxers. His opponents were the very best men of their day. Bill Warr, George the brewer, whom he beat, Hooper the tinman, Jack Bartholomew (beat), and Isaac Bittoon, were his antagonists. Wood was a fine straight-limbed man of five feet eleven inches in height, and twelve stone in weight. He fought well with both hands, and possessed unquestionable courage. His style was impetuous, and his attack formidable to all but the most skilful of defensive boxers.

Wood's *coup d'essai* was at Navestock, Essex, as "Captain Robinson's coachman," on the last day of the year 1788. Although looked upon as a novice in the art pugilistic, he tried all the skill of Bill Warr before he surrendered. (See Life of WARR, APPENDIX, p. 120).

So well had our hero acquitted himself that George the brewer (Ingleston), "renowned as a stand-up fighter," who had, as we have seen, beaten John Jackson, and Pickard (twice), having issued a challenge as Champion, it was accepted by Wood. The stake was 100 guineas, and on the 13th of February, 1793, at Hornchurch, in Essex, the men met on a stage twenty-four feet square. Wood was seconded by Joe Ward, while Dan Mendoza attended upon Ingleston. At one o'clock, the combatants, fully prepared, mounted the stage, and having shaken hands, set-to immediately. "In the first round Wood knocked down his antagonist with great violence. George rose immediately, and with inconsiderate impetuosity attacked his opponent. Wood, taking advantage of his fury and want of caution, retreated, and

put in a tremendous blow on the point of the jaw, which broke it: every spectator," says the report in "Pancratia," "heard the crush, and immediately perceived the swelling consequent on the fracture. The battle was supposed to be at an end, but George, with unsubdued courage, renewed the attack, and in the rally dealt Wood a blow upon the head which almost stunned him. The odds now rose to two to one in favour of George. However, after twenty-five minutes of severe fighting, in which George received many heavy blows about the head, he, being almost senseless, gave in." The reporter adds: "Wood was much beaten, but every one feared George would pay the forfeit of his life."

Wood's fame now stood so high, that in January, 1794, he was matched with the renowned Ben Brain (Big Ben) the Champion. Ben was now approaching his last illness, and a forfeit took place.

Our hero was not allowed to stand without a customer. Hooper was in the height of his fame, having beaten Wright and Watson, made a draw with Big Ben, and defeated Bunner and George Maddox. Yet Wood was thought by many good enough to lower his pride. They met at Hounslow, June 22, 1794, as related in the memoir of Hooper (p. 107); and Wood was beaten, but not ingloriously.

In the first month of 1797, we find Wood matched with the famous Jack Bartholomew, who had just beaten Firby (the young Ruffian). See BARTHOLOMEW, Appendix to Period III. The battle came off between Ealing and Harrow, on a stage, January 30th, 1797.* "At two o'clock the men set-to; but the amateurs were sadly disappointed. Bartholomew was sadly out of condition, and not only made no good defence against Wood's attacks, but shifted, and struck foul; repeating the offence at the end of fifteen minutes, the battle was given in favour of Wood. The Duke of Hamilton and other distinguished ring-patrons were present, and Wood told his Grace he would fight Bartholomew again in a fortnight for £500, or when he pleased, if the Duke would back him."

Wood, who was always a steady and industrious man, now retired for a while, pursuing the then flourishing avocation of a hackney-coachman, and driving his own horses and lumbering leathern convenience. He often, however, figures in the interval as second or bottle-holder in the battles of the day. Isaac Bittoon, the Jew, having beaten Paddington Jones, and fought a drawn battle with George Maddox, was anxious for a shy at Wood, now a veteran in the field; the match was long talked about, but at length

* "Boxiana" and "Fistiana" date this fight in June. January is the correct date; see "Pancratia," p. 123, and the *Daily Advertiser* of the date.

arranged for the 16th of July, 1804, for a purse of 50 guineas and some bye bets to be received by the winner. The magistrates were upon the alert, but the secret of the chosen spot was well kept, Willesden Green being named as the Campus Martius so late as the evening before the battle, which took place as early as ten o'clock on the Monday morning. It would have been well had the same secrecy and promptitude been practised in many more recent fights, which have come to grief from the publicity given to their probable whereabouts, and above all, from the abominable delays at the ring-side.

The field at Willesden was early filled, and at three quarters past ten the combatants entered "a roped-ring." Wood immediately began to strip, and appeared to be in robust condition. Bittoon followed in high spirits, and after the usual ceremony, the men set-to. Wood was defeated in thirty-six rounds, occupying fifty-six minutes; Wood, in the words of the contemporary report, "being quite worn out." (See *BIRROOM*, for the battle).

This was Wood's last appearance within the ropes. He was for many years a well-known character among the Jehus at the West End. In May of the year 1821, we find under the head of "Some Slight Sketches of Boxers, who have retired from Public Contests, on account of Age or other Infirmities," the following: "Bill Wood, the coachman, once the formidable opponent of Bill Warr, Bartholomew, George the Brewer, and Bittoon, enjoys a fine green old age, and frequently takes a peep into the Fives Court to see the young 'uns exhibit." Wood died in St. Pancras, in January, 1839, aged 64.

GEORGE INGLESTON, THE BREWER—1789-1793.

GEORGE INGLESTON, known as George the Brewer, was a powerful six-foot man, of somewhat heavy build, undoubted courage, but, like many big ones, fought slowly in comparison with lighter and more agile men. He was, however, "acknowledged to be a tremendous hard hitter," says "*Pan-cratia*." "He was first introduced to the notice of the amateurs by the celebrated Tom Johnson," says the same authority, "who tried to cultivate his powers, but did not form any high opinion of his skill. His guard was low, like his renowned master's; he never shifted, but unflinchingly met the coming blow, and trusted rather to a return than the quick and effective method of a counter hit."

We shall pass the earlier and unimportant battles of George the Brewer to some to his most important contest, that with John Jackson, which came off in presence of a distinguished company, in the yard of the Swan Inn, at Ingatestone, in Essex, on the 12th of May, 1789. Brain (Big Ben) seconded Jackson, Tom Tring (the Carlton House porter) attended upon Ingleston.

On setting-to the betting was even, but the superior skill of Jackson was evident in the first round, when after some skilful stops and parries, Jackson at the close of the round brought down the brewer. In the second and third rounds the skill and activity of Jackson brought the odds to seven to four in his favour. In this round, owing to a heavy rain which had fallen in the forenoon, the boards of the stage were extremely slippery, and in breaking ground Jackson slipped, and fell with such violence that his ankle was dislocated and the small-bone of his leg broken. There was no alternative but surrender; although the report of the day states that Jackson "offered to be fastened down to a chair (after the fashion of sailors on a chest in their boxing matches), provided the Brewer would do the like, and thus fight it out." There was pluck at any rate in the proposition; but George, who saw the stakes within grasp, was not so green as to let go "the bird in hand."

On the 23rd of October, 1789, Ingleston met and defeated Pickard, called "the Birmingham Champion." The battle took place on a twenty-four foot stage, at Banbury, in Oxfordshire. It is described in the report as a desperate stand-up fight, in which, after thirty-four minutes of "fierce" rallying, Pickard cried "enough!" and Ingleston was hailed the victor. This was fought the day after the great battle of Johnson and Perrins. See *ante*, Life of Tom JOHNSON.

Pickard was not, however, satisfied of his inferiority to George, and again found friends to back him for 50 guineas against his old opponent. They met at Shipston-upon-Stour, Staffordshire, September 25, 1791, when the former decision was re-affirmed, and Pickard cleverly defeated.

Ingleston's last battle was with Bill Wood, the coachman, at Horachurch, for 100 guineas, February 13, 1793, which will be found under the pugilistic doings of Wood (p. 122). George Ingleston, on his retirement, resumed his calling of a brewer, and was for years known as a civil and industrious man in the neighbourhood of Enfield, where one of his old patrons, Captain Brailford, held a brewery of some extent.

BOB WATSON, OF BRISTOL—1788-1791.

BRISTOL, for more than half a century renowned for its pugilistic champions, gave birth to Watson, a well-known man in the ring doings of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Watson was related by marriage to the family of the Belchers, having married the sister of Jem and Tom Belcher, while his daughter was the wife of the late Jem Burn (see vol. iii., life of BURN). Watson was another sample of a large heart in a small body. His height was no more than five feet five inches, his weight nine stone two pounds, yet by courage and science, Bob went far to compensate these deficiencies. After many provincial victories, Watson entered the ring, after the victory of Jackson over Fewterel (June 9, 1788), at Croydon, in presence of the Prince of Wales and a distinguished company. His opponent was Elisha Crabbe, an Israelite, who had won fame by defeating old Stephen Oliver, known as "Death." "This," says the reporter, "was by far the best battle of the three, and lasted three quarters of an hour. Warr seconded Watson; Ryan (the opponent of the champion) attended upon Crabbe. Watson, though much the smaller man, displayed great science and activity, and in the end proved the conqueror."

The skill and courage exhibited by Watson on this occasion, led to his being noticed by Jackson, then in high patronage. He was accordingly selected to contend with Bill Jones, mentioned under TYNE (p. 128).* The battle came off before the Prince, Colonel Hanger, and other guests at the Pavilion, and residents at Brighton, August 6th, 1788. The battle was spirited and scientific for about fifteen minutes, but so much to the advantage of Watson that Jones fell from weakness, and got down suspiciously more than once. (It must be remembered that only a month had elapsed since he was defeated by Tyne). At the end of eighteen minutes, Watson having hit him down heavily with both hands, Jones surrendered.

A strong outsider, named Anderson, a tinman, from the "land o' cakes," challenged Watson, and the day was fixed for April 25, 1789; accordingly the men met at Langley Broom, near Colnbrook, on the Windsor Road. Watson went in so resolutely that Anderson fell in two minutes, and nothing could induce him again to face his antagonist. The reporter adds, "the amateurs complained loudly that Anderson had played *cross*."† A

* "Boxiana" confounds him with Tom (Paddington) Jones.

† Though Anderson was not, or pretended not to be, good enough for Watson, Lord Barrymore, who saw the fight, matched him for 80 guineas against Tom Tigh, an Oxford bargee. They fought on Warguer Green, Berks, January 4, 1790, when Anderson knocked the barge-man almost out of time in the third round, six minutes only having elapsed.

second fight was got up for a purse between Joe Ward and Townsend, which Joe won in twenty minutes; Townsend being *said* to have broken his arm.

Watson's next encounter was with the formidable Hooper, by whom he was defeated, after a long fight of 150 minutes and 160 rounds, at Langley Broom, February 17, 1790. (See HOOPER, p. 105.)

A townsman of Watson's, and a brother "kill-bull," of the name of Davies, proposed a "passage of arms" to our hero, and despite disparity of weight and size, Bob accepted the cartel. They met at Coalharbour, Gloucestershire, January 10, 1791. Watson was the favourite at long odds; but after the first ten minutes they changed rapidly. Bob's science and shifting did not avail against the strength and quickness of Davis, who was by no means destitute of skill. Though at such a disadvantage, however, Watson never lost heart, and disputed every inch of ground with firmness and occasional advantage for three quarters of an hour, despite the remonstrances of his second, Bill Warr, till he could no longer stand. His second then gave in for him. Bob's appearance upon any stage raised his character even in defeat.

Watson now returned to the regular pursuit of his trade, and was in business as a master butcher in Bristol for more than forty years from this period. He still took an interest in matters pugilistic, as we shall see incidentally in these pages, and often seconded, more especially in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Watson frequently gave expositions of the art on the stage of the Bristol theatre and in London. In 1810 he was engaged at Covent Garden with the younger Warr (son of Will Warr) and demonstrated the art in a scene in the pantomime. Warr, in an impetuous onset, knocked out one of Watson's teeth, who proposed a combat then and there. This would have been an unrehearsed effort, and was of course prevented. Bob threw up his engagement, but was pacified by having another boxer to perform with him. He died in September, 1837, aged 71 years, generally respected.

TOM TYNE, "THE TAILOR"—1788-1792.

Among the minor pugilists, Tom Tyne deserves a passing notice. The vulgar proverb of "nine tailors make a man" found its exception in this small-sized but large-souled boxer, who always fought "up-hill" against weight and inches, displaying much science, and in those rough days what was called too much "shiftiness." Tyne's first recorded fight came off at

Croydon on the 1st of July, 1788, for 50 guineas. His opponent was Bill Jones, a powerful boxer, and who had earned a name by defeating Dunn, a clumsy and game Irishman, in Bloomsbury Fields, in 1786, besides other bye-battles. On this occasion Jones was seconded by Joe Ward, and Tyne by the renowned Tom Johnson. As it is our plan nothing to extenuate nor set down aught in malice, we shall, as is our practice, where possible, print the contemporary report.

"Tyne evidently possessed the advantage in science, independent of his great superiority arising from the shy mode of shifting and dropping. Jones, on the contrary, stood manfully up to his man, and made many dexterous efforts, which, however, were frustrated by the illusive and evasive system of his antagonist, who always fell whenever he received or put in a blow. Jones had in point of beating the worst of the battle, but still the best prospect of ultimate success, from his superior strength and bottom; until by following up a blow too far, he struck his antagonist unfairly, somewhere about the waistband of the breeches, when Tyne was immediately declared the conqueror."

Tom's next display was in the presence of royalty, and proved most unfortunate in its result. On August 6th, 1788, the Grand Stand on Brighton Race-course was crowded with nobility and gentry to witness the decision of three matches on a stage erected for that purpose. The Prince of Wales and a large party from the Pavilion were present. The first combatants were Bill Jones, already mentioned, and Watson, of Bristol (see WARSON); the second, Joe Ward and Reynolds (see WARD); the third, between our hero and Earl.

This contest, unhappily for Tom, ended in a fatal accident. Earl was a powerful rustic, far heavier and taller than Tom, whose height was five feet seven inches, and weight nine stone seven pounds. Earl from his appearance was the favourite at odds, and "was becoming triumphant very fast, when Tyne struck him a sharp left-handed blow on the side of the head, which drove him against the rail of the stage. He fell insensible, and immediately expired. The Prince of Wales, greatly to his honour," adds the reporter, "immediately settled an annuity on the wife and family of Earl, and took the determination never to be present at another pugilistic contest." We hope the first promise was kept better than the second, otherwise the prince's annuity was merely another stone in the pavement of that place where "good intentions" are said to make the roadway smooth.

Tom was now matched against a clever boxer, Eliash Crabbe, the Jew, who had earned some fame by beating "Old Oliver," as he was termed.

The battle took place in a field adjoining Boston Moor, on Monday, March 24, 1790. We copy the report from the *Daily Advertiser*.

"Tyne had Johnson for his second, and James, the waterman, for his bottle-holder. Lee seconded the Jew, and Joe Ward held the bottle. At about half-past two the contending bruisers appeared, amidst at least 2,000 spectators, and on stripping, six to four was betted in favour of the tailor.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—There was some extremely good sparring; they both closed, and Crabbe fell, but gave his adversary a severe blow on the nose which produced great effusion of blood.

8.—The Jew gave his opponent a real knock-down blow, and fell upon him.

14.—Tyne again fell by his antagonist's blow.

16.—Tyne received another knock-down blow, but gave the Jew a most severe cut on the left eye, and another on the mouth.

18.—Tyne dropped, and it was generally considered by design; great cry of "foul, foul," and the odds sunk five to four on the tailor.

23.—Was the best round during the contest, and in which science was most admirably

displayed by both combatants; it lasted above a minute, and afforded some most skilful blows.

32.—Crabbe fell by a severe blow on the eye.

33.—Tyne most adroitly fell, and his antagonist making a severe blow, flew over him, and falling on the stage, cut his face dreadfully.

39.—This was the last round; Tyne again fell by a slight blow, and Crabbe was so exhausted that he fell on his belly, being utterly incapable of standing the contest any longer. In the intermediate rounds there was good sparring, but no blows of consequence.

"The battle lasted thirty-five minutes. Crabbe sparred the best, but Tyne never failed to make his blows tell, notwithstanding he frequently fell himself. The Jew several times attempted to chop, but in this failed. Johnson on this occasion displayed most excellent qualities as a second, and the event of the contest depended much on his conduct."

Tom's next appearance was in the ring in Hyde Park, on Friday, December 31, 1792. Firby, previously known as "Jack the waiter," from his being employed in that capacity, at the London Tavern, though a civil fellow, had earned the title of "The Young Ruffian," from his victory over Symonds, "The Old Ruffian," in the previous year. Firby made a severe fight with Tyne, and, despite Tom's cleverness in shifting and dropping, managed to force the fighting so cleverly, that he beat him off in twenty-two minutes.

Tom Tyne has two fights with Mendoza credited to his name in "Fistiana," which appear nowhere in "the books." This was Tyne's last public appearance as a principal. He is named once or twice afterwards as a second. He returned to his trade, and became "*Sartor Resartus*."

SYMONDS, NICKNAMED "THE RUFFIAN." 1791-1795.

THE repulsive *sobriquet* given to this boxer had, we find from contemporary authority, no relation to his personal appearance, nor to his ordinary behaviour, but was merely applied in ring slang to his mode of attacking his opponents in the twenty-four feet square, in defiance of mathematics called "the ring." The ugly part of his cognomen descended to his juvenile conqueror, Firby, the waiter, who was designated "the Young Ruffian," and Symonds thereafter was known by the epithet of "the Old Ruffian."

Symonds' first recorded ring fight was with Bill Jackling (called Ginger, from the colour of his hair), brother to the renowned Tom Johnson, the champion. This took place at Wrotham in Kent, on January 17, 1791, after his brother had been defeated by Big Ben (see *ante*, p. 68). It was a severe fight for twenty-three minutes, when Symonds was hit out of time.

His next encounter was at Fenner's cricket ground, Uxbridge, with Gowlett, for 10 guineas, on the 22nd June, 1791. The battle was got up as a sort of compensation for the disappointment of the amateurs who were about to journey to Stokenchurch, Oxfordshire, to witness the battle between Dan Mendoza and Bill Warr. The Oxfordshire magistrates, however, had given notice of their intention to stop the "big" fight, and it was postponed. (See Life of MENDOZA, *ante*, p. 76.) The men fought on the turf. The opponent of Symonds, Gowlett, was a big countryman of provincial repute. Symonds, who was more practised than his huge opponent, delivered heavily, and then, *à la* Bendigo, found his way cleverly to the ground. In the words of the report, "Symonds sprung in, struck, and then fell, without being struck in return." This is very obscure. However, "Gowlett, being irritated, kicked him as he lay on the ground. This decided the battle immediately in favour of Symonds." We should think so. What follows is curious: "Many bets were paid; but after a consultation, the amateurs deciding it to be a drawn battle, the bets were refunded." Our grandfathers were somewhat at sea as to betting law. However, as the Duke of Hamilton, Alderman Macauley, and other "distinguished patrons" were present, we suppose they acted equitably, according to their view of the case.

A fine young fellow, Jack Firby, a waiter at the London Tavern, met Symonds for a stake at Wimbledon, on the Ridgway, August 2, 1791, and defeated him, after a slashing fight of forty-five minutes.

On Saturday, December 4, 1792, Symonds fought a most resolute battle of two hours with George Maddox at Datchet Sward, Berks, resulting in a draw. (See MADDOX, *post*, p. 206.)

Symonds' last appearance in the ring was on the 15th of April, 1795, when he fought a draw with a Jew, called Ugly Baruk, at Hornchurch; it lasted half an hour. For some years Symonds was an attendant at the Fives Court, and elsewhere, and was, like Firby, a good-tempered, obliging fellow, always ready to lend a hand to a brother pugilist in distress. Symonds died in 1820.

PERIOD III.—1798-1809.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF TOM CRANE.

CHAPTER I.

JEM BELCHER (CHAMPION)—1798-1809.

ON the roll of fistic heroes to whom Bristol has given birth, the name of JEM BELCHER may claim precedence. He came of a good fighting stock, being descended by the mother's side from the renowned Jom Slack, the conqueror of Broughton, the former being the grandsire of the subject of this memoir.

On his first appearance in the London ring, he was justly considered a phenomenon in the pugilistic art. Jem's height was five feet eleven and a half inches; his weight under twelve stone. Though graceful and finely proportioned, he had none of those muscular exaggerations in his form when stripped, and still less when attired, which go, in the artistic as well as the popular notion, to make up a Hercules. Jem was formed more after the sculptor's Apollo than the not-very-accurate classical idea, derived from bronze and marble, of a gladiator. In horse, as in man, this antique blunder is laughed at by those who have read and seen something more than Greek and Latin books or monuments can teach them. The horses of the Parthenon might do for Pickford's vans, "a black job," or a man in armour in my Lord Mayor's show (and they would not carry *him* well); while Jem Belcher, Henry Pearce, Tom Spring, Jem Ward, or Tom Sayers, could thrash all your shoulder-tied, muscle-knotted, chairman-calved Milos that ever didn't do the impossibles which ancient poets and fabulists, called historians, have attributed to them in verse and prose. But this is digression, and we return.

James Belcher struggled into the battle of life in St. James's Churchyard, Bristol, on the 15th of April, 1781. He there, for some time, followed the



JAMES BELCHER, OF BRISTOL (CHAMPION OF ENGLAND), 1798-1809

occupation of a butcher, and early signalised himself by feats of pugilism and activity at Lansdown Fair.* At twenty years of age his skill with the gloves was the talk of the town, and he baffled the cleverest professors of the old school on their visits to Bristol, which were then neither few nor far between. His method appeared so peculiarly his own that it looked like intuition, and some of the "ould 'uns" who were sceptical as to his prowess, would not believe in it until they had experienced in their own persons the irresistibility of his attack and the cleverness of his almost invulnerable and ever-varying defence. Gaiety and intrepidity were combined in Jem's style with curious felicity, and the rapidity with which he "got in" upon his opponent, the skill with which he retreated, armed at all points, and the masterly manner in which he "got out of trouble," to the surprise of his assailant, were truly astonishing—in two words, Jem Belcher was a "natural fighter," perfected by the practice of his art.

The first recorded fight of Belcher was with Britton, a pugilist of some notoriety, who afterwards contended with Dutch Sam; the contest took place near Bristol, on the 6th of March, 1798; it was a sharp and severe contest, in which Belcher, the boy of seventeen, disposed of his antagonist in thirty-three minutes, Britton being beaten to a stand-still, to the utter surprise of the spectators.

Our hero now came up to town, where his reputation accompanied him; being introduced to old Bill Warr, who then kept a house in Covent Garden, the "ould 'un" had a mind to judge personally of the merits of the young aspirant for pugilistic fame, and accordingly put on the gloves with him for a little "breathing" in his (Warr's) own dining-room. The veteran, who in his best days was no Belcher, was so astounded at Jem's quickness in hitting and recovering guard, that he puffed out, as he reeled against one of his tables, impelled thither by a "Belcherian" tip, "That'll do; this youngster can go in with any man in the kingdom!" Jem quietly observed, during the discussion after dinner, "I could have done better, sir, but I was afraid I might hit you too hard, and that you would be offended."—"Oh!" cried the undaunted veteran, "I was never afraid of a crack, my boy, and am not now; we'll have a round, and you may do your best." So saying, they instantly set-to, when Jem, almost at the request of his host, quietly hit him down several times, despite of the "ould 'un's" attempts at stopping or countering. Warr was fully satisfied of Belcher's talents; they sat down sociably, and Bill offered to back the young Bristolian against anything on the pugilistic list.

* See *Life of GULLY*, *post*.

Tom Jones, of Paddington, whose career closed the final chapter of the Second Period, was selected as the trial-horse of the new competitor in the race for fame and its more substantial rewards. The battle took place on Wormwood Scrubbs, on the 12th of April, 1799, for 25 guineas aside. The peculiar features of Belcher's science were well displayed; and although Jones contended for victory with desperate determination, unflinching courage, and no small amount of skill and readiness, he was doomed to "pale his ineffective fires" before the rising luminary of Belcher's fame. Thirty-three minutes of courageous and determined fighting placed the future champion's star in the ascendant.

Jack Bartholomew, a pugilist whose victories over the gluttonous Firby (known as the "Young Ruffian"), Tom Owen, and others, had placed him high in the estimation of "the fancy," was now picked out as a customer very likely to try the mettle of Belcher. Bartholomew was in high favour among the ring-goers, his weight between twelve and thirteen stone, his qualifications considerable, and his game of the first order. The stakes in the first instance were small, being but £20 a-side, owing to the affair arising out of a longing desire on the part of Bartholomew to try his skill with the Bristol "Phenomenon," he himself feeling no apprehension as to the result. He accordingly challenged Jem for this sum, offering to "fight him for love," rather than lose the opportunity of a "shy." The mill came off, almost extemporaneously, August 15, 1799, at George's Row, on the Uxbridge Road, and was so severely and evenly contested (Belcher was declared to be out of condition), that neither could be declared the conqueror. Towards the end of the fight Bartholomew was so completely exhausted that he fainted away, and could not come to time; and Jem so much done up, that it was with difficulty he was got up to the scratch. In fact, both men were out of time. Bartholomew, in the interval, recovering a little from his weakness, insisted upon renewing the combat, when the ring was again made; but he staggered about without command of himself, and appeared literally stupid. His game was so good, but his state so pitiable, that Cullington,* feeling for his bravery, exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Jem, don't hit him!" upon which Belcher merely pushed him down; in fact, he was himself so exhausted as to be unable to make an effectual hit. The umpires pronounced it a drawn battle; and the stakes, which were held by Bill Gibbons's brother, were drawn the same night at Cullington's.

As Bartholomew possessed pluck of the first order, it was not to be sup-

* Cullington was a sporting publican, landlord of the Black Bull, in Tottenham Court Road, a personal friend and backer of Jem Belcher, then called "The Bristol Youth."

posed the matter would rest here; accordingly the world pugilistic was soon on the *qui vive* for another match, which was arranged for 300 guineas. This was fought upon a stage on Finchley Common, on Thursday, May 15, 1800. Bartholomew was at this time 37 years of age, Belcher just turned 20.

The combatants mounted the stage at half-past one o'clock, and little time was lost in preliminaries. Bartholomew had determined that sparring should avail Belcher but little, and ding-dong rushes were the game he had resolved on. Belcher, even in the early rounds of the fight, exhibited the tactics, afterwards conspicuous in some of Cribb's battles, of "milling on the retreat;" but Bartholomew would not be denied, and seconded by his great strength and weight, he got in, planted upon Belcher, and hit him clean down with such violence, as to induce his over-sanguine friends to start off an express, per pigeon, to London, with the intelligence of their man's victory. They were, however, premature, for Jem, taught by experience, did not give Bartholomew a chance of thus stealing a march on him; after pinking Bartholomew once or twice, he warded off his lunge, and catching him cleverly, threw him so dreadful a cross-buttock, that he was never entirely himself again during the fight. The odds now changed. Yet Bartholomew bravely contended, disputing every round with unyielding firmness, till the close of the seventeenth round, and the expiration of twenty minutes, when Belcher floored him with so terrific a body blow that all was U-P. The contest, considering the shortness of its duration, was considered the most desperate which had been witnessed for many years, and the loser was severely punished. It is erroneously stated in "*Boxiana*" (p. 129, vol. i.) that Belcher and Bartholomew fought again; but no date or place is mentioned, nor did any such battle ever come off. "Immediately after the fight," says the report, "Bartholomew was taken into custody on a judge's warrant, for breaking the peace before the expiration of his bond. He was brought to town in a coach, but bailed out immediately."

Andrew Gamble, the "Irish champion," was now backed by several influential amateurs to enter the lists with Belcher. Accordingly a match was made for 100 guineas, to be decided on Wimbledon Common, on Monday, December 22, 1800; and on that day vehicles of all descriptions, and crowds of pedestrians, flocked to witness this combat.

The journals of the day give on many occasions a sort of *Morning Post* list of "fashionables" on these occasions. On the present we find enumerated Lord Say and Sele, Colonels Montgomery and Ogle, Captain Desmond, Squire Mountain, Messrs. Cullington, Lee, Kelly, Aldridge, etc.; and among

the professionals, John Jackson, Paddington Jones, Bill Gibbons, Caleb Baldwin, etc.

Belcher entered the ring about twelve o'clock, accompanied by his second, Joe Ward, with Bill Gibbons as his bottle-holder, and Tom Tring as an assistant. Mendoza was second to Gamble; his bottle-holder, Coady; and old Elisha Crabbe as deputy. Messrs. Mountain, Lee, and Cullington were chosen umpires; the latter also was stake-holder.

Notwithstanding Gamble had beat Noah James, the Cheshire champion, a pugilist who had been successful in seventeen pitched battles, and whose game was said to be superior to any man in the kingdom, still the bets from the first making of the match were six to four in favour of Belcher; and Bill Warr, before the combatants stripped, offered twenty-five guineas to twenty. On stripping, Gamble appeared much the heavier man, and his friends and countrymen offered five to four on him; but that was by no means the opinion of the London cognoscenti. A few minutes before one the fight commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—After some sparring, Gamble made play, but was prettily parried by Belcher, who, with unequalled celerity, planted in return three severe facers: they soon closed, and Belcher, being well aware of the superiority of his opponent's strength, dropped. (The Paddies, in their eagerness to support their countryman, here offered five to four.)

2.—Belcher, full of spirit, advanced towards Gamble, who retreated. Jem made a feint with his right hand, and with his left struck Gamble so severely over the right eye, as not only to close it immediately, but knock him down with uncommon violence. (Two to one on Belcher.)

3.—Gamble again retreated, but put in several severe blows in the body of his antagonist with some cleverness. Belcher, by a sharp hit, made the claret fly copiously; but Gamble, notwithstanding, threw Belcher with considerable violence, and fell upon him cross-ways. (The odds rose four to one upon Jem.)

4.—Belcher, full of coolness and self-possession, showed first-rate science. His blows were well directed, and severe, particularly one in the neck, which brought Gamble down. (Ten to one Belcher was the winner.)

5th and last round.—Gamble received two such blows that struck him all of a heap—one in the mark, that nearly deprived him of breath, and the other on the side, which instantly swelled considerably. Gamble fell almost breathless, and when "time" was called, gave in. It is reported that not less than £20,000 changed hands on this occasion. The Irish were full of murmurings at Gamble's conduct, who was beaten in five rounds, and in the short space of nine minutes! Gamble fought very badly. From his former experience much was expected, but he appeared utterly confused at his opponent's quickness. Belcher treated Gamble's knowledge of the art with the utmost contempt.

It may be worth noticing that the "Pride of Westminster," in after years known as Caleb Baldwin, described in the report as a "dealer in greens," polished off a big Irishman, named Kelly, in fifteen minutes, twelve rounds, for a purse of 20 guineas, in the same ring.

While Belcher was witnessing the battle between Bittoon the Jew and Tom Jones, on Wimbledon Common, on Monday, July 13, 1801, Joe Berks, who

was excited and quarrelsome, made a disturbance in the outer ring,* and offensively called out, "Where's young Jem Belcher? where's your champion?" Jem went up to him and asked him what he wanted; the reply to which was a blow, cleverly warded off. A fierce set-to followed, for Jem was *semper paratus*, when Berks displayed so much courage and strength, that the spectators did not know what to think about the finish of this impromptu affair. The combat lasted nineteen minutes, and although Berks was beaten, an opinion became prevalent that had not Belcher applied all he knew of the science, and Berks fought, as it was termed, "hand over hand," there was great probability of Jem's falling before the resolute onslaught of the Shropshire man.

Berks having shown so much game under such evident disadvantages, Lord Camelford determined to back him for a second combat in a more regular manner, for 100 guineas. He was accordingly put out to nurse; a teacher appointed to initiate him into the mysteries of the science; and it was reported of Berks that he was a promising child—took his food regularly, minded what his master said to him, and, for the short time that he had taken to study, great improvement was visible. Berks ultimately turned out one of the most troublesome customers, and the hardest to be disposed of, that ever entered the lists with Belcher.

On Saturday, September 12, 1801, Belcher met Berks, at the Cock, in Sun Street, Spitalfields, when Jem accepted his formal challenge for 100 guineas, and seven days after, on the 19th, they met at the same house, to proceed to the battle-field—a rare instance of promptitude and eagerness on both sides; but the police having scent of the affair, a magistrate's warrant

* Pierce Egan says, "a man of the name of Bourke, a butcher." Much confusion has been occasioned by the absurd penchant of "the historian" (as Pierce was wont to style himself) to Hibernicise and appropriate to Ireland the names and deeds of fictitious heroes. Tests his twist of "the Streatham Youth" into O'Neale, his ludicrous magniloquence in the case of several Irish roughs in "Boxiana," on whom he has expended his slang panegyric (see CORCORAN, GAMBLE, HATTON, O'DONNELL, etc.), and his thousand and one claims of "Irish descent" for most of his heroes. Joe Berks (spelt Bourke or Burke in "Boxiana" and "Fistiana") was a native of Wem, in Shropshire. He was a powerful heavy made man, a little short of six feet high, and weighing fourteen stone. His career was unfortunate, from being pitted against such phenomena of skill as Jem Belcher and Henry Pearce, for his game and strength were unimpeachable. From "Panoravia," p. 126, under date of September, 18, 1797, we learn that Joe Berks was a cooper, and that at that date he fought one Christian, a shoemaker, and much fancied as a boxer by the sons of Crispin, a severe battle in Hyde Park. The contest lasted fifty-five minutes, during which there were twenty-two rounds of hard boxing. Berks, despite a wrangle for a "foul," was declared the conqueror. Berks' subsequent pugilistic career will be read in the memoirs of his conqueror. His successive defeats by Belcher, Pearce, and Deplige, and his violent temper, lost his patrons, and he sunk into poverty. A dishonest act, under the influence, as it was urged in his defence, of liquor, led to his imprisonment. Here one firm friend of the unfortunate stepped forward, John Jackson, who, by petition, procured his liberation. Berks enlisted, and when his kind benefactor last heard of him he held the position of non-commissioned officer in the Grenadier company of a regiment serving under the Duke of Wellington (Sir Arthur Wellesley) in Spain.

was issued, and the battle postponed to the 12th of the next month. As there is no trace of these proceedings in "Boxiana," and they are amusing as well as curious to the ring-goer, showing the disappointments and *modus operandi* of the ring in the olden times, we reprint the account from a contemporary newspaper; and as a specimen of what then was thought smart writing in the fashionable world.

"On Monday (12th October, 1801), as had been agreed upon, the long-expected battle between James Belcher and Joseph Bourkes (Joe Berks) was to have taken place at Enfield, but much to the chagrin of the amateurs and lovers of the pugilistic art, it was prevented by the interposition of Mr. Ford, the magistrate of Bow Street, who, having received information of the intended combat, issued a warrant against Belcher, and on the Sunday night previous Townsend took him into limbo. Many circumstances combined to excite a most extraordinary degree of expectation, and produced a multitudinous attendance on this attractive occasion. The late ratification of peace had tended to annihilate fighting;* conversation which had been so lively supported by the race of two famous horses, Sir Solomon and Cock-fighter, had now become exhausted in the sporting circle; the combatants being of the highest renown in the science, could not fail to animate every amateur; and, to add still greater numbers to the assembly, a violent thunder-storm on the Saturday night had kept the heroes, who on that evening enjoy themselves, altogether inactive. All the loose cash, all the turbulence that had been amassed that night, now prompted by curiosity, broke forth with increased avidity. The 'fight' was the very goal of attraction; it consolidated every vagrant wish, every undecided mind, and every idle hope.

"This match first became the subject of contemplation from an accidental skirmish during the fight between Bittoon and Tom Jones, at Wimbledon, in which, although Berks seemingly had the worst of it, the amateurs considered it as a matter of surprise; and no previous training having taken place on either side, much consequence was not attached to the defeat, nor was it considered decisive of the merits of the rival heroes. Many knowing ones indeed conceived that Berks got thrashed in this contest only through his own rashness, and entertaining flattering hopes of his powers, took him into private nursing. Raw eggs to improve his wind, and raw beef to make him savage, were the glorious non-naturals that composed his regimen, and in all his exercises he topped even expectation's self. All this was done in the anxious trust that Belcher would be backed with great odds, as he was

* Alluding to the treaty of Amiens with Napoleon I., the preliminaries of which were signed October 1, 1801.

thought to be the favourite with all, excepting those in the secret. They, however, did not manage with all that address which experience proves so requisite to gull the world; it soon spread that Berks had been in training, and had considerably improved in his sparring. Odds then took a contrary direction, but when the amateurs who con o'er these sublime subjects began to consider that Belcher, although not in training, had lived temperately, was in good condition, and full of stiff meat, he again became the favorite, and on the ground six to four were the standing odds.

"The hours appointed in the articles for the decision of the contest were between twelve and two. At about one o'clock Berks appeared on the stage, stripped, and began to show play for the amusement of his friends, who did not forget to make the welkin ring with their plaudits; however, Belcher not ascending the stage as expected, he dressed himself again, amidst cries of 'Where is Belcher?' Berks immediately assumed the attitude, not of a fighter, but of an orator, and in the following eloquent manner addressed the multitude:—

"'Gemmen, I com'd here, d'ye see, to fight Jim Belcher. I'm here, and he isn't. I wish he had; for, on the word of a butcher, I'd have cleaved his calf's head, and given him such a chop in the kidneys, as would soon have brought him on his marrow bones.'

"The cry of 'Where is Belcher?' still continued, when Gamble, the Irish bruiser, came forward—'Where is he? why at Bow-street, to be sure; he was grabbed on the road.' This was not the fact, but something near it. The suspense, however, was not of long duration: two friends of Jemmy's arrived with the sad and melancholy tidings of the 'queer tip' he had met with the last night.

"Bill Warr, Gamble, Lee, Jackson, many amateurs, and the usual number of pickpockets, were present."

On Wednesday, November 25th, 1801, this oft postponed contest was brought to a decision. The greatest secrecy was observed, and "it was only on the Tuesday afternoon that the field of battle was precisely determined on. A stage was erected at Hurley Bottom, four and a-half miles from Maidenhead, between the Henley and Reading roads, thirty-two miles from Hyde Park turnpike.

"At ten minutes after twelve Belcher made his appearance, accompanied by his second, Joe Ward, and by a Bristol youth, as his bottle-holder, who was unknown to the London bruisers. He immediately began to strip, and when prepared, took the precaution of particularly examining the stage, lest any roughness or nail might do him an eventual injury. Shortly after Berks

appeared, attended by Harry Lee, as his second, and George Rhodes, his bottle-holder.

"The combatants shook hands, and immediately set to. *Bots*, seven to four and two to one on Belcher."

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Several severe blows were exchanged. Berks showed in better style than usual. He put in a well directed hit under his antagonist's right eye, who staggered. The men closed, and both fell.

2, 3, and 4.—During these rounds neither combatant displayed science, notwithstanding some good blows were reciprocally given and received.

5.—Belcher made a feint with his left hand, and with his right put in so sharp a hit on the nose of his opponent, that he laid it open, and brought him down with great violence. (*Bots* ten to one offered, but refused.)

6.—Much sly fighting, Berks keeping out at distance. Belcher at length struck Berks over the forehead, and cut him again severely; the blood now issued so freely from his wounds, that Lee could scarcely find handkerchiefs sufficient to keep him clean.

7 and 8.—Little done; Belcher propped Berks, who fell.

9.—Berks being the stronger man, rushed in, got a hold, and threw his antagonist with great violence.

13.—This was the best contested round throughout the battle, and was truly desperate fighting.

16.—At the conclusion of this round Berks was quite exhausted, and it is but justice to his gallantry and courage to record that, although in so dreadful a state, he refused to give in, and the yielding word was uttered by his second.

REMARKS.—"The battle, which undoubtedly was the most desperately contested of any since that of Big Ben and Johnson in

the year 1791, lasted twenty-five minutes; but although it displayed the height of courage on both sides, it was by no means so gratifying to the scientific amateur as many battles of the old school; very few straight blows were struck, but both the combatants fought round, and made a hugging fight of it.

"Berks was much cut and dreadfully bruised in the body. During the fight he displayed wonderful activity and bottom, but not an equal portion of skill. At the conclusion he was immediately put into a post-chaise, but very cruelly left there until after the decision of another battle, and then conveyed to town.

"Belcher appeared not the least hurt, and declared he never felt a blow during the whole of the battle; he was very highly elated by having gained the laurel, and still more perhaps the stake. He challenged Mendoza, who was present, and offered to fight him in a month for 300 to 200 guineas. To this bravado, Mendoza, greatly to his commendation, calmly answered, that he had given up the pugilistic profession; that he supported by his exertions, as landlord of the Lord Nelson, in Whitechapel, a family of six children. There was only one man he would fight, which was Jackson; his unhandsome and unfair conduct in a prior contest having excited his greatest indignation." Dan ended a wily speech by declaring he would fight Jackson for 100 guineas, with a proviso that he should not avail himself of what he called the "base and cowardly advantage" of holding the hair of his antagonist. See MENDOZA, *ante*, p. 79.

Caleb Baldwin, on this occasion also, added a second fight to the day's proceedings, his antagonist being Lee, the butcher, whom he beat in twenty-three minutes.—See Life of CALEB BALDWIN, Appendix to Period IV.

Lord Say and Sele, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, Sir Thomas Apreece, Colonel Montgomery, Captain Taylor, and other distinguished amateurs, were among the spectators.

We read in the newspapers of the day that "Lord Radnor, as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Berks., soon after the fight, issued warrants for the apprehension of James Belcher and Joseph Berks, as combatants, and

Harry Lee and Joe Ward, the seconds, 'for unlawfully assembling and publicly fighting at Hurley, in the county of Berkshire.' They were taken into custody, and on Friday, January 29th, 1802, Belcher, Lee, and Ward, appeared at Bow Street, before Mr. Bond, and Mr. Reed, of Chelsea, with their bail (Mr. Brown, and Mr. Evans, an oyster merchant in Hungerford Market), where they entered into sureties for their appearance to answer this charge in the county of Berks., themselves in £200, and their bail in £100 each. Poor Berks was most shamefully deserted and neglected by all his friends, in this hour of need, and not being able to procure bail, remained 'in durance vile' at the common gaol of Reading."

The then chief magistrate of Bow-street seems to have been particularly busy in the proceedings of Belcher, for we find, in the interim between his bail and surrender, that he stopped even a sparring match. "On Tuesday, April 6th, 1802, Belcher had announced a display of the art of self-defence, at a public-house called the Peahen, in Gray's Inn Lane. Gamble, Belcher, and several pugilists of fame set-to, and highly diverted an immense concourse of persons until about ten o'clock, when Mr. Bond having received information, despatched officers, who very kindly paid them a visit, and took into custody not only the principals but the whole of the company, and lodged them in the Compter for the night." The paragraph writer then becomes clumsily facetious about the appropriate transfer of the population of the Peahen to the Poultry Compter.*

In May, 1802, "on the last day of the Quarter Sessions at Newbury, Belcher, Joe Ward, and Harry Lee, appeared with their bail," and poor Berks was brought up from the gaol. Jem's aristocratic patrons had been busy, for we read, "Mr. Dundas, the Chairman of the Sessions, addressed them: he said the prosecution was at the instance of the county, but had been moved by certiorari into the Court of King's Bench. He admonished them to leave off the pugilistic profession, and particularly directed his observations to Belcher, of whose generally peaceable conduct he had heard so favourable a report. The Court was very highly pleased at the respectful manner in which they all surrendered themselves to the laws of their country; and it was understood, that unless they were again sufficiently atrocious to violate them, they would not be called upon to answer for their misconduct."

At the latter end of this month, May, notwithstanding this advice, the following paragraph appeared in the *Oracle*: "Belcher and Berks have been unatched at Newmarket by Captain Fletcher and Fletcher Reid, Esq., for

* The old city house of detention and correction was so called; its successor, the "Giltspur Street Compter," is now also demolished, and its prisoners sent to Holloway.

200 guineas a-side. Belcher has already set off to Yorkshire, to put himself in training, accompanied by Joe Ward, and Berks remains in the neighbourhood of Newmarket for the same purpose. The battle is agreed to take place within six weeks, but where or when will be kept as much a secret as possible."

The best accounts of the disappointments these olden gymnasts met with in their attempts to decide this contest, may be collected from the following excerpts:—

BELCHER AND BERKS.

From the YORK HERALD.

"The boxing match made some time since, at Newmarket, to be fought by the above named, it was agreed by the parties, should be decided on Thursday, June 17, between the hours of twelve and two, at the village of Grewelthorpe, about six miles from Ripon. The above village is in the West Riding; the division of that part of the county and the North Riding taking place there. Accordingly, on the morning of Thursday, a stage was erected at the bottom of a close adjoining the house of Mr. Pickersgill; the money, amounting to £1,450 a-side, deposited by the parties, and every necessary preparation made. In consequence of information having been previously sent to the magistrates, the Very Reverend the Deans of Ripon and Middleham, with several of the justices for the North and West Ridings, attended at Grewelthorpe, and signified their determination to put a stop to all such outrageous proceedings; but finding that the business was likely to be proceeded with, and that a number of people were assembling, they ordered the Riot Act to be read, which was accordingly done about twelve o'clock, by Mr. Taylors, the Town Clerk. However, between one and two o'clock, Belcher, with his second, etc., went upon the stage, and was followed by Berks, upon which Mr. Trapps went down to inform them, that if they did not instantly quit the stage, and the neighbourhood, they and their parties would be apprehended. They immediately obeyed, and left Grewelthorpe soon after."

From the MORNING POST.

"It appears that on Thursday, June 17, a stage, on which it was intended that Belcher and Berks should exhibit a fresh trial of their skill and strength, was erected in a bye place, about twenty miles distant from Middleham, in Yorkshire, and so conveniently situated for the purpose, that no persons present could have been deprived of a full view of the fight. At one o'clock, Fletcher Reid, Esq., on the part of Belcher, and Captain Fletcher, on behalf of Berks, met on the appointed spot, to make good the stake of 1,450 guineas a-side, being the sum for which Belcher and Berks were matched to fight. The conditions having been fulfilled, Belcher appeared on the stage at a quarter before two o'clock, attended by Joe Ward as his second, and Bill Gibbons as his bottle-holder; and shortly after Berks joined them, with Crabbe as his bottle-holder, but no second. The two bruisers shook hands, and Berks observed, 'that it would now be determined which was the best man;' to which Belcher replied, 'he was surprised he did not know that already.' There were several hundred persons present on the tiptoe of expectation to see the conflict commence; but the combatants could not set-to, as Harry Lee had not ascended the stage, who was Berks' promised second. On his name being called out among the crowd, he answered to it; but when asked why he did not appear in his place, he gave no other explanation than that he would have nothing to do with the fight. This circumstance produced general dissatisfaction, as it was declared that this determination on the part of Lee could only have been occasioned by a previous understanding between him and Berks' friends, who now began to think of the large sums they had betted, and the little chance they had of success. No bets could be procured on the ground, without staking considerable odds. As Berks refused to accept any other second in the room of Lee, all hopes of a contest now vanished, and the champions retired from the stage. Belcher, however, unwilling to disappoint the company, offered to have a few rounds with Berks for pure 'love,' but he declined, and immediately set off in a post-chaise."

Mr. Fletcher Reid, who backed Belcher, made him a present of £50 for his trouble, and £5 to bear his expenses to London. He also made a present

to Ward, his second, and to the bottle-holder, with money to bear their expenses to town.

In the beginning of July, 1802, the following letter from Berks appeared in the *Oracle* and *Daily Advertiser*:—

"To the Editor of the DAILY ADVERTISER.

"SIR,—The wager for which I was to have fought with Belcher, at Grewelthorpe, in Yorkshire, was 1,450 guineas a-side; Captain Fletcher betting upon me, and Mr. Fletcher Reid upon Belcher; the match was to be fought between twelve and two.

"Captain Fletcher was on the stage half an hour before Mr. Fletcher Reid could make up the sum betted. Belcher did not come upon the stage until half past one, and then appeared in boots, consequently not very likely with an intention to fight. Immediately on his coming on the stage, Captain Fletcher came to me at the house, and desired me to put on my fighting dress, and be ready immediately, which I directly did. I was then asked by Fletcher Reid, 'Where is your second?' I answered, 'Let us fight without seconds, for Harry Lee has refused to be one, on account of the magistrates.'

"I had wished to fight before the hour named, to prevent the interposition of the magistrates; for though no man can more respect their authority, which I would not attempt to resist, I thought it would be fair enough to get a start of them.

"Mr. Bolton, of York, held the bets, to the amount of 2,900 guineas.

"I had been in training seven weeks at Middlesham, and was never in better condition. I ran and leaped with many people, and always beat them. I was exceedingly well treated by the people there, and must say that Captain Fletcher behaved amazingly well, and like a gentleman to me. I told him it was not for the sake of money, but of my honour, that I wanted to fight.

"Belcher had not been ten minutes on the stage, when two or three gentlemen came and told him to get off, for that the magistrates had issued their warrants.

"Belcher on this was directly going off, when I said, 'Belcher, stop and fight at all risks, and we shall see who is the best man.' I must say it is not true, as stated in some of the papers, that Belcher made a reply, 'that he thought I know already,' for he made no answer, but acted the part of 'Orator Mum.'

"It appears odd to me that Joe Ward was at Grewelthorpe the day before, but did not appear the day appointed for the fight at all. I do not wish to impute anything wrong to him, but think it very strange.

"The above is a true statement, which nobody will deny, and which Belcher, if he has a regard for truth, dares not contradict.—I am, sir, yours, etc.,

"JOSEPH. BERKS."

"London, July 1."

On the 19th of August, it being Camberwell Fair, these two disappointed and hitherto considered equal champions accidentally met, never having seen each other since their proposed match in Yorkshire. "Belcher first espied his pugilistic rival entertaining a number of people with the manner in which he would serve out Belcher the first time he met him; but this seeming to have happened unexpectedly, their first salute was at least civil. Belcher, however, could not help expressing his regret that Berks should boast everywhere of his superior prowess, that he could beat Belcher with ease, that Belcher was afraid to fight, etc. Berks did not deny these accusations, and offered to fight him immediately. They then adjourned to the bowling-green belonging to the house where they met, and Berks attacked Belcher before he could get his shirt off. However, when they fairly met, Belcher put in a well-directed hit, knocked out one of Berks' front teeth, and following it up with a blow under the ear, brought him down. Berks not being quite sober,

and Belcher indisposed, their friends agreed that they should meet next day at Oxendon Street, Leicester Square. This being settled, they separated."

August 20.—"This day they met according to agreement, and after some negotiation respecting the order of proceeding, they went, each in a separate hackney coach, accompanied by their friends.

"At a little before one o'clock the parties arrived at Tyburn Turnpike, where they immediately fixed on the first open space, a large field directly behind St. George's Chapel, which faces Hyde Park. The combat having been so suddenly determined on, very few amateurs were present, excepting Mr. Fletcher Reid and Mr. Crook. There not being time to build a stage, an extensive ring was immediately formed, and the multitude, which was immense, placed around it. The first row almost lying, the second sitting, the third kneeling, and the remainder standing; those behind thinking themselves well favoured if they now and then got a peep.

"After walking about for a few minutes they began to strip, and when prepared, Berks asked Mr. Fletcher Reid 'Whether it should be a fair stand-up fight.'—'Certainly, in every way,' said Mr. R., and immediately called Belcher to acquaint him with what Berks had asked, when he said 'Certainly, I can do no otherwise.' Berks then requested that the pauses between each round might be three quarters of a minute, but Belcher's friends insisted on the old established interval of half a minute.

"A purse of thirty guineas was subscribed for the winner, and five for the loser, by the amateurs present. A few minutes after one they entered the ring; Belcher, accompanied by Joe Ward as his second, and Bill Gibbons as his bottle-holder; and Berks, by Tom Owen as his second, and Yokel, the Jew, for his bottle-holder. After the accustomed salutation they set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Berks showed in this round that his hope of gaining the battle rested upon his superior strength. He ran in, closed upon Belcher, and tried to throw him, but failed, when Belcher dexterously accomplished what his antagonist was so desirous of doing, and had his man down on the grass. Some blows were struck, but no blood drawn.

2.—Berks followed the plan he had commenced with, ran in, and received a well aimed blow from Belcher in the throat, which drew blood. They closed, and Belcher again threw his opponent.

3.—Berks once more ran in with great pluck, and with much adroitness planted a sharp blow on Belcher's right cheek bone with his left hand; he then put in a severe

blow between the shoulder and the breast, which, had it been lower, would have done execution. While aiming another blow with his left hand, Belcher rallied, closed, and a third time brought Berks down with a hit and a close.

4.—Berks rushed upon his adversary, missed his blow, and fell. Here some groaned, calling out, "Berks is at his old tricks," supposing him to be shifting, but his subsequent conduct showed the fallacy of such a charge.

5.—Berks ran in with great force, caught Belcher by the hams, doubled him up, and threw him in the style of a cross-buttock; Belcher pitched on his head with such force, it was feared his neck was broken. A cry of "Foul! foul!" ran round, but Belcher

rose as sprightly as ever, said he was not hurt, and in answer to the cries of "Foul," said "No, never mind."

6.—This was one of the most severe rounds that had been fought. Berks ran in as usual; several severe blows struck on each side. Belcher tremendously struck Berks on the side of the head, a second on the neck, and a third on the throat, all truly severe. They closed, struggled, changed legs, and each displayed his utmost skill and strength in wrestling; at last both fell, neither being able to claim any advantage.

7.—Berks had lost his gaiety; he seemed less eager, and his strength evidently began to fail: when put to the test, he still, however, showed great spirit. They closed, and Berks was a fourth time thrown.

8.—Berks during this round fought on the defensive, but at that he had no chance. Belcher put in several good blows, and terminated the round by bringing Berks down the fifth time.

9.—Bets at this time were twenty to one in favour of Belcher, who did not appear the least exhausted. While sparring, he was nodding and talking to his antagonist, at the same time putting in some most severe and unexpected blows. Poor Berks was again brought down.

10.—Berks set-to with spirit, and came to close quarters. Belcher put in some awful hits, and struck unusually sharp: he cut Berks under the left eye, then under the right, and thirdly, planted a most dreadful blow between the throat and chin, so severe that it lifted Berks off his feet, and his head came first to the ground. Belcher fell from the force of his blow, and as they both lay, the blood gushing up Berks' throat, he collected it in his mouth, and squirted it over Belcher. This he did not relish, and swore he would pay him for it in the next round. Berks, however, declared he did not do it intentionally.

11.—Although Berks was evidently beaten, he still showed fight. Some blows were

struck, they closed, and Belcher threw Berks, at the same time falling on his own hands, not wishing to hurt Berks more by falling on him, though the practice is customary, and considered fair in fighting.*

12.—Berks now showed considerable weakness, sat longer on the ground, and required greater assistance from his second than before. This round ended by Belcher's throwing him.

13.—Berks again came up; Belcher struck five or six blows, closed, and again threw him. Berks was now hoard to express a wish to give in, but his second desiring him to persevere, put a handkerchief to his mouth, and stopped his utterance. (This was disgraceful, and opposed to all rules of the ring.)

14.—Berks showed game, but his strength was gone; in short, he only stood up to be beat; every one manifestly saw he had no chance of success. After a few sharpish blows, Belcher closed and threw him on the chest, where he laid for some seconds, and then yielded the palm. He was several times asked by Joe Ward if he had given in, and distinctly answered "Yes." He could scarcely see or stand, and was so shockingly cut about the face, that it was impossible to distinguish a feature. His friends placed him in a hackney coach, and carried him to a house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square.

REMARKS.—Belcher carried no marks of the battle, excepting the bruise on the cheek bone and his left shoulder. After the battle was over he leaped with great agility, and having walked three times round the field, left it on foot. His style of fighting in this contest was his own peculiarly, putting in with astonishing rapidity his three successive blows, and knowing Berks' superiority of strength, avoided closing whenever he was able. The whole of the bets depending on the intended Yorkshire battle were decided by this contest.

Tuesday, August 24th, Mr. Fletcher Reid, the pugilistic amateur, gave a dinner at the One Tun public-house, in St. James's Market, to a number of the professors of boxing. Berks was there, and in the evening Belcher called in, when Mr. Reid addressed Berks, telling him he must now be convinced it was impossible for him to beat Belcher, and asked him to give him his hand, which he immediately consented to do, and the two champions sat down at the same table, and spent the remainder of the day in good humour. Berks was astonishingly recovered, and said he felt no inconvenience now from the fight, but being a little stiff. In the course of the evening a wager was made between him and Jack Warr, Bill's son, to run one hundred

* These are the exact words of the original report.

yards, for two guineas, which they immediately decided, and Berks won by five yards.

On Friday, October 8, 1802, James Belcher was carried before his attentive friend, Nicholas Bond, Esq., and Sir William Parsons, at the Public Office, Bow Street, being taken into custody on a warrant of Lord Ellenborough's, dated the 22nd of July, 1802, in order to give bail for his appearance next term in the Court of King's Bench, to answer an indictment found against him for certain riots and misdemeanours; alluding to the battle he fought with Berks at Hurley Bottom, in Berkshire, and which had been removed from the Quarter Sessions to that Court, where it would have rested, as before understood, had he not lately fought another battle.

The recognizance was himself in £200, and two sureties in £100 each.

This meddling Midas appears to have been one of those public nuisances that are occasionally entrusted with in-discretionary power. Belcher had engaged Sadler's Wells Theatre for the evening of October 26th, 1802, for his benefit. But Mr. Bond and his brother magistrates disappointed hundreds, and robbed Belcher, by "closing the house for the season," declaring sparring an "unlawful exhibition!" Such are the fantastic tricks of men "dressed in a little brief authority."

John Firby (the Young Ruffian), who at this time, 1803, stood high in reputation, offered himself, though certainly stale, as a candidate for "the Bristol youth's" favors. A purse of 100 guineas was subscribed by "the dons of Newmarket race-course," as the prize; and they were to meet on Tuesday, April 12th, 1803. But the magistrates of Suffolk and Cambridge getting wind of the meeting, exerted their authority to prevent it, and on the Monday evening before, sent notices to the men that a fight would not be permitted. A secret meeting was immediately held, and it was determined to repair to the nearest spot in the county of Essex, where they might fight unmolested by the magistrates. Accordingly, by six o'clock the next morning, every one in the secret was in bustle, procuring vehicles and horses for their conveyance. "At seven o'clock Belcher started in a post chaise, seated between Joe Ward, his second, and Bill Warr, his bottle-holder. They pursued the London Road, followed by an immense retinue, until they arrived at Bone Bridge, where they turned to the left, passed through Linton, instilling awe into the astonished inhabitants, who could conceive nothing else but that the French were come. When they had got to the distance of half-a-mile beyond Linton, and about fifteen from Newmarket, being in the appointed county, they turned out of the road on to a level piece of ground, and there resolved to decide the contest. To

prevent a possibility of any interruption it was judged expedient to be as active as possible. They immediately commenced the formation of a ring, which was accomplished without much difficulty, there not being many pedestrians. This being executed, the combatants were called, and informed that the collection was 100 guineas, but with regard to the terms on which they contested, they must themselves decide. They immediately agreed 90 guineas for the winner, and 10 for the loser.

"The combatants without loss of time began to strip, and after the usual ceremony, at a quarter past nine, began.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Every countenance expressed the greatest anxiety, while each stood on his guard, in expectation of his opponent's blow. The disparity in size was considerable, Firby standing six feet one, and weighing fifteen stone; Belcher five feet eleven, and barely twelve stone. The combatants remained inactive for some seconds, when Firby put in a blow at the head, which Belcher avoided, and immediately returned by two blows left and right, but without much effect; they closed, and both fell, Belcher underneath. Many offers to take two to one that "the Ruffian" would win, but few betters.

2.—Belcher immediately struck Firby in the mouth, from which blood flowed copiously, and following it up by a right-handed blow on the side, brought his antagonist down. (Odds were now three to one in favour of Belcher.)

3.—No harm on either side. This round, Firby at the commencement aimed a blow at his opponent's head, which he caught, and gave a returning blow, which Firby likewise parried with much dexterity. Belcher again made a blow which was also stopped; he, however, made a blow, followed up his opponent fighting half armed, and Firby fell.

4.—Both combatants rallied, and both put in some severe blows. They closed, Belcher fell, and while on his knees Firby struck him. A cry of "Foul! foul!" resounded from all sides. Belcher appealed for a decision of the point, but wished to go on rather than take advantage of such a circumstance. At this time a parson and a constable arrived from Linton, and endeavoured to prevent the further progress of the battle; but the combatants not paying much attention to the sacred cloth, or the legal staff, commenced the

5th round.—Firby, who now had a black eye, and spit up blood, shifted, and seemed afraid to approach his antagonist. Belcher facetiously beckoned to him; when he came up and struck, but so slowly, that Belcher avoided it by a jerk of the head, and while he was making a violent hit at Firby's side, he fell. Belcher smiled; his opponent was evidently distressed.

6.—In this round, which undoubtedly was the best contested throughout the battle, it became apparent that Belcher's strength increased, whilst that of his adversary was much exhausted. Firby, with much irritability, made some severe hits at Belcher, which he, however, either parried or avoided, so that not one of them told. Belcher smiled and looked about him with the greatest composure, even in the heat of the round, and carefully watching, put in a well directed blow in the stomach, at the same time closing, he gave his antagonist a cross buttock with great violence.

7.—Much hard straight-forward fighting on both sides, but Firby had the worst of it. (Odds ten to one on Belcher.)

8.—Firby rallied, made a hit, which Belcher stopped with great adroitness, and immediately struck Firby over the mouth, cutting his lip severely; Firby, however, returned it by a sharp hit, but did not draw blood. (Odds in this round sunk from ten to five to one.)

9.—At the first onset Belcher put in a severe blow over his antagonist's right eye, and immediately resuming a defensive attitude, very cheerfully said, "How do you like that, Johnny?" Firby made a desperate blow, but over-reached himself, and fell; Belcher smiled, and while he was down pointed at him with great irony.

11.—Belcher followed his opponent round the ring, and put in some severe blows, which Firby stopped, but not effectually; Belcher at length gave him a knock-down blow, when his friends insisted he should give in.

The contest lasted twenty minutes, during which time Firby never had any chance of success. He had ever been considered a first-rate pugilist, and consequently the amateurs expected one of the best displays of science that ever had been witnessed; but whether Belcher's name overawed him, or he really had fallen off in his style of fighting, he in this contest fell much short of what was anticipated. Belcher after the battle had not the mark of a blow perceptible.

Thursday, May 12, 1803.—“Mr. Garrow this day moved for the judgment of the Court on four defendants, James Belcher, Joseph (but in the indictment erroneously called Edmund) Burke, Joe Ward, called also erroneously James, and Henry Lee, who were described to be labourers. These defendants had allowed judgment to go by default.”

The indictment charged, that they, being persons of evil and malicious dispositions, and fighters, duellers, rioters, etc., had, on the 25th of November, in the county of Berks, conspired and combined together, that James Belcher and Edmund Burke (!) should fight a duel, and that the other two defendants should be aiding and assisting in the said fight and duel; and that in pursuance of the said conspiracy, the said James Belcher and Edmund Burke unlawfully and riotously assembled together, with fifty others, to the disturbance of the public peace; and that Belcher and Burke “fought a duel,” and the other two “were present, aiding and assisting, together with fifty other persons.” Mr. Garrow, afterwards a brutal Tory attorney-general and truculent judge, earned his dirty fee by a more than ordinary amount of hireling abuse of pugilism. Of course he said little of the deadly weapons with which the prisoners’ “botters” settled their duels. The celebrated Erskine, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Const defended the prisoners, merely asking the lenity of the Court. Lord Ellenborough finally bound the prisoners, each in his own recognizance of £400, to come up when called on for the judgment of the Court; a nominal judgment, upon which the defendants were discharged.

An unfortunate accident now struck down the skill of this talented boxer, and clouded his after life in every sense. While playing at rackets with Mr. Stuart at the Court in Little St. Martin’s Lane, on the 24th of July, 1803, Belcher received a blow from a ball struck by the marker, of such extraordinary violence as literally to almost knock his eyeball from its socket. This distressing accident and the heavy recognizance on which he was bound, had a most depressing effect on Jem’s spirits and health, and he announced his retirement from the ring. His friends rallied round him, and placed him in a public-house, the Jolly Brewers, in Wardour Street, Soho, where he was well supported. But Jem’s spirit was active, though prudence dictated entire retirement. A quarrel between a brother of Jem’s (who soon after died) and Hen. Pearce, the Game Chicken, his fellow townsman and *protégé*, led to this unfortunate rencontre. The lavish praises too of Pearce’s friends excited Belcher’s envy: he declared he had taught Pearce all he knew, and spoke alightingly of “the Chicken’s” ability and skill; but we are anticipating.

Joe Berks, upon Belcher's retirement, claimed the championship; but Pearce of whom we shall soon give the pugilistic career, was invited to London by Jem, with a promise to procure him patronage and a match with Berks. These matters will be found hereafter in our Life of PEARCE, who had in the interim twice beaten Berks, and subsequently, Elias Spray, Carte, and lastly John Gully, when Belcher rashly challenged "the Chicken" for 500 guineas, to fight within two months. Pearce appears to have been much mortified at this challenge, but his position as champion forbade him to decline it. Mr. Fletcher Reid, Belcher's firm friend, staked for Jem, and Captain Halliday posted the 500 for "the Chicken." This, the first defeat of the renowned Jem, will be found fully detailed under the memoir of his conqueror.

Belcher had materially declined in constitution, independently of the loss of his eye. Among the serious effects of that accident was a nervous depression and irrepressible irritability, which, according to the testimony of many who knew him intimately, he tried in vain to control. Upwards of two years had passed in retirement from active pursuits, and in the ease and free living of a publican's calling, when Belcher came forward, upon Pearce's claim to the championship, to dispute his title. He could not be persuaded of the difficulties of meeting so skilful and formidable a boxer with the loss of an eye; and when too late he discovered his inferiority. How he did fight was long remembered by those who witnessed the lamentable but truly heroic and honourable combat, in which more unaffected courage, manly forbearance and true humanity were displayed and applauded, than ever entered into the narrow soul of craven slanderers of pugilism to conceive. Animosity was merged in honourable emulation, and the struggle for fair and unimpeachable victory. Belcher fought in his accustomed style, and tried his usual hits with adroit rapidity; but it was noticed that they were often out of distance, and that his defective eyesight was painfully made evident. When this was aggravated by blows over the good eye, his aim became utterly confused, and he became a victim to his own fatuity. Nevertheless, poor Jem endeavoured to make up for deficiency of sight and aim by an astonishing and unequalled display of courage and gaiety; and though the skill and science on both sides deserved respect, the spectators could not avoid seeing that Belcher's guard was no longer ready, and his rapid antagonist planted on him so severely and frequently as to excite the regret of his friends that such a combat should have been provoked, and that the envious infirmity of human nature should have thus blinded the mental judgment as well as the bodily sight of so able a champion. Jem's spirits, however, never

forsook him during the fight; and at its close he declared, "That his sorrow was more occasioned by the recollection of the severe loss of a particular friend, who, in fact, had sported everything he possessed upon his head, and had been one of his most staunch backers and supporters through life, than as to any particular consideration respecting himself!" a generous sentiment and well worthy of record. Notwithstanding the somewhat ill-natured remark of John Gully, "That had Jem been in possession of *four eyes*, he never could have beaten Pearce," it must be remembered that the future M.P. had been thrashed by Pearce, and had not even seen Belcher in his prime. Fully conceding the excellence evinced by the Chicken in science, wind, strength, and game, we may yet be allowed the supposition, that had this contest taken place when Jem Belcher possessed his eye-sight in full perfection, its termination would, to say the least, have been very doubtful.

Respecting Belcher's two battles with Cribb, when the circumstances of the case are duly appreciated; when it is recollected that his spirits must have been somewhat damped by previous defeat; and that his powers were known to be on the decay previous to his fight with the Chicken, it must be allowed that his heroism and science shone resplendently.

In the first fight with Cribb, as may be traced, Jem's superiority in tactics was manifest. The former was severely punished; and not until Belcher had received a most violent hit over his good eye, and sprained his right hand, did Cribb appear to have an opening for a lead. In the seventeenth round the odds were two to one on Belcher, and in the eighteenth five to one, when Cribb was so much beaten, that considerable doubts were entertained whether he would be able to come again; and even at the conclusion of the battle Cribb was in a very exhausted state. Until Belcher lost his distance, from his confused sight, victory appeared to hover over him.

In the last battle that Belcher fought his courage was principally displayed, and he by no means proved an easy conquest to Cribb. Since the loss of his eye, it was the positive wish of his best friends that he should fight no more, but he was not to be deterred, obstinately neglected good advice, and would not believe in the decline of his physical powers. In this last battle, his disadvantages were great. His opponent had made rapid improvement in science, was in full vigour, and a glutton that was not to be satisfied in a common way; still Jem gave specimens of his former skill; but they were rather showy than effective, for the strength had departed. His hands, too, failed him, and for several of the latter rounds he endeavoured fruitlessly to prolong the contest without the *indispensable* weapons to bring it to a successful issue. Youth, weight, courage, freshness, and no

mean amount of skill, were too much for the waning stamina and skill of even a Belcher to bear up against.

At the end of the report of his fight with Firby, a correspondent of the *Morning Post* thus sketches Belcher's qualifications from personal acquaintance. "Belcher is a dashing, genteel young fellow, extremely placid in his behaviour, and agreeable in his address. He is without any remarkable appearance of superior bodily strength, but strips remarkably well, displaying much muscle. Considered merely as a bruiser, I should say he was not so much a man of science according to the rules of the pugilistic art, as that he possessed a style peculiar or rather natural to himself, capable of baffling all regular science, and what appeared self-taught or invented, rather than acquired by practice. He was remarkably quick, springing backwards and forwards with the rapidity of lightning. You heard his blows, but did not see them. At the conclusion of a round his antagonist was struck and bleeding; but he threw in his hits with such adroitness that you could not discern how the damage was done. His style was perfectly original, and extremely difficult to avoid or to withstand." Again, "His style, like that of the great masters in every line, was truly 'his own'; the spectator was struck with its neatness and elegance—his opponent confused and terrified by its effects; while his gravity, coolness, and readiness, utterly disconcerted the fighting men with whom he was often opposed in mimic as well as actual combat. Add to this, that a braver boxer never pulled off a shirt, and we need hardly wonder at his eminent success, until an accident deprived him of one of the most valuable organs of man's complex frame."

In his social hours, Jem was good-natured in the extreme, and modest and unassuming to a degree almost bordering upon bashfulness. In the character of a publican, no man entertained a better sense of propriety and decorum; and the stranger, in casually mixing with the Fancy in his house, never felt any danger of being offended or molested. It would be well if as much could be said of all sporting publicans.

After his last defeat by Cribb, much of Belcher's fine animal spirits departed. He was depressed and taciturn, and his health much broken by twenty-eight days' imprisonment to which, with a fine, he was condemned for his breach of the peace by that battle. The old story too, for Jem was not prudent, is again to be told. His worldly circumstances had suffered with his health, and

"The summer friends
That ever wing the breeze of fair success,
But fly to sunnier spots when winter frowns,"

forgot to take what old Pierce would have called their nightly "perch," or

"roost," at Jem's "lush-crib." His last illness approached, and, with at most two of his firmest friends, the once formidable champion departed this life on Tuesday, July 30, 1811, at the sign of the Coach and Horses, in Frith Street, Soho, in the thirty-first year of his age, and, on the following Sunday, was interred in the burial ground of Marylebone. The concourse of people to witness the funeral was immense; and a more general sympathy has rarely been witnessed. The proximate cause of his death was a family complaint, having its origin in an enlargement of the liver. The following inscription may be yet read upon his tombstone:—

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES BELCHER,
Late of St. Anne's Parish, Soho,
Who died
The 30th of July, 1811,
AGED 30.
Universally regretted by all who knew him.



CHAPTER II.

TOM BELCHER—1804–1822.*

THE third of the Belchers, Tom, remains in the memory of a few old 'uns as, for many years, "mine host of the Castle," a jolly, rubicund, pleasant, and generous fellow, and the worthy predecessor of the departed Tom Spring, in that ancient head quarters of the Fancy, now also Pythagorised into a feeding-shop, named after Sir Charles Napier—another fighting hero. Tom came to London in the year 1803, when his brother Jem was at the zenith of his fame, having beaten every man with whom he had fought, and attained the position of undisputed Champion of England. Although Tom's ring career was not so brilliant as his elder brother's, it had a less striking culmination and fall, and his thirteen battles, with eight victories and a draw (with the phenomenon Dutch Sam), tell well for Tom's descent from the Slacks and Belchers.

Tom Belcher was born at Bristol, in the same house as his brother Jem, on the 14th of April, 1783. On his earlier years we need not dwell, and where there is little or no authentic material, we hold nothing in deeper contempt than the system of "gagging" a parcel of clumsy apocryphal battles, some of which there is inherent chronological and circumstantial evidence could never have taken place.

We have said Tom came to town at twenty years of age, and he was soon matched. His first salaam in the ring (which on this occasion was forty feet in diameter, instead of the customary twenty or twenty-four feet) was on the 26th of June, 1804. His opponent on this occasion was of a noted fighting stock, being Jack Warr, the son of the celebrated Bill Warr. The prize contested for was 50 guineas, and—hear it, ye who have in modern times travelled even to Ireland to see no fight—the battle-ground was no farther off than Tothill Fields, Westminster: the day, Tuesday, June 26, 1804.

Warr was much the firmer set and stouter man, though the youthful Tom

* Another of the *hors d'œuvres* of a casual 'turn-up. Tom's last battle, properly speaking, was in 1813, with Dogherty, see *post*, p. 160.

had the advantage in the reach, and, upon stripping, the odds were a trifle in favour of Belcher, from the *prestige* of his family name, and the predilection of the amateurs for the school from which he came. We quote the contemporary report.

"On the Monday night the knowing ones determined that the scene of action should be Tothill Fields, and on the following day they accordingly met about two o'clock, attended by their friends. A ring was immediately formed, not exceeding forty feet in diameter, by driving stakes and attaching to them the reins lent them by the various hackney coachmen. On stripping, Warr appeared stouter than Belcher, but the latter was talier and longer in the reach. After the usual ceremonies they set-to. Odds six to four in favour of Belcher.

"The set-to was in clever style, both displaying excellent science. Warr put in the first blow and followed it up with a second, both of which took effect; no return. Had they taken place as aimed their violence might have settled the battle. Belcher rallied, and some desperate hits were exchanged. At the conclusion of the round bets became even. From this to the eighth round both combatants fought desperately. It was a scene of thorough hard fighting, each endeavouring to make his hits tell, without once shrinking from the blow of his opponent. Belcher evidently imitated his brother in his plan of fighting, putting in his blows with his left hand, straight, and with the rapidity of a dart. Odds rose in favour of Belcher six to four again, but not from any advantage he had as yet gained in the battle. Warr stood up manfully, and never once gave way.

"For the three following rounds Warr put in his blows so forcibly, and so well directed, that they were almost irresistible, and he undoubtedly had the advantage. It being considered, however, that Belcher's bottom was good, betting did not go lower than par; he, however, at this time displayed great weakness, and evidently was greatly exhausted.

"Warr supported the superiority to the sixteenth round, and put in several desperate body blows. Belcher, on the contrary, fought all at the head, by which plan Warr's eyes became greatly affected.

"The seventeenth round was most admirably contested. Belcher seemed to recruit his strength, changed his mode of fighting, and put in successfully several severe body blows. Warr persevered with undaunted fire throughout the round; they closed, and both fell.

"On rising, Warr appeared weak; however, the eighteenth round was another truly severe trial, both combatants being apparently determined to exert their greatest strength, and bring into action all their science. Warr



TOM BELCHER.

From a Portrait published in 1810

stood his ground, and Belcher put in some severe blows over his eyes, which, already much cut, were entirely closed at the end of the round.

"Although in this state, Warr obstinately contested another round, in which he could not fail to be completely worsted. His friends now interfered, and insisted on his giving in. But he refused; and then fainting, was immediately carried off the ground almost lifeless, every one complimenting him by calling him 'A chip of the old block.'

"The nineteen rounds were fought in thirty-three minutes."

The son, emulous of the sire, seems at this time to have found favour with the pugilistic world as with the turf, on an absurd application of the "like begets like" principle.* Accordingly, Bill Ryan, son of Michael,† was selected to lower the pretensions of "Young Tom." The "amateurs" might have done worse, as the event proved, for Bill polished off the youthful Tom in thirty-eight rounds, November 30, 1804, as we shall notice in the Appendix to this Period. (See RYAN, BILL, p. 229, *post.*)

It appears that Tom was not only dissatisfied with this defeat, but considered it a "snatched battle." On Saturday, April 27, 1805, Pearce triumphantly beat Carte, the Birmingham bruiser (see PEARCE), at Shepperton Common, Surrey, in thirty-five minutes. The "fancy" were unsatisfied, and a subscription purse being collected of 20 guineas, O'Donnel,‡ "the celebrated Irish hero," offered himself. Pierce Egan says, "O'Donnel showed himself entitled to respectful attention; but who was completely satisfied in fifteen rounds." The reporter from whom he copies says, in better English and with more sense, "Tom displayed his known dexterity, and showed good science; but O'Donnel, who fought well at the commencement, at the end of the fifteenth round played *a cross, and gave in.*" We suspect he was tired of the job.

Tom fretted, it appears, after the lost laurel with Bill Ryan, and challenged him a second time to the lists. They accordingly met for 25 guineas a-side, at Laleham Burway, near Chertsey, Surrey, June 4, 1805. Belcher was seconded by Tom Blake (Tom Tough), and was backed by Mr. Fletcher Reid; Bill Ryan was waited on by George Maddox and a "friend." The Hon. Berkeley Craven posted his stake, and laid the odds of seven to four on

* A silly exaggeration of the "Aquila non gignunt columbas." We know eagles don't beget doves, or the reverse; but though a healthy or unhealthy constitution may be transmitted, neither poets, philosophers, preachers, or pugilists, are begotten hereditarily.

† "Son of the renowned Michael Ryan," says Pierce Egan, who devotes to him a biography. Michael's "renown" consisted in being twice beaten by Tom Johnson, which was no disgrace, and then by Mike Brady, an Irish rough, in twenty minutes, which was. Bill, who was a drunken Irish braggadochio, after winning his first fight with Belcher, wrangled a battle with Caleb Baldwin (see BALDWIN), and beat Clarke, June 17, 1806.

‡ See Appendix to Period IV.

Ryan. At one o'clock the men stripped, and two to one was offered on Ryan. We quote the report.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Both men kept at distance; but after some little sparring Ryan put in the first blow. Tom parried it extremely well; Ryan bored in and both fell, Ryan uppermost.

2.—Some good straight blows exchanged; Belcher struck, Ryan parried, and Belcher fell from the force of his own blow.

3.—Excellent fighting; as many as ten blows passed, when Belcher cleanly knocked down his opponent.

4.—Some sharp blows; Ryan threw Belcher a cross buttock with great violence.

5.—A tightly contested round; Belcher fell.

6.—No fighting; they closed and both came down.

7.—In this round Ryan displayed to advantage, but closing he fell.

8.—Very short; Ryan again fell.

9.—Both having received some desperate blows, now began to be more cautious, sparred a good deal, and the round was terminated rather favourably for Ryan.

10.—Some sharp blows quickly plied. Belcher fell. (Odds were now generally two to one on Ryan.)

11.—The men instantly closed, and Ryan fell.

12.—In this round Ryan put in some good hits and brought down his opponent.

13.—Both closed, struggled, and fell, Belcher uppermost.

14.—Ryan threw in a severe blow, which Belcher very scientifically stopped; he rallied, and both fell with great violence. When down, Belcher patted Ryan's cheek, and said, laughing, "Bill, you're done over."

15.—No fighting, and the men closed and fell, Ryan uppermost.

16.—Both showed fight; Ryan down.

17.—Ryan very adroitly threw his opponent, still Belcher appeared very gay.

18.—Good fighting. Ryan brought down his opponent again, but not a clear fall.

19.—After some good hits exchanged, Ryan put in a severe blow in the kidneys, and threw Belcher.

20.—Ryan now appeared distressed in his wind; but he made a neat hit, but slipped and fell.

21.—Both fought with great resolution, and each showed courage. Ryan had the superiority in strength, and got his opponent down again.

22.—Both appeared fatigued; no fighting, they closed and both fell.

23.—Well contested; Belcher showed good fight, and his friends began to have a better opinion of his chance; he hit his man and got away, Ryan, however, threw him.

24.—Belcher recruited, stood up boldly, and by an excellent hit, brought down his opponent.

25.—Both very weak, closed, and fell.

26.—No fighting, at least no impression. Ryan fell.

27.—Both combatants seemed distressed. Belcher fell.

28.—Belcher at the end of this round fell, and laughing, fairly pulled his antagonist after him.

29.—Belcher immediately on setting to, put in a blow on the head, and Ryan gave in, not without a supposition of cross play. The fight lasted fifty minutes.

"Lord Craven, Lord Albemarle, General Fitzpatrick, Hon. Berkeley Craven, Mr. Fletcher Reid, Mr. Mellish, Mendoza, Jackson, Bill Warr, and others were present."

On February the 8th, 1806, Tom was defeated by "the phenomenon," Dutch Sam (Elias Samuels). See DUTCH SAM, Chapter V. of this Period.

In the interval between this and his next contest he disposed of an aspirant (who took the name of "Jack in the Green") for a ten pound note.

His next was a brave but ineffectual attempt to reverse the verdict in the case of Dutch Sam. Tom, though not *quite* beaten, fought a draw, July 20, 1807. This led to the final appeal, on August 21, 1807, when Tom's objections to Sam's superiority were finally disposed of. See DUTCH SAM.

After these reverses, Dogherty, who had twice beaten Cribb's younger brother, George, now challenged Tom, to fight in a month, and the 5th of April, 1808, was fixed for the tourney (the same day as Dutch Sam and Cropley's

fight was appointed); but it was interrupted by the Bow Street "redbreasts," and postponed until Thursday, the 14th of April, when it came off near the Rubbing House on Epsom Downs. A roped ring of twenty-one feet was formed on the turf, and about twelve o'clock the combatants entered, Belcher accompanied by Mendoza and Clark, Dogherty by Cropley and Dick Hall. Without loss of time they set-to. Six to four on Belcher.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—More than a minute elapsed before any blows were exchanged, both sparing to obtain the advantage. Belcher stopped his opponent's attempts with great neatness; a rully took place, when they closed, but broke away. Some trifling hits took place; they again closed, and Dogherty threw Belcher. (The odds six to four were unchanged.)

2.—Belcher stopped a terrible left-hander which Dogherty aimed at his head; the latter rushed in, but Belcher knocked him off his legs.

3.—Skill and courage by no means deficient on either side. Dogherty tried to bustle his man, but Belcher was cool and prepared; he stopped his plunges, and put in some severe blows on Dogherty's face, who, nevertheless, closed the round by throwing Tom.

4.—The skill of both men was conspicuous in this round; but Belcher had the best of it. Dogherty received a tremendous fencer in endeavouring to plant a hit, and Belcher in settling in fine style. Dogherty convinced the spectators that he was no novice, by his dexterity in stopping—yet Tom, following his opponent round the ring, punished his head most terribly, and brought him down by a blow under the jaw. (Three to one on Belcher.)

5.—Belcher, with uncommon dexterity, broke through Dogherty's guard, and with his left hand planted a most dreadful blow in his throat, which struck Dogherty so completely abroad, that he repeated the hit three times before Dogherty could recover himself, when they closed and fell.

6.—Belcher upon setting-to dropped his opponent from the first two blows.

7.—Dogherty's efforts were completely defensive; he stopped Belcher's blows with great neatness; nevertheless, Belcher rallied him down.

8.—Belcher had enough to do in warding off the well-aimed hits of his adversary, who now went in impetuously, yet not without science; in closing, Tom was thrown upon the ropes by Dogherty, and to all appearance without difficulty. The betting fell, for though Dogherty had been hit heavily, he was strong and dangerous.

9.—Several good blows were exchanged;

but Belcher was not seen to so much advantage in this round. In closing, Belcher was underneath.

10.—Belcher sparred cautiously and retreated; when Dogherty, conceiving something might be gained by following him, put in two good hits. In closing the round, Dogherty was thrown.

11.—Belcher put in two fencers, when both the combatants fell out of the ring.

12.—Dogherty was again thrown, previously to which Belcher planted two good hits.

13.—Dogherty, full of pluck, rattled in, but Tom threw him with considerable force.

14.—Tom, evidently superior in this round, rendered the bustling of Dogherty unavailing, and again threw him violently. (Three and four to one on Belcher.)

15.—The game of Dogherty claimed admiration, his appearance commiseration—his head was terrific, and his strength was nearly exhausted; nevertheless, he still forced the fighting, but his blows were of no effect, and he fell beneath the superiority of his opponent. Belcher's half-arm hits were as swift as they were punishing, till Dogherty fell. (Any odds on Belcher.)

16 and 17.—In both these rounds the exhaustion of Dogherty was visible, and, to the honour of Belcher, be it recorded, he disdained taking any more advantage than was necessary to insure his contest: as his opponent fell on the ropes at his mercy, he walked away from him. Such humanity ought not to be forgotten.

18 and 19.—Dogherty's spirits were good, but his stamina was exhausted; his blows did not tell, although he still stopped with considerable science. Belcher kept the lead in fine style; in closing, both men fell.

24.—Up to this round it was evident that Tom must win; but his game opponent was determined to try every effort while the least chance remained of success. Tom put in three desperate fencers, and followed them by so severe a body-blow, that Dogherty fell quite bent and exhausted.

25—28.—Dogherty, still determined, contended for eight more rounds, but was nothing more than a mere object of punishment to his opponent, who continually hit him down with ease. This could not last

long, and in the thirty-third round, at the end of forty-five minutes' sharp fighting, Belcher was declared the conqueror.

"Belcher was so little hurt," continues the reporter, "that upon hearing of his adversary's surrender, he immediately threw a somersault, and ran off to the Rubbing House (nearly half a mile) without stopping to put on his clothes. In this battle Belcher

fought with greater skill and science, and more after the manner of his brother, than in any one he had contested. His distances were measured with exactness—every hit told. Dogherty's only chance against such superior skill and steadiness was his sheer strength and game; but in this last Belcher showed himself his equal."

Bill Richmond, whose memoir will appear hereafter, thrashed a country-man in the same ring.

On the 25th of October, 1808, a day memorable as that whereon Gregson was beaten after his desperate battle with Tom Cribb at Moulsey, Tom Belcher entered the same thirty-foot ring to fight Cropley for a purse of 50 guineas. At setting-to the odds were seven to four on Belcher. Cropley was seconded by Tom Jones; Dick Hall acted as his bottle-holder; and Belcher was waited on by Mendoza and Dutch Sam. The combatants were looked upon as well matched, and considerable expectation of a fine display of the art was entertained. During a contest of thirty-four rounds, which occupied fifty six minutes—and it is but justice to observe that a more scientific fight was rarely seen—Cropley proved himself an excellent boxer, and possessed of undeniable game. But his attitude was bad; and his defeat was principally attributed to a knack of bringing his head too forward when putting in his blows. Belcher saw this advantage, and accepting the present thus made him, punished his face so dreadfully, that in the latter part of the battle Cropley was no longer recognizable. Tom's blows, however, seem to have been rather more showy than effective, for it was with the utmost difficulty that Cropley was persuaded to give in, and he was still steady and strong; though, says the reporter, "all but blind, he even then felt desirous to try another round."

One Farnborough, who rested his pretensions upon weight, strength, and pluck, three good points certainly, had the temerity to fight Tom Belcher, on Epsom race-ground, in a thirty-foot ring, on February 1, 1809. He proved a mere pretender; and after the first round Belcher treated him with the utmost *sang froid*. In the course of twenty minutes he so completely polished him off that Farnborough was glad to cry "enough," while Belcher was scarcely touched. This was a small consolation for the Belchers, for in the same ring on the same day Tom Cribb beat Jem Belcher, as detailed in the *Life of Cribb*.

Silverthorne, a pugilist of some note and success (see Appendix to Period IV.), was matched for 100 guineas, and a subscription purse of £50, against Belcher. This battle was decided upon Crawley Heath, near Cophthall, June 6,

1811. Silverthorne was seconded by the veteran Caleb Baldwin, and his bottle-holder was Bill Gibbons; Belcher was attended by Mr. John Gully and Tom Jones. Four to one upon Belcher.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Belcher, upon the alert, stopped a tremendous body blow, and returned two sharp hits right and left in Silverthorne's face, which immediately produced blood; after disengaging themselves, Belcher pelted away most effectually, putting in hits as quick as lightning. It was declared by several old ring-goers that such a first round was never before witnessed. Silverthorne went down during the hitting from the severe effects of Belcher's blows.

2.—Silverthorne came to the scratch with something more than caution in his attitudes; he began by retreating from his adversary, who hit him right and left upon the head. Silverthorne, in planting a hit upon Belcher's throat, was stopped; nevertheless he got in a severe body blow, which Belcher retaliated by hitting him down.

3.—Silverthorne, who bled profusely, rattled in, game as a pebble, but without effect—Belcher put in several severe blows. Silverthorne showed he was not without science by stopping several nasty ones; Belcher losing his distance closed, and was thrown by Silverthorne.

4.—It was now evident that Silverthorne was much inferior to his opponent, who frustrated all his attempts with ease and coolness. Silverthorne endeavoured to plant a severe body blow, which Tom stopped, when a rally commenced, which turned out to Belcher's advantage, for he put in a terrible blow, then closed, and threw his

opponent a cross-buttock enough to knock the breath out of him.

5.—Silverthorne came to the scratch anything but improved in appearance; he received two facers, and fell in an attempt to get in. (All betters but no takers.)

6.—Notwithstanding the chance was against him, Silverthorne showed play, and stopped very neatly a right-handed blow which was intended for his head. Belcher, however, got in one on the body, and Silverthorne fell in attempting to return the hit.

7.—It was now bellows to mend with Silverthorne, who was completely exhausted, but still wished to try another chance—Belcher did as he liked with him, and finished the contest by a hit in the throat, which knocked him down. The game Silverthorne could come no more, and Belcher was proclaimed the conqueror. Silverthorne was at once conveyed to a post-chaise, carried to the nearest inn, and put to bed. Belcher, as on a former occasion, threw a somersault, then mounted the box of a patron's barouche, and started for town.

"In this battle Belcher had as fine an opportunity, despite Silverthorne's experience, of showing off his superior science, as with the slow and unwieldy Farnborough. He fought cautiously, drawing his opponent, when he never had any difficulty in getting on to him. Silverthorne was beaten in spirit in the first round, though he did not give in till nature deserted him."

After this triumph Belcher reposed awhile on his laurels; and in the early part of 1813 he started on a sparring tour through the provinces, visiting the northern parts of the island. In Liverpool he was particularly attractive, and numerous pupils attended his school, who, from their rapid progress in the science, gave proofs of the excellence of the master under whom they studied. His engagement being completed at this seaport, and being so near to the "tight boys of the sod," he determined, previous to his return to the metropolis, to take a peep at "the land that gave Paddy his birth." Tom's arrival in Ireland, while it gave pleasure to the patrons of the science, created jealousy in another professor of boxing, who had been there some time previous, teaching the natives the advantages of the complete use of their fists, an art never properly understood or appreciated by Irishmen. Dogherty resented Tom's visit as a sort of intrusion on his domain; added to

which his scholars ran after the newly arrived "Sassenach." This was unendurable. Dogherty issued a cartel to his former conqueror, and all other preliminaries being arranged, the rivals met on the Curragh of Kildare, on Friday, the 23rd of April, 1813, for a subscription purse of 100 guineas, and "the honour of ould Ireland," as the "historian" expresses it.

The spot where the fight took place, known to this day as "Belcher's Valley," was particularly convenient for spectators, being in a glen on the Curragh, surrounded by sloping hills, forming a natural amphitheatre.

Belcher appeared first in the enclosure, dressed in a great coat, but, whilst it was completing, retired to a barouche, in which he had arrived. Dogherty now showed himself to the spectators, wrapped up in a box-coat of no trifling dimensions, and instantly gave his caster a toss in the air, loudly vociferating, "Ireland for ever." This sentence, which came so directly home to the natives of Paddy's Land, occasioned an electric expression of approbation from the surrounding multitude, accompanied by repeated shouts and huzzas. It might spontaneously have escaped the lips of Dogherty, from a warmth of feeling to his native soil, but it certainly was not calculated to place Belcher in a favourable point of view with the assembled multitude. Tom accordingly again entered the enclosure, seeming to feel (whatever the intention of it might be toward him) that, if suffered to pass over without notice, it might operate to his prejudice. After bowing to the spectators, he solicited a gentleman who had been chosen the umpire to address the public, that no improper impression might go forth respecting his character. This the gentleman did, nearly to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, Mr. Belcher wishes it to be understood that, if any aspersions have been levelled at him, stating that he has spoken disrespectfully of the Irish nation, he begs leave to assure you it is an absolute falsehood; and, as a proof of the truth of his statement, he is ready at any time to fight those who may dare assert to the contrary." This pithy oration was favourably received; the combatants immediately stripped, and the ceremony of shaking hands having been gone through, the seconds took their stations. Isle of Wight Hall seconded Belcher, and Gamble attended upon Dogherty. Belcher, from his well-known excellence, was the favourite, two to one, yet, notwithstanding this great odds, there were scarcely any takers. Both the combatants appeared to possess confidence in themselves. Belcher having beaten Dogherty in England, felt that superiority which belongs to experience and practical knowledge. On the other hand, Dogherty was considerably improved, and for "the honour of Ireland," and surrounded by his countrymen, felt an additional stimulus to

win, and was determined not to yield the palm so long as he could struggle for it. With these feelings they set to exactly at one o'clock.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The excellent attitude and neatness of style exhibited by Belcher, much attracted the attention of the Irish amateurs. Good science on both sides, when they both hit together; Dogherty received a sharp fencer, and the blood issuing from his lip, Belcher exclaimed, "First blood," several bets depending upon that event. Belcher received Dogherty's return upon the ear. Some severe hits were exchanged, and, in closing, both went down, but Belcher undermost.

2.—Both combatants went sharply to work, and much good fighting was displayed. In closing, Belcher was thrown, but received no injury from his fall. Loud shouting occurred, and Dogherty was so elated with his dexterity, that in the pride of the moment, he offered 100 to 10, but it received no attention.

3.—Some excellent sparring opened the round, in which Dogherty showed that he was much improved since his former contest at Epsom; it was followed by the exchange of several severe blows. Dogherty's mug was rather pinked, his temper seemed a little ruffled, and the round was concluded by his being thrown.

4.—Milling without ceremony was the order of the day; but the advantage was on the side of Belcher, from his superior science; he hit much more rapidly than his opponent, and his defensive tactics displayed a like superiority; he punished the face of his opponent terribly, and finally sent Dogherty down by a one, two, right and left.

5.—Caution became rather necessary on the part of Dogherty. Belcher was thrown, but not before some severe hits had been exchanged.

6.—Belcher punished the nob of his antagonist throughout this round. They closed and both down.

7.—The combatants made play, when an opening appearing, Belcher put in so severe a hit on Dogherty's ribs that he reeled down.

8.—The contrast between the styles of the two pugilists at that early period of the battle was manifest to all the spectators. Dogherty had been most terribly punished. His face was materially altered, one of his eyes being closed; the claret trickled from his olfactories and potato trap, and the round was terminated by Dogherty's receiving so severe a hit upon the thorax that he instantly went down. (Belcher a guinea to a shilling!)

9.—The game of Dogherty deserves peculiar notice, from the sharp milling he took

without finching; Belcher serving it out so hard and fast as to knock him down. In going over him, Belcher disengaged himself from Dogherty in neat style.

10.—Belcher full of gaiety showed his leading superiority by planting several hits; notwithstanding, in closing, Dogherty threw him.

11.—The combatants were determined to convince the lookers on there was no trifling between them; both milling away in every direction. The left eye of Belcher received an ugly blow, and Dogherty, still strong, threw him under the ropes.

12.—Fighting without intermission, and bravery truly conspicuous on both sides. The round was terminated by Belcher putting in a tremendous teaser on Dogherty's throat, which not only floored him, but rendered him unable to move for a few seconds.

13.—Belcher held the advantage by punishing the face of Dogherty dreadfully, and ended the round by knocking him down.

14.—No alteration. Dogherty rather groggy, and Belcher getting second wind; still taking the lead in milling, and closing the round by throwing Dogherty, and falling upon him.

15.—The game of the latter was the theme of every one. He proved himself a perfect trump, rallying with good spirit, but receiving a straight hit under the eye, he went down.

16.—On setting to Dogherty made play, but the judgment of Belcher foiled him; the latter putting in several blows in succession, fibbing him, and ending by throwing his man cleverly.

17.—Dogherty planted some severe body blows; nevertheless, Belcher closed and threw him.

18.—A smart rally, both men keeping up the game gaily. Belcher, in endeavouring to throw his antagonist, went down.

19.—Dogherty sparred with considerable judgment, to gain time, and put in a sharp blow upon the body of Belcher, who went down from a slip.

20.—Belcher seemed perfectly at home; as if he felt convinced how things were going. The advantage of superior science, enabled him to serve out Dogherty about the head with such severity as to occasion the latter to fall at his feet. (A bet could not be obtained at any odds.)

21.—Dogherty, still at the scratch, contended with the utmost bravery to prolong the fight, but it appeared only to receive additional punishment. His head and face

exhibited a rueful aspect—he was covered with claret, and in the event milled to the ground.

23.—To the astonishment of every one present, the spirit of Dogherty was not broken. He attempted to put in some good hits upon the body of Belcher, but the wary guard of Tom stopped them with ease; in throwing Dogherty, he went down with him.

23.—Punishment was the lot of Dogherty, and his face and neck were terribly mauled; but in closing, he showed his strength by throwing Tom on his hip.

24.—Manœuvring again resorted to. Dogherty felt for Belcher's body; but Tom returned the favour most liberally on his opponent's mug. In closing, Dogherty experienced so severe a fall, as to remain a short period insensible.

25.—The pluck of Dogherty was not yet taken out of him, and whilst he entertained the smallest notion of a chance remaining, he was determined to stand up, although so dreadfully worsted every round. A desperate hit from Belcher again made him measure his length on the ground.

26 and last.—Dogherty, with the most determined resolution, endeavoured to rise superior to exhausted nature, and would not cry "enough!" He made a desperate rally to effect a change in his favour, evincing that no common caterer could satisfy his inordinate gluttony. Belcher, however, lit him almost where he pleased, and wound up the piece by throwing and falling on him. Dogherty could not come again; he was decidedly finished; and some time elapsed before he could get up. He was bled in both arms upon the ground, and instantly conveyed home and put to bed.

This well-contested fight continued thirty-five minutes, and upon Belcher's being declared the conqueror, he threw a somersault,

and immediately got into a barouche and drove off to Dublin to a dinner provided for him by a party of gentlemen.

If this distinguished boxer claimed the admiration of the spectators from the scientific manner in which he won the battle, and the superior adroitness he displayed in protecting himself from scarcely receiving any injury, it is but justice to observe, that Dan Dogherty proved himself a milling hero of the first stamp; and the true courage he displayed ought not to be forgotten. As a proof that his efforts made considerable impression, a subscription, amounting to upwards of £70, was immediately made for him, the Marquis of Sligo putting down 5 guineas; to this Belcher subscribed a guinea. Tom continued several months after this battle in Ireland, exhibiting specimens of his skill, in company with Hall, with increased reputation and success. At Cork and Dublin his well-earned fame produced him numerous respectable scholars, among whom several persons of rank were conspicuous.

The advantages of superior science were never more clearly shown, than in this combat. The dexterity, ease, and perfect sang froid with which Belcher defeated Dogherty surprised even those who were somewhat acquainted with the art, but, generally speaking, among the mere lookers on it excited astonishment—to view one man (and a scientific professor too) hit all to pieces, his head so transmogrified that few traces of his former phiz remained, completely doubled up, and perfectly insensible to his defeat; while the other combatant was seen retiring from the contest with barely a scratch, and driving away from the Curragh with all the gaiety of a spectator. It was impossible that such a vast superiority could be passed without remark.

On Belcher's return to England, he took a benefit at the Fives Court (May 20, 1814), which was numerously patronised, preparatory to his commencing tavern keeper, at the Castle, in Holborn, previously in the occupation of Gregson, afterwards the caravansera of the respected Tom Spring; and here we must make room for a slight anecdote recorded by Pierce Egan.

"Tom, in company with Shelton, about a week after he had defeated Dogherty, upon coming down Highgate Hill, in a chaise, was challenged to have a trotting match, by a couple of fellows in a gig. Belcher endeavoured to give them the go-by, but they kept continually crossing him. At length, one of those heroes, determined upon kicking up a row, jumped out of his chaise, and without further ceremony, seized Tom by the leg, in order to pull him out to fight, threatening, at the same time, to mill both Belcher and Shelton.

“‘Let go,’ said Tom, ‘and as soon as I get upon the ground, we will have a fair trial, depend upon it’—One of Belcher’s fingers, at this period, was in a poultice, and his hand so sore that he could scarcely touch anything with it; however, this did not prevent the turn up from taking place. The cove’s nob was metamorphosed in a twinkling, and, by way of a finisher, he received a blow that sent him rolling down the hill, to the no small diversion of Shelton and Tom. The latter now mounted his gig with all the *sang froid* possible, good-naturedly advising this would-be fighting man never to threaten, in future, beating two persons at once. Upon the blade’s stopping at the nearest inn to clean his face from the claret it was deluged with, he learnt, to his great surprise, he had been engaged with the celebrated Tom Belcher.”

“Belcher, whose desire for punishing his opponents always ceased on quitting the prize-ring, was attacked one evening, in June, 1817, upon his entering a genteel parlour in the vicinity of Holborn, in a most unhandsome manner, by Jack Firby (a fifteen stone man, and six feet high, but better known by the appellation of the Young Ruffian, and from his defeat by Jem Belcher). In spite of all his ruffianism and knowledge of boxing, his nob was instantly placed in chancery—his peepers were taken measure of for a suit of mourning—and his mug exhibited all the high vermilion touches of colouring, without the aid of a painter. In a few minutes he was so completely satisfied, from the celerity of his expert opponent, as scarcely to be able to retire, covered with shame and confusion for his insolence. Tom politely expressed himself sorry for the trifling interruption the company had experienced, without receiving the slightest scratch from his overgrown bully.”

In conclusion, we may take a glance at Belcher as the “retired pugilist,” a character which, in our own time, we have seen a sufficiency of examples to respect, despite the libels and lies of “Craven” and other calumniators.

Not to cite bygone landlords of “The Castle,” in themselves a tower of strength, we may mention that one pugilist (Mr. John Gully) whose memoir will appear in an early chapter, has risen to senatorial honours; another (Langan, the antagonist of Spring), received a piece of plate (on his retirement from business with a handsome fortune), as a testimonial of the high respect of his neighbours and acquaintance in the town of Liverpool; while the best conducted sporting houses, and those which least frequently figure before magistrates, are—we fearlessly assert it—those kept by ex-pugilists of the higher caste. *Teste* Belcher’s, Spring’s, Jem Burn’s, Owen Swift’s, in London, and many sporting houses in the provinces. There are

exceptions, of course, but if the standcrers of pugilists and fair pugilism will insist on descending to personal or individual libel, to bolster up their cowardly onslaughts on this manly art, we pledge ourselves for every pugilist of note, whose name they produce as having come under the lash of the law for any dishonourable offence, to pick out a parson, a magistrate, or a doctor to match him; and if the highest criminality be the test of class profligacy and brutality, we will go higher and find them Quakers, military officers, aye, even bishops, guilty of capital felony. Truly it is enough to make one's blood boil to read such canting drivel, such impotent spleen vented on bravery and courageous endurance. For ourselves, some acquaintance with the world has taught us that we had rather trust to the honour and generosity of a soldier than a priest, or a pugilist than a professing puritan. But to return to Belcher.

For several years Tom was a frequent exhibitor at the Tennis Court, where no boxer more decisively established the superiority of art over strength. The following instance may tend, in some degree, to illustrate the above opinion. Ikey Pig, the antagonist of Cribb, who possessed a smattering of the science, was not only knocked about like a child, but ultimately hit clean off the stage. Shaw, the lifeguardsman, a Hercules in appearance, a man of undeniable courage, and with strength to match his mighty heart, was dead beat with the gloves by Tom; although this son of Mars, but a day or two before, in a bout with Captain Barclay, had put the captain's upper works to much confusion, and made his teeth chatter again. Gully, whose knowledge of boxing was far above mediocrity, appeared considerably inferior in his sets-to with Tom. Molineaux, too, when in his prime, was milled in all directions over the stage, and ultimately floored by Belcher. During the time Tom was in training at Norwich to fight with Farnborough, in an exhibition of sparring at the above place, he levelled the Champion Cribb, to the no small surprise of the spectators. The memorable disposal of Shock Jem (a lad of most determined spirit, and who had made the art of self-defence his study, under the tuition of the scientific George Head), was so complete and satisfactory upon the point in question by Belcher, as to need no further comment. Shock was "hit to pieces." In competition with Cribb or any of the "big ones," Tom's excellence as a sparrer was never in the slightest degree doubtful; and of this a marked demonstration took place on the occasion of Cribb's benefit, May 31, 1814. The massive bulky appearance of the champion standing over the compact elegant form of Belcher, reminded the spectator not inaptly of the difference between a small frigate contending with a first-rate man-of-war; and that however the former

might, from its compact size and high state of discipline, perform its movements with greater celerity, and even create considerable annoyance by superiority of tactics, yet ultimately, in a decisive engagement, where there was no room for manœuvring, it must strike to heavier metal. So with these combatants. The ponderosity of Cribb, when in close quarters with his opponent, or he bored in upon him, was manifest; but when at arm's length, and while there remained room for a display of adroitness and skill, Belcher appeared the greater man. The exclamations, which made the court resound again, with "well done, little Tom," decided this point. Belcher put in some neat touches upon the nob of the Champion, on his resolutely boring-in, and stopped, in several instances, the well-meant heavy blows of Cribb in the return, with considerable dexterity and judgment. True, when the Champion did get in, he drove Belcher to the corner of the stage, and the strength and resolution of Cribb prevailed.

In concluding our remarks on Belcher's sparring, the following circumstance is worthy of note. It occurred on the 26th of February, 1817, at the benefit of Cribb. Upon Belcher ascending the stage with H. Lancaster, they were interrupted from all parts of the court, with the cry of "Scroggins." Mr. Jackson also requested it, for the satisfaction of several amateurs of rank present. Upon this, that hardy little hero appeared, and Lancaster retired. The spectators were uncommonly anxious to witness this set-to, which might be denominated first-rate science against the most determined ruffianism. Scroggins, immediately on shaking hands with his opponent, rushed at him with all the impetuosity of an English bull-dog, and, for three rounds, it was a downright mill with the gloves. Belcher, from the fury of his antagonist, was driven more than once against the rails, and from want of room his science seemed somewhat at a discount. In the fourth, however, Tom began to feel his way with more certainty, faced his opponent sharply with his one-two, on his boring in, and had the best of the round, when Scroggins bowed and took off the gloves; and, although loudly and repeatedly solicited by the spectators to have another round, and particularly by Belcher, he immediately quitted the stage. A slight tint of the claret appeared on both their mugs, but was first visible from the mouth of Scroggins.

This little episode, with a man of Scroggins's character, might reasonably be expected to result in something like a trial without the mufflers, and so it eventually proved. For on the 10th April, 1822, a sporting dinner having taken place at the Castle, Scroggins, who was bacchi plenis, got into a "skrimmage" with Belcher. The little hero would not be denied, and Tom feeling his character for courage touched, cast aside the counsel of discretion,

and a mill took place. Twenty minutes ruffianing, boring in, and hard fighting on one side, and scientific administration of punishment on the other, settled the question, and Scroggins was forced to give in. This was a gratuitous and somewhat ill-advised exhibition on the part of Belcher, who needed no such triumph, yet it showed the spirit of the "old war-horse ready for the fray," was still within him.

Tom Belcher was in height about five feet nine inches, weighing nearly eleven stone. His appearance was gentlemanly, and his manners and deportment of the most mild and inoffensive nature, well calculated to prepossess the stranger in his favour; who also found in his company the perfection of the pugilist, unmingled with the coarseness which the ignorant and the prejudiced are too apt to associate with their ideal of every brave boxer.

Belcher died at Bristol on the 9th of December, 1854, aged 71 years, universally respected.

CHAPTER III.

HEN. (OR HENRY) PEARCE, "THE GAME CHICKEN"
(CHAMPION)—1803–1805.

BRILLIANT as a meteor Hen. Pearce shot across the pugilistic horizon, as quickly to fall extinguished. When Jem Belcher had reached the zenith of his fame, he cast his eyes toward Bristol for a successor, and the early reputation of Pearce pointed him out as a likely holder of the belt of championship on behalf of his own native city.

We shall not here dilate on the fistic capabilities of Pearce, convinced that a simple record of his deeds will far outweigh pompous panegyric and fulsome laudation. Pearce was another among the many scientific sons of boxing Bristol, and among the many ring recruits which that ancient city furnished to the metropolitan arena must ever hold a distinguished place.

The year of Pearce's birth was 1777, and after serving his apprenticeship duly to the age of twenty-one, to a tradesman in Bristol, some of the cognoscenti were attracted by his remarkable skill in sparring, and in boxing matches, for which that city and its rival, Bath, were then famous.

After Jem Belcher's accident, in July, 1803, the champion made a flattering overture to the young Bristolian* to come to London. Berks, as we have already observed, now asserted his title to the championship, and Jem soon found Pearce an introduction to that bumptious personage, who was as much a bully as a bruiser, at the well-known rendezvous in St. Martin's Street, Leicester-square. Belcher, as might be expected, after himself testing Pearce's qualifications, readily backed his townsman, and their first serious rencounter is thus told in "Pancratia," pp. 182 et seq. :—

"Thursday, August 11, 1803, was a great day out with the sporting classes of the metropolis, and 'the Chicken' was there (at Shooter's Hill) with other visitors. Joe Berks also was present. On the road home these

* Pearce was in his twenty-sixth year, and the senior of Belcher by nearly five years; but his constitution was undebauched, and his fame matured. Belcher began his fighting career at seventeen years with Britton, two or three years too early.

already talked-of rivals for the championship eyed each other with minute attention, and doubtless with some feelings of envy. In the course of the evening they met again at the Fives Court, St. Martin's Lane, and stories were industriously circulated of the utter contempt which each had formed for the other's pugilistic powers. In the course of the evening Pearce having retired, the gluttonous butcher became offensively insolent towards Pearce's friends, boasting his capability of making it an affair of a few minutes, with such a thread paper. The challenge was communicated to the Chicken, who rose with alacrity from his bed (he then lodged in Wardour-street, Soho), and everything was quickly got ready. A well-lighted room was selected, and notice sent round to some leading patrons, that a trial of skill was to take place between the new Bristol youth, and the celebrated glutton Berks; numbers soon assembled, and between the hours of eleven and twelve the battle commenced. Berks' inferiority was soon manifest. His slow and round method of fighting failed in doing any execution when opposed to the straight rapid hits of his active adversary, and his pluck only enabled him to receive uncommon punishment. The Chicken lost no time in displaying the graces of the science, yet put in his blows so sharply that Berks soon exhibited signs of weakness. During a desperate contest of twenty minutes, in which fifteen rounds of tremendous milling took place, Berks evinced great courage, and endeavoured in the latter round to fight defensively, and parry the blows of the Chicken, but the latter followed him up so straight-forward, that it was impossible for Berks to resist the consequences, and he was twice floored by the Chicken, so decidedly that he lay stupefied. The two blows were allowed by all present, to have been the most tremendously effective they had ever witnessed. Berks was dreadfully milled, yet had the candour to acknowledge that he had never before met with such a rapid antagonist."

It should be observed that the cause of this unusual mode of settling an important fight, was that Berks was at this time under recognizances of £200, and the conditions of a published prize-fight were supposed to be hereby evaded.

From the time "the Game Chicken" first appeared in London, the patrons of the pugilate felt desirous to match him regularly against Berks, but the latter's recognizances proved an insurmountable obstacle. Time at length eradicated all fear of that process, and the match was made.

The sum staked was £100, and the combatants agreed to fight upon the terms of £90 to the winner, and £10 to be appropriated to the loser. Accordingly "on Monday, January 23, 1804, the heroes of the fist again



HEN. (OR HENRY) PEARCE (CHAMPION), "THE GAME CHICKEN."

From a Drawing by REEVES, of Bristol, 1806

graced the well-known spot on Wimbledon Common, and at eleven o'clock a ring was formed upon the highest part of the common near Coombe Wood; but receiving information that they were in a parish wherein they were liable to be molested, they immediately gave the word to form another near the telegraph. A race ensued of a curious description, some thousands of pedestrians and equestrians, with lots of carriages and carts, all were set in commotion, trying who should obtain the best situation for seeing the fight.

"A ring being formed, after the bustle had subsided, Berks entered, accompanied by Tom Owen for his second, and Paddington Jones his bottle-holder. Shortly afterwards Pearce appeared, attended by Bill Gibbons and Caleb Baldwin. They immediately began to strip; Berks was the tallest and displaying immense muscle appeared to possess uncommon strength. Pearce stood about five feet eight inches and three quarters; the conformation of his chest and limbs brought to recollection the athletic form of the noted Tom Johnson, but on a smaller and lighter scale.

"At precisely at eleven minutes before twelve they set to. Odds seven to four in favour of Pearce, from the former rencontre.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Pearce showed great caution, opposing himself indirectly to superior strength; and Berks had learnt from the brushing he had got at St. Martin's Lane, not to rush in. Without any blows being exchanged, both men closed and fell. (Two to one on Pearce.)

2.—The Shropshireman upon his mettle, game to the back-bone, went in desperately, and fought into a rally like a hero; but the Chicken, awake to his intent, milled on the retreat, and at length put in a stopper on Berks' forehead, that made him reel again, when the Chicken caught him staggering, and threw him.

3.—Berks, though bleeding profusely, stood up well to his man, and a good display of hits was made on both sides. Berks again thrown.

4, 5.—Ditto repeated, the exchanges in favour of the Chicken.

6.—Pearce put in a blow, which Berks countered so heavily as to bring down Pearce on his knee. (Bravo, Berks!)

7 to 11.—Berks exceedingly shy of his opponent, always waiting for his antagonist to break ground, and suffering much from the repetition of his blows. From this to

15.—The Chicken so much the favourite, that the odds were four to one upon him. It was manifest that Berks was no man's man for his man. His style of fighting was con-

siderably inferior to that of his opponent, and he began to appear much distressed; he occasionally tried to affect the scientific style of his opponent, but at a still greater disadvantage than his own natural mode of fighting. The severe blows he received from the Chicken made him unruly and intemperate, and he was becoming fast an easy conquest up to the

20th round.—Berks' passion was now exhausting his strength. His nose bleeding considerably, and, irritated in mind that no chance offered of proving successful, he ran in furiously upon his opponent. His intemperance rendered him a complete object for punishment, and the Chicken milled him in every direction. (Twenty to one the winner is named; and even bets that Berks don't come again.)

21.—Passion uppermost; Berks desperate in the extreme, and by running in headlong, missed putting in a hit, and fell. Pearce smiling at his want of prudence, and holding up both his hands in triumph.

22.—A good rally, but Berks received a most tremendous flogger.

24 and last.—Berks still insensible to prudence, and determined to get at his man, received a severe milling. He was several times advised by his backers and seconds to give in, but resolutely refused, soliciting each time to "fight another round." How-

ever, at the close of the twenty-fourth bout, he was hit down stupefied, but suddenly recovering, gave in. The battle lasted one hour and seventeen minutes, and Berks, we had almost said as usual, was severely

punished. Pearce fought the last round as gallily as the first, and when it was over challenged Isaac Bittoon* for 200 guineas, but this match went off.

After this battle Maddox beat Seabrook in three rounds, and the afterwards well-known Bill Richmond in three more.

There was a little *désagrément* arising out of this "field day." Tom Owen was indicted at the ensuing Surrey Sessions, for a "riot and conspiracy," in seconding Berks, in a pitched battle on Wimbledon Common, and refusing to depart when warned by a warrant officer, sent by Mr. Conant, the magistrate, upon information laid. Tom was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Elias Spray, the coppersmith, a boxer of renown in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and who had twice beaten Bill Jackling (Ginger), the brother of Tom Johnson, the champion, was next selected to try the mettle of our hero.

Monday, March 11, 1805, was the day appointed, and the fixture was Hampton Court; but fearing an interruption, they agreed to cross the water, and decide the contest upon Molesworth (Moulsey) Meadow. Considerable confusion took place in procuring boats to convey the numerous followers across the river, where several not only experienced a good ducking, but some narrowly escaped drowning, in their eagerness to reach the destined spot. At length, everything being completed, Pearce, attended by Maddox and Hall, as his second and bottle-holder, entered the ring (twenty feet square) and threw up his hat in defiance. Spray soon made his appearance, followed by Wood as his second, and Mountain as bottle-holder. Betting was seven to four on Pearce, even that the fight did not last twenty-five minutes, and ten to one that Pearce was not beaten in half an hour.

The combatants lost no time in stripping, and after shaking hands smilingly set-to at a little before one o'clock.

THE FIGHT.†

Round 1.—A little sparring; Spray made a short hit; the Chicken put in a severe blow and brought down his opponent.

2.—Good blows exchanged. Spray put in a blow in his antagonist's breast. Pearce rallied, and again knocked Spray down. (Odds nine to four in favour of the Chicken.)

3.—The Coppersmith showed good courage, and fought well. The men closed, and both fell.

4.—Spray rather hastily made some hard blows, but they failed. Pearce gave him a cross-buttock.

5.—In this round Spray already appeared

* Isaac Bittoon had beaten Tom Jones, and made a draw with George Maddox, and at this time was in good repute as a boxer. See APPENDIX.

† It may be as well here to note that wherever practicable, the best contemporary report has been used of these earlier fights, which will account for discrepancies between some of them and the embellished accounts in "Boxiana."

distressed. The Chicken showed excellent science, and a third time completely knocked down his opponent. As he fell, Pearce smiled.

6.—Both fought well; some sharp blows exchanged. Spray struck his opponent in the stomach. Pearce rallied, and threw him very cleverly.

7.—Pearce seemed much affected by Spray's last blow in the bread-basket. He made a hit, but failed, and fell. (Odds fell to two to one.)

11.—No good blows, but Pearce again had the advantage the whole of these four rounds.

12.—Spray put in some good determined blows, but they mostly fell short; at length, by a successful blow on the nose, he brought down the Chicken.

13.—Pearce bled profusely. Spray evinced weakness, made a short blow, and fell.

14.—Pearce met his antagonist with determined resolution, and put in so severe a blow on the jaw, that every one feared lest he had broken it; Spray fell. (Odds now rose ten to one on Pearce.)

15.—Spray stood up to his man boldly, but quickly received a foorer from the Chicken.

16.—Courage displayed on both sides. Spray put in some well directed hits; but in closing, Pearce threw him a cross-buttock.

17.—Spray attempted to rally, but received a most desperate blow upon his temple that

nearly deprived him of his recollection, and which spoilt him for the remainder of the fight. The ensuing five rounds upon the part of Spray were little better than mere exhibitions of animal courage.

23.—All in favour of the Chicken. (Twenty to one, but no takers.)

24.—Spray again showed himself, but his efforts to turn the tide were futile. The Chicken smiled at his attempts; yet the Coppersmith showed considerable skill, and continued the battle to

27.—Hardly to be called fighting. Spray was down as soon as he appeared.

28.—Spray could scarcely stand, yet could not bring himself to say "No." He put up his hands and endeavoured to face his opponent. It was all up: the Chicken hit him as he liked, and finally knocked him off his legs.

29 and last.—Spray stood up, but only to exhibit the spectacle of a game man struggling against fate. Pearce put in a thrust rather than a blow, and poor Spray was persuaded to give in. The battle lasted thirty-five minutes. Pearce immediately sprang over the ropes, laid down on the grass for a few minutes, during which he accepted a challenge from Carte, the Birmingham "champion," for 50 guineas. The money was immediately staked, and they agreed to fight within six weeks. The Chicken then started for town in a chaise, full of spirits.

On Saturday, the 27th April, 1805, the day appointed for Carte to enter the lists with the Chicken, the parties met at Shepperton Common, near Chertsey, in Surrey. The superiority of the Chicken was so manifest, that Carte had not the least chance whatever, although six feet three and a half inches in height, and weighing upwards of fifteen stone. It would be a waste of time and paper to give the rounds in the detail. Suffice it to observe, that after a contest of thirty-five minutes, in which twenty-five rounds took place, Carte, from his ignorance of the art, received a most terrible milling; while, on the contrary, the science of the Chicken so protected him from the attacks of his adversary, that he scarcely had a mark visible.

A new, young, and formidable rival now sought the notice of Pearce. This was the afterwards celebrated John Gully,* then a young man of twenty-one years of age: as we prefer the chronicler's account where his details are available, we quote a contemporary journalist:—

"Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken, by the unprecedented adroitness and success with which he has contested every combatant matched against him, in London, has acquired, with almost universal assent, the proud title of Champion of England. It has ever been found, throughout the annals of

* He was born August 21, 1783, at Bristol.

pugilism, that whenever any hero has, however meritoriously, acquired such a flattering distinction, some emulous aspirant has sprung up to dispute his claim, and it has also as generally happened that at last the hero has been obliged, notwithstanding his accumulated honours, to acknowledge the triumph of a more youthful rival. Pearce has at this time conquered three most formidable practisers of the gymnasium, Berke, Spray, and Carte, and, after a general challenge, no one coming to take up the gauntlet, he quietly set himself to rest, to enjoy the enviable honour which no one dared dispute his title to. There was, however, yet to be produced, in order to keep up the spirit of pugilism, some one who possessed courage enough to enter the ring against this invincible hero. This was considered not easy to be accomplished; there happens, however, to be a man of the name of Gully, a native of Bristol, and fellow townsman of the Chicken's, who for some time has followed the avocation of a butcher, but being unsuccessful, had taken country lodgings in the neighbourhood of St. George's Fields,* in a fine open situation, where he found room enough to exert his muscles in the active amusement of rackets. Here Pearce, through generosity and goodwill, which were ever two prominent features of his mind, visited his townsman and acquaintance, to afford condolence. As every don fellow now does not consider his equipage complete, unless graced with the Broughtonian mufflers, Gully had a set, and to fill up the chasm in the afternoon's amusement the host and guest must have a set-to. Good humour, as it always should, prevailed, but Gully did not fail to give the Chicken a few severe hits; in short Gully became fired with his success, and immediately took it into his head that it was, perhaps, not impossible to beat the champion. Mr. Fletcher Reid, always actively alive, like a true sportsman, soon got scent; 'Gully,' said he, 'shall fight the Chicken:' his debts were accordingly discharged, and he was taken to Virginia Water, about two miles beyond Egham, on the western road, to be put in training. Gully at this time was little known in London, having never signalized himself as a pugilist. In make he was much such a man as Jem Belcher, but taller, and longer in the reach. In point of muscular appearance, a knowing one would not set him down as altogether built for fighting; however, from the commencement he never funk'd, being always sanguine in his hopes of victory. Pearce found some of his old friends, who backed him 600 guineas to 400, and the day was fixed to be Saturday, July 20, on which day, in order to keep up the sport, two other matches were to be

* A bit of slang for the King's Bench Prison, afterwards called Abbott's Priory, Tentorden Park, Denman's Priory, etc., from successive O. J.'s of the K. B. It is now abolished, and its site a barrack.

decided, between Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam, and between Ryan and Caleb Baldwin.

"Virginia Water was appointed as rendezvous, where Gully, Tom Belcher, and Ryan, had been two months in training, under the auspices of Mr. Fletcher Reid; and it being understood that the first and main battle would be fought by eight o'clock in the morning, the whole Fancy were in commotion and arrived there betimes. Hence they all proceeded to Chobham, three miles further, where a ring was formed, and all was anxious expectation.

"Whenever John Bull does not see all straight before him, notwithstanding his being a very drowsy hand at it, he begins to theorise, and this was the case now. Some said it was 'all my eye,' and others more certainly, 'there'll be no fight;' while others deep in the secret said it would be a cross. For Mr. Chersey, a knowing one who had formerly backed Pearce very heavily, had turned round and backed Gully, 'and by this no one could tell the enormous money he could win.' So the sages and chiefs went to council, and first they decided that '*all bets should be void.*' But during this awful crisis news arrived that the Surrey magistrates (*dei minores*) had interfered, that officers with warrants were abroad, and that *that* county was no land for them. Blackwater, beyond Bagshot, was named, and off started the whole cavalcade. Dutch Sam was mounted in a stylish buggy, but by some accident the reins broke, the driver jumped out, and left the Jew with a fast clutch of one rein. Away went the horse, Mishter Shamuels vociferating to all the heroes of the Pentateuch to save him. He was, however, soon unshipped, and so severely bruised as to be unable to fight, and so his match was lost. Blackwater was reached, but the day was advanced, and disputes went on. Mr. Fletcher Reid declared that if bets did not stand there should be no fight. Mr. Mullish and the Hon. Berkeley Craven, offered to back the Chicken to any amount, say 600 guineas to 500. The amateurs having covered thirty-two miles from London, raised a purse, and for this Tom Cribb (afterwards the renowned champion of England), entered the lists with George Nicholls, of Bristol, and was thrashed, for the first and last time. See NICHOLLS, in Appendix to Period IV.

Tuesday, October 8th, 1805, was next named as "the great important day big with the fate" of Gully and of Pearce, and Hailsham, a small village in Sussex, between Brighton and Lewes, was pitched upon for the Campus Martius. The number of spectators was immense; the Downs being covered with equestrians and pedestrians, and the "swells" of royal and aristocratic Brighton being in unusual force. The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., often referred to witnessing this fight.

At ten o'clock the combatants met at the place appointed, and, after a short conference, a 24-foot rope ring was formed on a green adjoining the village. At one o'clock the contending champions entered; Gully was seconded by Tom Jones and Dick Whale; Pearce had Clarke and Joe Ward for his attendants.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The anxiety round the ring was intense. Gully made a desperate hit at his opponent, but fell short, and Pearce immediately knocked him down. ("Three to one on the Chicken!" cried a leading amateur.)

2.—Gully put in first blow again. The Chicken returned sharply, and Gully fell.

3.—Pearce threw in a blow at his opponent's head, which fell short. Gully hit out and dropped.

4.—Pearce stood up with a smile of confidence on his brow. Both combatants struck at once, and both hits were well stopped, but Gully fell.

5.—Pearce put in a heavy blow in the neck, and brought down his opponent.

6.—Pearce put in two good hits right and left, and brought Gully down once more. (Odds now rose to ten to two on the Chicken).

7.—Immediately on setting-to Pearce knocked down his opponent.

8.—Much sparring, Pearce put in a hit; Gully parried in style, and returned with a knock down blow; Pearce fell for the first time. Cheers for Gully, and cries, "They are both Bristol men."

9.—Pearce appeared touched: he went in and knocked Gully down, then turning to his backers smiled in triumph.

10.—Gully struck out with spirit; Pearce stopped, and with a thump on the breast brought down Gully.

11.—Gully put in a neat hit, but the round terminated by the Chicken's knocking him completely off his legs.

12.—Gully threw in a most severe blow, struck Pearce on the mouth, and brought him down. Cheers for Gully.

13.—In this round Gully displayed both good science and courage; he put in two good blows, but fell from the force of the last.

14.—Gully came up in good spirits, but the first blow of the Chicken's knocked him off his legs.

15.—Both combatants struck, and both hits went home. Gully struck again and fell.

16.—Gully appeared rather shy, and fell without a blow being struck.*

17.—The best round during the battle, if not that ever was contested. Pearce seemed confident of beating his man, and stood up

well. Gully rallied, and put in several good blows, which were returned by the Chicken without any stopping. Gully brought down his opponent, after having successfully planted two good hits on his left eye. This round was undoubtedly greatly in Gully's favour, and the odds fell, bets being now six to four on the Chicken.

18.—No fighting. Pearce bled profusely, and Gully slipped while making play.

19.—Another excellent round. Gully rallied; Pearce returned; and after some good blows they closed, and both fell.

20.—Pearce seemed almost blind with his left eye, and as the blood issued freely, he fought very shy, and retreated. Gully followed him up round the ring, and by a good hit brought Pearce down.

21.—Pearce was very careful, and Gully in hitting fell.

22.—Some good blows exchanged. Gully fell; while falling, Pearce struck him a tremendous blow on the side of the head, and Gully vomited.

23.—Pearce struck, but fell short. Gully put in a good blow over his opponent's right eye, and endeavoured to fall, but only being on his knees, Pearce struck him. Some cries of "Foul," but the fight went on.

24.—Pearce very cautious. Gully stuck to him and followed him round the ring. Some good blows were exchanged, and Gully fell again.

25.—Pearce was now every round gaining advantage.

26.—Gully put in a good hit, and fell. This irritated Pearce, and he stood over him apparently much exasperated.

27.—Long sparring. Pearce struck, but fell short; Gully struck over his guard, and it was thought almost blinded his right eye.

28.—Pearce very shy. Gully followed him round the ring, but Pearce knocked him down with a blow in his throat.

29.—Gully appeared very weak. He made a hit at the Chicken's head, which he caught, and Pearce made a slight return. Gully made a good hit, which Pearce parried with his left hand, and with his right knocked down his opponent.

30 to 43.—In all these rounds the Chicken had the advantage; both were bleeding freely, particularly Gully, whose ear flowed

* This would now lose the fight.—ED.

optionally. Gully appeared shy of advancing; his head was dreadfully swollen, and his eyes appeared nearly closed.

44.—Pearce dexterously put in his favourite hit in the throat, and his antagonist fell. Gully had now received so many severe blows, that he could not face his man; he, however, continued to protract the fight by making a feint hit, and falling, until the

6th round, when, by great persuasion, he yielded the palm, after a contest of one hour and seventeen minutes.

REMARKS.—Both combatants were dreadfully beaten, neither being hardly able to see out of either eye. A subscription was immediately made for the unfortunate champion. Soon after Gully had given in, Pearce came

up to him, shook hands with him, and said, "You're a d——d good fellow; I'm hard put to it to stand. You are the only man that ever stood up to me."

This was, as Pearce afterwards said in private conversation, the severest battle he ever fought, and that he was never so near being deprived of his hard-earned position. As to Gully's being "a novice," as he was termed, Pearce laughed at the notion. He had all the tactics of a good general, backed by weight, strength, youth, and resolution. "He has 'a head' for fighting," said the Chicken, in his own rough but figurative language; "he must be a sharp chap, and get up early, as beats John Gully, I can tell you."

To compliment Pearce on this battle would be unnecessary. His success, however, had an unexpected and unfortunate influence on the fortunes and fame of his patron and townsman Jem Belcher, who rashly challenged Pearce to fight for 500 guineas, play or pay, within two months. The Chicken, who claimed the championship, had no alternative but to resign the honour, or take up the gage thus ill-advisedly thrown down.

The opinions of the amateurs were, however, much divided. Many, true to their predilection, stuck to Jem's irresistibility, and Mr. Fletcher Reid readily came forward to back Belcher. Captain Halliday covered the 500 on the part of Pearce. To avoid disappointment it was agreed that the battle should come off not less than 150 miles from the metropolis, to be decided by a toss between the parties. This Belcher won, and named a small common three miles from Barnby Moor, and nine miles from Doncaster. The ground was a short half mile from the seat of Captain Mellish, at Blythe, and 150 miles from London.

"On Friday, December 6th, 1805, Pearce, who had been staying at the Blue Boll Inn, Barnby Moor, started about eleven o'clock for Blythe, accompanied by his father. There they met Captain Mellish, Lord Say and Sele, Lord Eardley, Captain Halliday, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, and other gentlemen, who accompanied Pearce across the park to the appointed spot, where Belcher already awaited them. A ring of twenty feet diameter was formed within another of forty feet, to prevent interruption from the 'outsiders.' The partisans on this occasion sported 'colours.' Those favouring Pearce sported a blue silk handkerchief with a white spot, since called 'bird's-eye' and 'Chicken;' whilst those adhering to Belcher, sported, with much pride, the yellow striped flag, known before by the name of the 'Belcher,' in honour of the hero. The combatants entered the ring, Will Ward seconded Pearce, and Bill Gibbons acted as bottle-holder: Joe Ward

and Dick Whale performing the same offices for Belcher. On stripping Pearce appeared the stronger man and in best condition, but Belcher was not in the least daunted, and seemed confident of success. They performed the well-known salutation, and at half past twelve they set-to. Betting five to four on the Chicken.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The attitudes of both men were masterly; and the cleverness in sparing for an opening excited general admiration. There was much cautious but active manoeuvring. Each seemed aware that to throw away a chance might lose the battle. Belcher made several feints, and at length put in a severe blow on the Chicken's eye, over his guard, that drew blood copiously. The Chicken returned the blow slightly, they closed, and the Chicken threw his man.

2.—Belcher remarkably active. He again made several feints, and the Chicken, whose face was covered with blood, stopped cautiously, then made a hit. Belcher put in two blows on the Chicken's body, and they closed. The men disengaged themselves. The Chicken aimed a well-directed hit, which Belcher stopped dexterously; a rally, when the Chicken hit one, two, and threw his man. (Six to four on the Chicken.)

3.—A hard round, rather in favour of the Chicken. Several blows were exchanged in a rally made by him. A close, and Belcher was thrown upon the ropes.

4.—Chicken hit twice at his man, but was out of distance. Belcher rallied with some success, but was thrown at the end of the round.

5.—The Chicken continued to bleed freely from the blow he received in the first round. He smiled with confidence, however, went in, and rallied. The struggle closed, in favour of Belcher, who throw him.

6.—Belcher displayed a good deal of his accustomed science, and appeared to meet his man cautiously. In a rally several blows were exchanged; they closed and fell, Belcher undermost.

7.—This round was much in favour of Belcher. The Chicken made a hit, which Belcher stopped dexterously, and with his right hand hit the Chicken a severe blow in the face. A rally followed, in which Belcher had the advantage; they closed. The Chicken got his opponent's head under his left arm, and hit him several blows with his right hand: both fell.

8.—Belcher went in, rallied courageously, and displayed his skill in pugilism to perfection. He struck several blows with his right hand, whilst he parried those of the Chicken with his left. He had considerable advantage during the round, and ultimately succeeded in throwing his man over the rope out of the ring. (The betting became level.)

9.—Both on their mettle, and apparently fresh. Belcher hit the Chicken a sharp blow in the face, which cut him severely; several other blows were exchanged before the men closed and fell.

10.—Somewhat in favour of the Chicken, without any blows of consequence. Belcher appeared to be fast growing weak.

11.—The Chicken overreached himself in making a hit, and the combatants closed. Belcher disengaged himself by a twist, and hit his man, who, nevertheless, threw him.

12.—The Chicken went in and rallied furiously, and it was evident Belcher had fallen off in strength. He had materially the worst of the rally. The Chicken closed, and threw him on the rope, and had a fair opportunity of ending the fight, for Belcher balanced upon his back, and had the Chicken given him one of his heavy blows, might have ended the battle at once. But just as he raised his hand, the spirit of a fair fighter rose within him: his foe was defenceless. He put himself in the attitude for delivering a blow, to show his advantage, then looking round the ring, he exclaimed, "No, Jem, I won't take advantage of thee! no, lest I hurt thy other eye!" and raising his hands, went back to his second. "This honourable step," says the reporter drily, "was applauded with shouts from the spectators."

13.—Belcher came up slowly. The Chicken went in for a rally. To the surprise of many, the men got locked, when Belcher cleverly got hold of Pearce and sent him over, a severe cross-buttock.

14.—Tedious sparring. Belcher shy, and bleeding in the head and body with blows given in the former round. The Chicken followed him to the ropes, when he gave him a hard blow under the blind eye, through his guard, and threw him easy.

15.—This round left no hopes for Belcher; it also decided many bets respecting the first knock-down blow. The Chicken went in very gay, and gave his opponent two hits; they closed, and the Chicken hit Belcher a blow underneath, on the lower rib, which, to use the sporting phrase, doubled him together, and he fell. The umpire, for the satisfaction of the sporting men, declared this to be a knock-down blow.

16.—Belcher hit the Chicken a well-directed but feeble blow in the face, whilst sparring. The Chicken smiled, shook his head, and then went into a rally. Once

more he got him on the ropes, as in the twelfth round, when he repeated his honourable conduct, and walked away without hitting him. This round decided the fight, notwithstanding Belcher fought one more. In the rally he was first thrown upon one of the stakes to which the ropes were fastened, and it was supposed he had broken the lower rib, the Chicken having hit him in the same place shortly before. (Ten to one.)

17.—Belcher summoned up all his efforts to put in a blow, but the Chicken again followed him to the ropes, and threw him.

18.—Belcher could not move his left arm from his side: he, however, stood up to fight the eighteenth round, but finding himself totally disabled, he resigned the contest, after fighting thirty-five minutes. The Chicken immediately leaped over the rope out of the ring, and entered it again in the same manner, displaying his agility by a somersault.

"On this day the wreath of victory, which had so long encircled the brow of Belcher, was torn off by the powerful grasp of the very man for whose success Belcher had evinced so much anxiety. Envy appeared the principal excitement in the mind of Jem to the contest, and to that passion he undoubtedly sacrificed his honours, and fell a pitiable victim. Under a mistaken impulse, after having successfully triumphed over such formidable opponents as Paddington Jones, Bartholomew, Gamble, Berks, and Firby, his well gained fame expired. It was evident, independent of the great disadvantage which Belcher unhappily sustained in the loss of an eye, that neither his strength nor constitution at this time could enable him to encounter with any chance of success, an opponent possessing such an astonishing degree of skill, agility, wind, muscular power, and, in short, every requisite that the most theoretic mind could suggest for a pugilist. Belcher, in the course of the combat, put in several of his favourite blows, and got off in his accustomed happy manner; but the longer the fight lasted, so

much the greater became his disadvantage, and every one conversant in boxing allowed, that had he planted more hits, instead of employing his time in unavailing and useless sparring, he would have stood a better chance of gaining a victory. Pearce, throughout the combat, without a doubt, aimed the generality of his blows at Belcher's good eye, well aware of the result of closing it, and in closing, Pearce gave him some tremendous falls.

"Upon the whole, if the combat was not so obstinately contested as might have been anticipated, there was in it a display of science perhaps unprecedented. Those, however, who had witnessed Belcher in any of his former battles, could perceive a deficiency in his fighting in many points, notwithstanding he displayed all his former courage. After they had fought a quarter of an hour, Belcher displayed marks of some violent hits in his face, and his firm bright eye rolled in the briny flood. The loss of his eyes was a greater disadvantage to him than *a priori* was supposed; it rendered him unable to judge the length of his opponent, nor could he perceive the hits coming towards him until it was too late to guard against them. With respect to his own blows, as he himself observed, after the fight, they were merely casual attempts, for his sight was not sufficiently quick and strong to plant them judiciously. Every one who had on former occasions admired with enthusiasm the unexampled courage and skill of Belcher, felt deeply for his unfortunate situation, and in many an eye was seen the sympathetic tear to start. His spirits were good to the last; and after its conclusion he exclaimed, not without seeming to feel the assertion, 'I don't mind for myself, but I'm sorry for a friend of mine, who has lost everything he had.' A subscription was set on foot by Jackson, and very liberally supplied. Belcher was taken to a surgeon's and bled, where, upon examination, they found the rib expected to have been broken was perfect.

The Game Chicken retired to the Blue Bell Inn, at Barnby Moor, and seriously declared that once or twice he had it in his power to have killed Belcher. Elated with his victory, he cried out in the Somersetshire dialect, "Dang it, I'm not hurt, I have only cut my crook against his teeth;" and pulling out of his pocket a new blue silk handkerchief, spotted with white, tied it round his neck, and laughing, said, "Since I've won it I'll wear it; no more Belchers now." After taking some refreshment, they set off for Grantham, where Captain Halliday had ordered dinner for a large party.

The Chicken had now entirely proved himself thorough game; and was without a competitor for a while. A man of the name of Ford, a stalwart gamekeeper from Leicestershire, came up to London about this time, and

challenged Pearce for fifty guineas. The Chicken offered to accommodate him for 200 guineas, as a minimum stake for the champion. Ford came to town in April, 1807, while Pearce was at Bristol, and vapoured greatly of his willingness to fight the absent champion for a glass of Liptrap.* It was probably fortunate the Chicken was not there, or Mr. Ford might have found himself out of his depth. We hear no more of "Master Ford," who showed better wisdom in minding "buck-washing."

Pearce, like too many of his predecessors of pugilistic notoriety, foundered on the same rock on which they had split. Examples, advice, and lessons, it should seem, all lose their effect upon persons, who, in the bloom of youth, health and vigour, laugh at the idea of incurring any serious consequences from intemperance, till they find it out for themselves, when, generally it is too late to be remedied. The Chicken during his residence in the metropolis had made rather too free with his constitution; yet we have authority for observing that it originated more from circumstances and place, than sheer inclination. His health became impaired, and he retired to his native city, to enjoy the comforts of domesticated life; and by the advice of his friends, he relinquished the calling of a pugilist for that of a publican.

We have now arrived at an episode in the life of Pearce, which we would earnestly recommend to the perusal of the calumniators of pugilists and pugilism; we doubt if a similar deed can be recorded of many of the canters who decry prizefighters as "inhuman savages!"

In the month of November, 1807, a fire broke out at Mrs. Denzill's, a silk-mercier, in Thomas Street, Bristol, and the flames had made such rapid progress, that the servant in the house, a poor girl, who had retired to rest in the attic story, was nearly enveloped in flames before she awoke to her dreadful situation. Frantic with despair, she presented herself at the window imploring help—her screams pierced the hearts of the spectators, who appeared riveted with terror to the spot, expecting every moment her threatened destruction. But none move; all are petrified with fear and horror. At length, Pearce ("the prize-fighter by profession and the savage by nature," according to "Craven,") appears in the crowd; he sees the life of a human being in danger, and feels prompted to the perilous endeavour of an immediate rescue. By the aid of the adjoining house, he reaches the parapet, and, hanging over it, firmly grasps the wrist of the wretched girl—the multitude are lost in astonishment, and never did a more interesting moment present itself—hope, fear, and all the stronger emotions are on the

* (An. The name of a celebrated distiller (Sir John Liptrap) at Whitechapel. As "Hodges" is now sometimes used for the same spirituous "blue ruin."

rack at the intrepidity of a man losing every thought of self in the hope of delivering a fellow-creature from a dreadful death. The additional weight, added to the height from the parapet, was almost too much for the nearly exhausted energies of Pearce.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once;"

and so it proved—Pearce's brave heart leaped within him, and with a supreme effort he drew his trembling charge from the window, placed her safe upon the parapet, and in an instant she was out of danger. The delighted multitude was loud in their plaudits—and the almost lifeless sufferer clinging round the knees of her deliverer, invoked blessings on his name. This was the proudest moment of Pearce's life. The shouts of victory, and the flattering praises that had so often attended him in the hour of battle, were mere shadows compared with that of an approving conscience. Yet this was the act of a pugilist!—one who had entered the field to obtain a purse of gold as a prize-fighter. Here was no gold to tempt him to risk his life: the smallest deviation of balance must have precipitated him headlong to destruction; and no opportunity of retreating from the consequences. The gallant soldier in mounting the forlorn hope, and the hardy tar in boarding the ship of the enemy, are stimulated by a thirst of glory and love of country, but Pearce was actuated by no other motive than that of humanity; and when that "recording angel," who dropped a tear and blotted out for ever the intemperate expression of my Uncle Toby, shall turn the page of the evil deeds of this pugilist, let us trust they may be similarly obliterated.

In *Arlliss's Magazine*, and the "Poets' Corner" of *Farley's Bristol Journal*, we find the subjoined lines, more remarkable for their good feeling than poetic merit:—

"In Bristol city, while a house in flames
Fills the beholders with amazement dire,
A damsel at an upper window claims
Their utmost pity, for th' approaching fire—
Which every moment seems to gather near,
Nor hope of rescue does there aught appear.

"At length upon the neighb'ring house-top seen,
A gallant youth now hastens to her aid,
And o'er the fearful parapet does lean,
With spirit dauntless, to assist the maid;
Endowed by heaven with more than common might,
He grasps her arms, and draws her to the height.

"Oh, glorious act! Oh, courage well applied!
Oh, strength exerted in its proper cause!
Thy name, O Pearce! be sounded far and wide,
Live, ever honour'd, midst the world's applause;
Be this thy triumph! know one creature saved,
Is greater glory than a world enslav'd."

A short time after the noble deed we have narrated the Game Chicken again distinguished himself in rescuing one of the fair sex from insult and danger. In his way over Clifton Downs, near Bristol, Pearce perceived a young woman suffering much from the rude attacks of three men. Regardless of the consequences Pearce instantly interposed, when they fell upon him with fury; but the courage and science of Pearce soon made them repent of their temerity. The Chicken received their onset with such coolness and intrepidity, and so successfully planted his levelling hits, that one of them of the name of Hood, was so satisfied, in seven minutes, that he bolted, and left his companions to the care of Pearce. In a quarter of an hour, the Chicken so served-out Morris and Francis, the other two, that they declined the strife, and apologised for their rudeness, while the terrified female could only thank her gallant defender for his seasonable protection.

It would seem that, however Pearce might have been crowned with honour, gratified by the enviable title of champion, and admired by his friends in general—he was not happy. That source of true felicity and real consolation, to which a man flies to alleviate his troubles or participate in his honours, was unhappily polluted, and his wife's incontinence had rendered home so miserable, that he left his native place never more to return.

Pearce now went to different country towns exhibiting sparring, and teaching the art of self-defence, and we need hardly say was much patronised. The Chicken was in the neighbourhood of Oxford when Jem Belcher and Cribb fought their last battle, and felt so anxious as to the issue of the combat, that he set off in a post-chaise overnight lest he should fail to witness the fight. On Cribb's proving victorious, he exclaimed with great earnestness, "he hoped he should get well, that he might teach Cribb how to fight!"

Pearce took a benefit at the Fives Court, on February 9, 1809, when some good sparring was exhibited. Every interest was exerted to give him support. Pearce was now the victim of pulmonary consumption, and in the last stage of that afflicting disease; he was scarcely able to walk to the Court to thank his friends.

The appearance of the Chicken was muscular; his height about five feet nine inches; and the roundness of his chest and limbs denoted considerable strength, in some degree resembling the contour of the champion, Tom Johnson. During the time Pearce enjoyed sound health, his excellence as a pugilist was admitted by all parties; and he stood above all competitors. In uniting the courage of a lion with true kindness of heart, Pearce must command our praise. He was a tremendous hard hitter, and his left-handed

blow was so terrible in its effects, that his opponents have been seen in a complete state of stupor for several seconds, and often never recovered the proper use of their faculties during the fight.

As a proof that he was not fond of vainly courting the popularity of the multitude, or of making a show of himself by figuring upon the box of some spoilt child of fortune's four-in-hand—a fashion in full power in those days; we may state, that immediately upon putting on his clothes, after his memorable fight with Berks, on Wimbledon Common, he stole away unobserved. Being missed, a general inquiry took place among his friends, to know what had become of him. After considerable time lost in search of the Chicken, some person recollected that they saw a man like Pearce run and jump up behind a coach; upon which information his second, Bill Gibbons, endeavoured to trace him along the road, and at length found the Chicken in a public-house at Chelsea, cooking himself mutton-chops at the fire, with the most perfect indifference. Pearce immediately invited Gibbons to partake of them without alluding to his singularity in leaving the ground, instead of making his return to town in triumph on some swell-drag, in the style of the days of which we are writing.

At the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane,* on Sunday, April 30, 1809, the Game Chicken departed this life. His fortitude never forsook him, and in the most trying moments he displayed calmness and resignation; he experienced no terrors from his approaching end, expressing a wish to die in friendship with all mankind. He expressed a strong desire to be buried by the side of Bill Warr, in St. James' burying ground, Pancras; and this wish was complied with. Pearce was in his thirty-second year.

"Strength, too; thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the strapping
That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight."

* Successively in the occupation of Ned Baldwin, Young Dutch Sam. Johnny Hannan, and the late Ben Caunt.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN GULLY—1805-1808.

WHEN Hen. Pearce, compelled by severe bodily illness to retire from the fistic arena, seceded from the position of champion, John Gully was looked to by common consent as his successor. He was one of those who achieve a high fame by defeat, and we have Pearce's own recorded opinion that he was the best man he had ever fought with. Gully's ambition was of a high order; like Jackson, second and third rate pugilists were beneath his aim, and spurning the better and safer mode of acquiring greatness step by step, his daring spirit made the essay of

"Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,
And falls o' the other side.

Yet here he showed an exception to the approved rule, for, by at once attacking the justly renowned Game Chicken, though he fell, he rose indisputably a greater man, from the excellent qualities he displayed on this bold but unsuccessful attempt. Gully convinced the sporting world that he was able to contend with honour, and even with a considerable chance of success, with the supposed invincibility of that eminent pugilist, whose generosity of disposition would not permit him to quit his vanquished adversary without complimenting him upon his uncommon bravery and fortitude.

In these two years (1805, 1806), Gully does not seem to have publicly desired the title of champion, which was rather conceded to him. In September, 1807, by an incidental passage in the daily papers, it would seem he was so considered. On the 5th of that month (September), Horton beat George Cribb (brother of Tom the after champion) and offered to fight either Gully "for the championship," or Tom Cribb for fifty guineas, but both declined.

Gully, by the science and game he displayed, had become a distinguished favourite with the Fancy in general. His knowledge of the art of boxing



JOHN GULLY, Esq., M.R.

From a Miniature by H. DUNN, 1815.

was considered complete, and his courage an able second to his judgment. His supporters were numerous, and his fame stood so high, that upwards of two years elapsed, from the time of his battle with the Chicken, October 8, 1805, before any one had the temerity to call on him to defend his title to the championship. At length he entered the lists with the formidable and burly Bob Gregson, a boxer, who had been picked out by some of his friends in Lancashire, as likely to lower the crest of the champion. Gregson's size was considerably in his favour, he being nearly six feet two inches high, of prodigious strength, and had signalised himself in several pugilistic contests in that part of the country; but, notwithstanding such striking advantages, his pretensions were considered on the score of strength rather than of science. Gregson's game was unquestionable, and the amateurs wishing to see him enter the lists with so distinguished a boxer as Gully, a subscription was immediately entered into for that purpose.

On the 14th October, 1807, the contest took place in a valley, called Six Mile Bottom, on the Newmarket Road, on the spot where, in later days, the writer witnessed the defeat of Jemmy Massey, of Manchester, and Edwards, of Cheltenham. For miles round this part of the country the bustle commenced at an early hour, groups of people thronging from every direction, to witness the battle. Between nine and ten Gully and Gregson entered the ring, both in excellent spirits and good condition. The former was seconded by Cribb, Cropley acting as bottle holder. Richmond was Gregson's mentor, and Harry Lee was his bottle holder. Bill Warr and John Jackson were also in the ring; "lest," says the report, "occasion might demand their services." On setting-to the odds were six to four in favour of Gully.

The combatants shook hands and bowed to the spectators, as if at a sparring benefit; and at a few minutes after ten o'clock, threw themselves into position for

THE FIGHT.*

Round 1.—The combatants fixed each other with a steady eye; a pause; some excellent sparring. Gully put in a well-aimed blow in his opponent's face. Gregson returned on the side of the head. They closed and both fell.

2.—Gully now appeared conscious of his opponent's strength, was very careful, and showed some excellent science; he put in another severe hit in Gregson's face, blood

ran profusely, and Gregson fell. (Odds rose 100 to 20 on Gully.)

3.—In every round some excellent hits were exchanged, and no advantage could be claimed.

7.—After some neat sparring, Gregson broke through his adversary's guard, and put in a straight forward blow on his right eye. This drew blood; the eye swelled and nearly closed; Gully fell and lay quite

* This is the contemporary report. That in "Boxiana," and copied into "Fights for the Championship," is a re-written version.

stunned for three seconds. Arrog Gully's friends the greatest anxiety remained for some moments, and the odds fell five to one.

8.—Gregson stood up, seemingly inspired with his success in the last round, summoned all his strength, and exerted all his science. Gully rallied; some good sparring, and afterwards both put in some excellent blows, and great skill was displayed in stopping; at last Gregson, by a sudden effort of power, caught up Gully in his arms, and flung him with astonishing force upon the ground; every one expected he would have fallen on him, but this, with the greatest generosity, he declined, for which he was cheered by every spectator. By the amateurs present this was thought to be the finest round that was ever fought, and now all felt convinced that it was only Gully's superior science that could enable him to stand against so formidable an opponent. (Odds changed in favour of Gregson.)

9.—Gully put in another hit in the face, and Gregson very deliberately laid himself down on his hands and knees. This was thought to be something of the sort, but his conduct afterwards did away with such unfavourable impressions.

11.—Gully struck; Gregson closed, and threw his opponent.

12.—Gully in this round evinced great weakness, and the odds continued in Gregson's favour; after some feeble hits from Gully, Gregson knocked him down by a most tremendous blow on the forehead.

13.—Gully's science gave him a superiority again in this round. But he was very weak, and his deliveries devoid of force.

14.—Gregson struck Gully in the face, right and left; they rallied severely, and Gregson fell on his knees, apparently very weak.

15.—After exchanging a few hits, Gregson knocked Gully down.

16.—Gully carried the most marks in the face, and his eye was quite closed; they rallied, and Gully struck his adversary off his legs.

19.—At the end of the last round Gully had a severe fall, but the advantage throughout the whole

20.—Gregson endeavoured to repeat his successful straight-forward blow, but missed, and while falling Gully struck him. "Foul!" and "Fair!" were vociferated, but the latter was correct, as Gregson was not down.

23.—Gully began to appear more gay, and

both combatants rallied desperately; both appeared very weak, but Gully's bottom was known, and odds were now eight to one in his favour.

25.—Here it was anybody's battle; the combatants both appeared beaten and exhausted. They were dreadfully disfigured, and neither hardly capable of getting off his second's knee.

Notwithstanding each from the great loss of blood had the utmost difficulty in making fight, the battle lasted eleven more rounds, each alternately having the advantage, and betting became even. At length they met like two inebriated men, helpless, and almost incapable of holding up their hands either to stop or hit, and every round finished by both rolling down together. Still Gully was the favourite, and by an astonishing effort of nature, in the thirty-sixth round he put in a blow, which, although feeble, was sufficiently strong to prevent Gregson's rising again in time. Gregson laid for some minutes, incapable of either moving or speaking, but Gully, even now, elated with victory, leaped with joy.

REMARKS.—It would be difficult to say which was the most beaten, such spectacles were never before witnessed. The battle was allowed to excel everything, in point of game and alashing exchanges, that ever had been displayed. Even those who had seen Johnson, Big Ben, Jackson, and Symonds contend, allowed this to exceed all. Captain Barclay took Gully off the ground in his carriage, and the next day both combatants appeared on the race-course, but Gregson could not remain long, and on returning home was forced to call in medical aid. Gully in this contest showed he had become much more expert than when he contended with the Game Chicken. He, however, certainly fought at great disadvantage against a man of such superior strength and length as Gregson. He could never make a hit until his opponent chose to begin, as Gregson sparred with his left arm fully extended, which was much longer and stronger than Gully's. Gregson's favourite hit is a desperate lunge with his right hand, which nothing can resist, and by that means Gully became so much beaten. Gregson was mostly abroad, and Gully generally returned with great adroitness and advantage. His left arm was severely hurt in the commencement of the battle, in endeavouring to parry the right-handed hits of his adversary.

November, 1807. Notwithstanding Gregson was so severely beaten by Gully in the last month, he still felt some confidence, that in the event of another battle he should prove victorious. His friends gave him all encouragement, and he sent Gully the following challenge, which was forwarded to Norwich, where he was then staying:—

"Mr. GULLY,—It is the wish of myself and friends that I should try my fortune with you in another battle, for £200 a-side. If you are inclined to give me the opportunity, I will thank you to say so, and also to name the time when it will be convenient to meet, to put down stakes, and arrange particulars.

"R. GREGSON."

To this Gully immediately returned the following answer:—

"Mr. GREGSON,—I accept your challenge, but wish you would make the match for £250 instead of £200 a-side. I shall not delay a moment in returning to town to make the necessary arrangements as to time, place, etc.

"JOHN GULLY."

As soon as Gully came to town, the heroes met; and the following agreement was entered into, which we give as a specimen of how they managed these matters some "sixty years since:—

"LONDON, December 22, 1807.

"Major Morgan, on the part of Gregson, and Mr. Jackson, on the part of Gully, agree to deposit 50 guineas each this day, and a further deposit of 50 guineas on the 1st of March, 1808, or forfeit the first 50 guineas; and on the Monday following the Craven meeting, the remainder of the stakes to be made good by the contracting parties, or the 100 guineas to be also forfeited; and that the Hon. Berkeley Craven be requested to hold the stakes on the day of battle.

"CONDITIONS OF THE BATTLE.

"1st.—The battle to take place on the Tuesday following the first Spring Meeting, between the hours of ten and twelve, a.m.

"2nd.—To fight in a roped square of forty feet.

"3rd.—Neither to fall without a knock-down blow, subject to the decision of the umpires.

"4th.—Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground, viz., two, and one in reference.

"Signed

"CHARLES MORGAN,
"JOHN JACKSON."

Gregson went immediately into training under Mendoza, at the Load of Hay, on the Hampstead Road.

Wednesday, May 10th, 1808, was soon known to be the day fixed for the "big fight for the championship." On the previous Saturday it was understood in the privileged circle that those who repaired to the confines of the counties of Bedford and Bucks., about a couple of miles from Woburn, would be handy to the spot. This "tip" it would seem reached others than those for whom it was intended for. The Marquis of Buckingham publicly gave notice of his determination to frustrate the sport, by publishing the following notice in the *County Chronicle*:—

"BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, LONDON, May 8, 1808.

"Information having been transmitted to me, His Majesty's Custos Rotulorum in and for the county of Bucks, of an intended riotous assembly, aiding and assisting in a breach of the peace, by a boxing match, within that part of the county of Bucks which touches or joins on the counties of Bedford and Herts, near the town of Dunstable; and that the said illegal and riotous assembly will take place on Tuesday, the 10th instant, notice is hereby given that proper steps have been taken for the detection and punishment of all persons acting as aforesaid, in breach of the peace, by the attendance of the magistrates, high constables, petty constables, and other peace officers, entrusted with the execution of the law within the said county.

"JUGENT BUCKINGHAM,

"Custos Rotulorum of Bucks"

What follows may give a lively picture of an expedition to "see a fight" in the days of the "Third George." We extract from the *Morning Chronicle* :—

"Some hundreds, whose leisure and disposition prompted them to be in action, started on the Saturday and Sunday, and secured beds and stabling in all the villages and hamlets contiguous to Woburn. The town of Woburn was on Monday in continual motion, all was uproar and confusion, people of all ranks continually arriving on foot, on horseback, and in carriages of all description, and all seeking accommodation which only a few comparatively could find. To add to the confusion, the Marquis of Buckingham did not fail to exert himself for the fulfilment of his threat; all the magistracy of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, at the head of their constables and *posse commitatus*, with a subsidiary force of volunteers from the surrounding districts, appeared determined to resist this unlicensed incursion into their territories, and to stand an insurmountable barrier to the amusement. The Dunstable volunteers were out very early on the Monday morning, with drums beating, colours flying, cartouch-boxes doubly provided, bayonets fixed, and all in awful military array. The peasantry were shaking with fear, supposing the French had landed, and those who had arrived began to think they were hoaxed, and that they should return without being gratified by the fight. Many who itched to be betting, began to sport on the question whether the fight was 'to be or not to be,' and ten to one was frequently betted, that no fight would take place.

"When Monday night arrived hundreds had flocked into the town, and all were eagerly enquiring for beds. Nothing could be obtained of this kind, for the night's lodging, under 30s. a head, and to sit or lie on the chairs of the public rooms the usual price of a bed was extorted. In one room at Woburn fifteen gentlemen laid on the floor, and were happy to pay for this hard fare, and hundreds reposed in their carriages. The horses, notwithstanding the weather was severe, were obliged to stand without covering. Tuesday came, and these glorious comforts were yet to be endured; pay the price asked you must, as the landlord was generally sharp enough to secure the boots of every traveller, if he had nothing else to lay hold of for security.

"About five o'clock on the Wednesday morning all was again in commotion, and notwithstanding the endeavours of the magistrates, a ring was formed upon Ashley Common, raised with sods about twelve inches from the ground, and about forty feet in circumference. Between six and seven o'clock many of the amateurs came dashing direct from London, in their barouches and four, and in order to direct them to the proper spot,

Bill Richmond was placed at the Magpie. The multitude soon got the hint, and followed the bang-up leaders. By nine o'clock a number of carriages had arrived, and were safely penned up. The amateurs viewed the ring, and were expressing their high approbation at its appearance, when a messenger arrived with fresh information that the magistrates had seen the ring in the morning, and were still determined to prevent the battle. Many of the knowing ones suspected that this was a hoax, and immediately sent off an express to Hogstale, a public-house about a mile distant, where Gregson held his head quarters. Before the answer, however, returned, Mendoza, dressed in green, and mounted in style, dashed up with two or three well-known amateurs, and gave positive assurances that the battle would not be fought there. Upon this solemn assurance every one started for Gregson's lodgings, where they found the hero seated in Lord Barrymore's barouche, with the horses' heads turned towards Woburn, and escorted by about 150 noblemen and gentlemen on horseback, and an immense retinue of gigs, tandems, carriages, and every species of vehicle. Hundreds not apprised of the change in the seat of combat, were advancing from Woburn. Soon the two streams met, and forming one almost irresistible current, returned through Woburn with accumulated force, the knowing ones leading the way, having been before apprised, that in case of any unforeseen disappointment at the original spot, they were to rendezvous at several places in reversion; the first of which was Sir John Sebright's, in Hertfordshire, about seventeen miles distant from Ashley Common, the whole extent of which was covered by one solid mass of passengers; and although many had sorely repented their expedition, and returned homewards, the multitude appeared not the least diminished. Broken down carriages obstructed the road; knocked up horses fell and could not be got any farther; a guinea a mile was offered for conveyance, and many hundreds of gentlemen were happy in being jolted in brick carts for a shilling a mile. By two o'clock they arrived at Sir John Sebright's park; a flat spot immediately opposite the house, but about half-a-mile distant, was pitched upon for the battle, and upon the whole the uninvited guests behaved with tolerable decorum. A ring was formed, the exterior circle was nearly an acre, surrounded by a triple ring of horsemen, and a double row of pedestrians, who, notwithstanding the wetness of the ground, laid down with great pleasure, and the forty feet ring was soon completed.

"About three o'clock a torrent of rain poured down, and every one began to be anxious for the fight; very shortly after Gregson, Gully, Mendoza, Harry Lee, Joe Ward, Hen. Pearce, Cribb, Horton, Dutch Sam, Cropley,

Gibbons, Richmond, and several other pugilists and amateurs, entered the ring. It is impossible to describe the pleasure that beamed in the eyes of every spectator at this moment, and the welkin echoed their repeated plaudits.

"Cribb and Horton, who, according to their articles, were to fight in the same ring as Gully and Gregson, directly stripped and set-to, both in excellent spirits. Odds four to five on Cribb who very easily gained the conquest.

"Immediately on the conclusion of this combat the champions stripped. Both fought in silk stockings without shoes, and white breeches. Harry Lee seconded Gregson, and Joe Ward, Gully. Captain Barclay was appointed deciding umpire. After the usual etiquette they set-to.

THE FIGHT.*

Round 1.—The combatants both sparred about a minute; the utmost silence prevailing in every part of the ring, and every one had his eye fixed stedfastly on the contending champions. Here Gully displayed one of the most signal specimens of the art of boxing that perhaps ever was witnessed, by putting in two most dexterous hits through his opponent's guard, at the same moment, in the mouth and throat. Gregson fell like a log, and was instantly covered with blood. The greatest commotion was now excited, and peal succeeded peal of applause. (The odds rose six to four on Gully.)

2.—Gregson ineffectually aimed a hit at his opponent's head, who shifted, and pointed at him. Gully now commenced a rally, and some blows were exchanged to his advantage. Gregson turned round and put in a back-handed blow in the loins; both fell.

3.—Gregson successfully planted a right-handed hit in Gully's breast, and rallied; but Gully had the advantage of putting in most blows, although Gregson threw him. Gregson's head had now begun to swell, and he continued to bleed freely. (Odds two to one on Gully.)

4.—Gully made play, and after planting two good hits on his adversary's head, slipped up.

5.—Gregson made a determined hit, which Gully scientifically parried, upon which he ran in, grasped Gully by the thighs, held him in his arms, and threw him down. Great disapprobation.

6.—Some good rallying, but in favour of Gully. Gregson appeared incapable of stopping, and Gully hit him as he pleased. At the close of the round Gregson put in a tre-

mendous blow on the side of his adversary's head, and both fell out of the ring.

7.—Gully rallied; put in six successive hits on Gregson's head, and at length knocked him off his legs, without the latter getting home one blow.

8.—In this round Gregson slightly had the advantage. They closed, and Gully received a heavy fall; Gregson's left eye was now almost closed, his nose broken, the blood flowed copiously, and his head was most hideously disfigured.

9.—Gregson evinced distress, and Gully hit him again severely in the face. Gregson fell on his knees.

10.—As early as this round the result of the battle was considered decided. Gregson fought shy, both eyes being nearly closed. He struck Gully, who was down, but it appeared to be with his own choice.

11.—Gregson excited commiseration; he put his hand to his left eye, and afterwards looked at it; but instantly commenced a rally, which ended again in his discomfiture. Gully knocked him down, but while falling he put in a back-handed hit.

12.—Gregson struck Gully on the breast, who immediately knocked him off his legs by a flush hit in the mouth.

13.—In making play Gully slipped.

14.—Gully again hit his opponent through his guard, both right and left, which brought him down.

15 and 16.—In both rounds Gregson ineffectually attempted to hold his ground. He seemed confused; however, he ran in, and completely bored Gully down.

17.—In this round Gregson became intemperate, and ran in upon his adversary,

* From the contemporary report. A perusal of merely the first round in "Boxiana," or its copyists, will show the unfaithfulness of the ramped reproduction in these cases.

who continued hitting and avoiding him in a most surprising manner. Gregson twice turned his back upon his opponent, and made towards the ropes, but Gully followed him, changed his front, flogged him, and kept him from falling, until he had hit him into an almost senseless state, and then dropped him quietly between his arms.

18.—Like the former, Gregson was again severely punished.

25.—In this round Gully put in two tremendous blows.

27. — Gregson was brought down by a heavy blow under the ear; and the

28th round decided the contest, Gregson being too much exhausted to be brought to the mark in time. The battle lasted one hour and a quarter.

The superiority of Gully in this battle was evident, and throughout the fight there was no comparison between the quickness, hitting, and confidence of the combatants. Several of the fighting men, and many good judges of pugilism, had great doubts as to the event, from the determined manner in which the former battle had been contested, and several entertained a strong opinion that Gregson, having added science to his great strength, from the improvement he had evinced in sparring, had much increased his chances of success. Gully possessed so much confidence in his own abilities, that, a few minutes before he entered the ring, he offered to back himself for £50 (in addition to what he had already betted) that he was the winner.

Without offering further comments of our own on this most remarkable battle, as we do not find any worthy of preservation, in a pugilistic sense, in the published reports, we may take it as a significant fact of the excellence of Gully's condition, that, *before pulling on his outer clothes*, he advanced to the ropes and addressed the referee and leading patrons of the ring to the effect, that being now in business in a tavern in Carey Street, he was in hopes that he should have enjoyed peace unchallenged. That he had not intended to fight again, nor would he have done so in this instance, had he not considered himself bound in honour to accept Gregson's challenge. That he had fought with a partially disabled left arm, and that Gregson surely would not urge him to another combat. "Gully then dressed himself, and was brought to town in Lord Barrymore's barouche. The following morning he was facetiously answering questions respecting the fight, and serving his numerous customers at the Plough, in Carey Street."*

The defeated Gregson was conveyed to the principal inn in Markyate Street, Herts., where he remained until the following Saturday, by which time he was well enough to return to Highgate, on the box of one of the Northampton coaches. Here he remained with a friend at the Bowling Green tavern for some time. Captain Barclay, the Marquis of Tweeddale, and other gentlemen and noblemen made a liberal subscription for him; and at his urgent request he was soon after matched with Tom Cribb, to fight for 500 guineas, in a thirty foot ring. (See CRIBB, Period IV.)

In the beginning of the following month (June, 1808), Gully and Cribb took a joint benefit at the Fives Court; Gully and Jem Belcher, Cribb and Tom Belcher, Tom Jones and Tom Blake, Cropley and Dogherty, George Cribb and Wood, were among the leading exhibitors. Gully repeated his

declaration of retirement from the ring, and public opinion looked upon the coming fight of Tom Cribb and Gregson as a sort of test as to Gully's successor.

In taking leave of so remarkable a man as the subject of the present memoir, a man who after many years of intercourse with the most eminent public men of his time, arrived at fortune, fame, and even senatorial honours, we may be suspected of panegyric from personal knowledge, and a desire to dilate on a theme so immediately connected with the history of British pugilism as the merits of its professors, while it yet had the name and standing which it has, much through the misconduct of its members, temporarily lost.

Gully, as a pugilist, has well earned a niche in the temple of pancratic fame; and if his battles were not so numerous as many other professors have been, they were contested with a decision of science and game, rarely equalled, perhaps never excelled, and justly entitle him to honourable mention in the records of boxing. His practice, it was well known, had been very confined, and his theoretical knowledge of the science could not have been very extensive, yet his natural courage and quickness surmounted these difficulties, and, with a fortitude equal to any man, he entered the ring a most consummate pugilist. Though his frame was never a model of symmetry, he had many points of the athletic build. His height was about six feet.

We cannot conclude this sketch of Mr. Gully without remarking that, with the knowledge of the world, he united the manners of a well-bred man; intelligent and quick of observation, he united with those qualifications, when moving in a less elevated sphere, that proper sense of his own capabilities, which generally attends intelligence and merit. After a few years passed in the occupation of a tavern-keeper, in which he earned general respect, he was so fortunate in turf speculations, and so well served by sound judgment in racing matters, that he retired and became the purchaser of Ware Park, Hertfordshire. Here he associated with the first circles of the county; fortune still smiling on him, he became a spirited breeder and race-horse proprietor, an owner of collieries, and lastly, in 1832, attained the proud position of one of England's senators; being returned to parliament as representative for Pontefract, in the first reformed parliament. We recently heard a blockhead object that Mr. Gully was originally a butcher: his father, whom he succeeded, was a master butcher of respectability—so was the father of Cardinal Wolsey. We have had among succeeding occupants of the wool-sack, a Newcastle barber's son, and the offspring of a grocer; one prime minist^r

the son of an actress; another the descendant of a cotton spinner; the greatest engineering genius of our age, the son of a pitman, himself a furnace-stoker, and, as we shall presently see, a pugilist; so that surely such sneers at self-made men by those who have certainly not made themselves are too snobbish and contemptible to affect any but their utterers. A paragraph from the pen of a sportsman must find a place here :

"It was the late Mr. Buckland who, when on a visit to Lord Fitzwilliam, told me of the impression made upon him by the appearance of a fine handsome gentleman coming up the staircase with a beautiful girl in green velvet on either arm—the member for Pontefract, with two of his daughters. Poor "Sylvanus" thus portrayed Mr. Gully in the very zenith of his career.—'He had permanent lodgings at Newmarket, well and tastily furnished, and dispensed his hospitality to his friends with no sparing hand. An excellent cook, claret from Griffiths', with an entertaining gentleman-like host, left little to be desired at the dinner awaiting us. Mr. Gully is justly esteemed, having raised himself from the lowest paths of life to the position, not merely of wealth, but to that of intimacy amongst gentlemen, on or off the turf, but still gentlemen in taste, which nought but the undeviating good manners, and entertaining, unpresuming deportment of Gully could for a moment, or rather for any length of time beyond a moment, suffer them to tolerate. No man ever possessed these qualifications, gained through innate acuteness, great common sense, and a plastic disposition to observe and benefit by the chance *rencontres* with the courtly patrons of his day to a greater degree, taking the early disadvantages he had to contend with into consideration, than John Gully. No man could be more above pretence, or less shy at any allusions to his early and not very polished career, than himself. When I dined with him at Newmarket, as well as upon subsequent occasions, I was most gratified by his manly openness, and lack of all sensitive false shame, on any occasional appeal being made to the bygone. He, on the contrary, entered freely into many entertaining portions of his history, answered all my questions *con amore*, and with perfect good nature, as to the mode of training, hitting so as not to injure the hand, wrestling, and other minutiae of the ring; passing the claret and slicing the pine, as if foaled at Knowsley or Bretby. He had a quiet sly way of joking on any turf affair, on which, bear in mind, he was as *ex fait* as Zamiel making a book for the Derby. The turbot came from Billingsgate by express, and the haunch from his own park. Mout purveyed the champagne, Marjoribanks the port, and, as I have before said, Griffiths the Lafitte. We had no skulking host to be assured, but the most entertaining and liberal one alive.' There is a genial tone about this sketch that tells at once for its truth, and it would be difficult to give any man a better character. Gully's position at every turn and phase of fortune was still a trying one, but no man more fairly earned the respect he gained. There is a very moral of good manners in such a man's history."

Mr. Gully died at Durham, on Monday, the 9th of March, 1863, in the 80th year of his age, being born at Bristol, August 21, 1783. He was buried at Ackworth Hall, near that city, on Saturday, March 14, leaving a family of five sons and five daughters, moving in the best circles of society.

CHAPTER V.

DUTCH SAM (SAMUEL ELIAS), 1801-1814.

ONE of the most remarkable boxers of his time was the Israelitish phenomenon whose name heads this fifth chapter. In height about five feet six inches and a half; in weight nine stone four pounds, never more than nine stone eight pounds, Samuel Elias conquered some of the best eleven and twelve stone men of his time. When stripped Sam looked, in bust and ribs, more like a twelve stone than a nine stone man, showing he had his muscular power and weight in the right place. His shoulders were remarkably square, his arms round, long, muscular and hard; his hands seemed positively of iron, never puffing or knocking up from the punishing hits inflicted on his antagonist; while the quickness of his eagle eye, and the fierceness of his rally were unexampled among his fellow pugilists. A contemporary writer says: "As a hard hitter we except no pugilist whatever; Gully never struck with more force, nor Cribb more heavily than Sam, whose blows were truly dreadful to encounter." It was the publicly expressed opinion of one of the most experienced and scientific pugilists of the day, that Sam would be a complete match for the mighty Cribb himself, if they could agree to give alternately merely blow for blow. Bill Cropley,* who was a burly and game boxer, declared he would rather stand half-an-hour's milling from Tom Belcher (see TOM BELCHER and CROPLEY, *ante.*), than five minutes of Sam's punishment.

Samuel Elias was born on the 4th of April, 1775, in Petticoat Lane, Whitechapel. As we intend this work, so far as research will make it, to be reliable history, we shall omit the vaunted up skirmishes of Pierce Egan, which he says "would fill a volume," and come to the first authentic record of Sam's fistic prowess.†

* See CROPLEY, Appendix to Period III.

† There is some obscurity about this, as to whether the fight with Tom Jones, July 18, 1801, is attributable to Dutch Sam, or to Isaac Bittoon. (See BITTOON.) "Boxiana," "Fistiana," etc., give it to Bittoon, we suspect erroneously; for we find in a contemporary newspaper the following:—"Monday, July 18, 1801.—A boxing match was fought on Wims-



SAMUEL ELIAS ("DUTCH SAM"), 1801-1814.

If, as we conjecture, Sam had fought the battle mentioned below, the claim, urged by Pierce Egan, for Harry Lee of "first introducing Sam to the circle of boxers," is mere boah. We read in "Boxiana" (vol. i. 301):

"Harry Lee, on his return home from Enfield, on the day that Belcher and Bourke (Joe Berks) were to have fought (October 12, 1801), witnessed Sam fighting with a man by the roadside, very much his superior as to size and weight, and from the excellence which he displayed in that contest, Lee distinguished those peculiar traits in the youthful tyro which have since proved his judgment correct, and matured by time and practice, placed Sam as a first-rate boxer, and stamped him a complete pugilistic hero."

In "Fistiana" (we know not on what authority), this battle is elevated to the dignity of a regular affair, and indexed as "beat Baker, five guineas, Enfield, October 12, 1801." Possibly Mr. Dowling, who had access to every source of information, and was quite another sort of scribe from "the Historian," found warrant for the stake and for his chronology.

With the exception of one Shipley, who is represented as the "champion of the Broadway" (Whitechapel), whom he met for a trifling sum in 1803, we do not hear of Sam in the doings of the ring. Shipley is stated to have been fourteen stone, "a scientific fighter, and to have beaten every one hitherto opposed to him." He laughed at the presumption of Sam in offering to box with him—and treated the Jew in the most contemptuous manner, by making Sam a present of five shillings to stand before him for only ten minutes. The Jew pocketed the cash with the utmost *sang froid*, and after a contest of fifteen minutes, Shipley experienced such severe punishment that he was compelled to acknowledge the vast superiority of the arm of this iron-like pugilist. Warren, an East End boxer of some note, was also beaten, with ease, by Dutch Sam.

Despite "Harry Lee's patronage," obtained in 1801, the Hebrew phenomenon's entrance upon the regular stage seems to have been delayed till Tuesday, the 7th of August, 1804, when he met the renowned "Pride of Westminster," Caleb Baldwin,* at Wood Green, near Hornsey, for a stake of twenty-five guineas a-side. "On the Monday night it had been resolved that Fairlop, in Essex, should be the battle-field, but late at night the amateurs were informed that the 'beaks' of the county were up and active to stop the fight. Accordingly a council was held, Wood Green, near Muswell Hill,

bledon Common, between Elias, a Jew, and Tom Jones. In the first twenty minutes Tom evidently had the advantage, and during this time great sport was afforded to the amateurs by the science displayed. Elias, however, put in a hit so forcibly behind Tom's ear, that Tom immediately fell, and gave up the contest." And see "Pancratia," p. 136, where the battle is given in chronological order under this date.

* See BALDWIN (Caleb), Appendix to Period III.

agreed upon, and towards there equestrians and pedestrians made the best of their way. On their arrival a ring was quickly formed; but owing to the delay occasioned by their being obliged to change the scene of action, it was past one o'clock before the combatants entered. Caleb first made his appearance, accompanied by George Maddox and Bill Gibbons; Dutch Sam following with Wood the coachman, the unsuccessful opponent of Bittoon, for his second, and Puss as his bottle-holder; they immediately stripped and set-to. Odds two to one in favour of Caleb.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—A little sparring. Sam put in the first blow with his left hand, but without effect; Caleb returned with his right, and following it up, put in a desperate left-handed hit over Sam's forehead, and brought him down. (Odds rose three to one in favour of Caleb.)

2.—Sam shifted, but Caleb stuck to him manfully, put in two well-aimed blows right and left, and brought his opponent down the second time.

3.—In this round Sam displayed more resolution, both put in some good hits, and Caleb's eye being cut much, bled very freely. Sam undoubtedly had the best of the round. (Odds fell two to one on Caleb.)

8.—From the last related round to this was one continued succession of severe hitting on both sides. Every amateur allowed that better fighting never was displayed. Both were cut and bled profusely, but no one could attribute to either any advantage. (Betting now became even.)

9.—Caleb put in a successful blow in Sam's temple, which completely knocked him down. Sam putting his hand to his face was considered ominous of great severity, and odds rose again on Caleb.

13.—Caleb supported the superiority he had gained in the last round until this time. Caleb thought Sam appeared weak, and followed him up; Sam, however, put in several severe blows. At the end of this round Caleb showed great irritability, but Sam appeared perfectly collected.

20.—Caleb, through his exertions, began to show symptoms of exhaustion, and to avoid his antagonist's blows, frequently endeavoured to close, and while struggling for the fall, Sam by a peculiar mode struck his blows upwards, which told dreadfully in Caleb's face.*

23.—For the last three rounds Caleb

evinced great distress. After making a blow or two, he was so excessively weak, as scarcely to be able to keep his hands straight before him; he, however, still put in his blows, but devoid of any force. Sam, on the contrary, seemed to gain fresh vigour from his opponent's exhaustion, and gave no quarter.

26.—Sam now began to display imbecility, and both hit each other blow after blow without making any impression, and so completely were both combatants served out, that neither came to their time. Sam, however, appeared least bruised, and the odds were slightly betted in his favour. In this round Sam displayed all that heroism and manly conduct which characterise the courageous pugilist. Having put in a most severe blow on his opponent's head, over his guard, which stunned him, he was prepared to follow it by a right-handed hit, but desisted, drawing back his hand on seeing his adversary was already falling. Every one present applauded the generosity of the action.

From this to the 37th round, which closed the contest, Caleb fell off in strength; and in his distress several times fell from losing his balance or missing a blow. He became sick, and finally the luckless champion of Westminster was carried off almost insensible. Sam towards the close fought upon the saving system, husbanding his strength. The reporter adds, "in this unequal state of things, it was undoubtedly very wrong to bring Caleb to face his man, who, poor fellow, came willingly up to the last, though he could not hold up his hands, much less hit a blow." The ring was broken by Caleb's friends, on a claim of "foul," "but the umpires would not be imposed upon by so stale a trick, and declared Sam to be the conqueror."

* 'This is the first distinct notice we find of administering the "upper-cut;" the most effective blow in a rally, most difficult to guard against, yet so generally missed by the less-skilled boxer. The "chopper," or downward blow, of which our forefathers talked, can only be administered to an incapable off his guard, or a "chopping-block."—ED.

Caleb, assigning illness as the cause of his defeat, proposed a second trial with Sam. Accordingly in September a match was made for twenty guineas a-side. Sam however assigned "business reasons" for declining, and forfeited the deposit down.

On Saturday, the 27th April, 1805, there were three battles decided at Shepperton, Surrey. The first between Pearce, the Game Chicken, and Carte, of Birmingham; the second between Tom Belcher and O'Donnell; the third between our hero, and Britton of Bristol. For this battle of thirty rounds, Sam was, according to the report, totally unprepared; indeed he was positively inebriated when it began. Britton was introduced as "a yokel" who was ready to fight for a purse. A spectator says, "For the first four rounds Britton held a lead, when Sam was given to understand that his adversary was a *plant* upon him. Sam nodded his head, and forcing his man to fight, in a rapid rally dealt out such severe punishment that Britton went down almost done over. Sam's conduct in this fight was most singular. After milling poor Britton down, he threw himself by his side, and patting him on the back, exclaimed "What, you are a *plant* are you? S'elp me Cot, I'll soon *plant* you;" and once during the battle when Britton rushed wildly in, Sam, with the utmost contempt, threw up both his open hands, calling out to the spectators, "See the way this *plant* is trying to kiss me," and then stepping back quickly, he hit Britton clean off his legs!

Sam's fame now spread far and wide; but it would be utterly inconsistent with the character we would wish to impress upon this work, were we to omit a circumstance which occurred about this time, in which the pre-eminence of Dutch Sam was successfully disputed.

In the month of June, 1805, Sam was in training at Thames-Ditton, and on his way to town, over Wimbledon Common, he met one James Brown, a butcher of Wandsworth. A quarrel, how originating we have no account, ensued; and after some altercation, Sam, expecting to strike terror into his opponent, informed him he was "Dutch Sam." The man very calmly answered as they stood in attitude, "Be you the devil as well, I'll bang you, now I am at it," and nobly he kept his word, for he brought Sam down with such terrible arguments every round, that Sam at the close of a dozen bouts, acknowledged he would have "no more of it; adding that he was beaten for the first time in his life.* Such a casual turn-up as this proves surely that Brown was a natural boxer, as well as a plucky, game, strong, and active fellow; Sam's reasons for not going on, need hardly be dwelt on, as he was in training to fight Tom Belcher. He was, however, very

* "Panoratin," p. 237.

much mortified, and deservedly so, when the affair got into the newspapers.

After two postponements, Sam's match with the celebrated Tom Belcher, was brought to an issue. In our memoir of John Gully, the reader will find the accident narrated which led to one of the postponements. Sam, it was thought by many, considered Belcher too clever as well as too big for him, and wished to shirk the encounter; when unexpectedly, at the latter end of January, Belcher received a challenge from Sam to fight for 100 guineas, naming the 8th of the following month, if suitable. Tom instantly accepted the offer, and his friends covered Sam's hundred golden pieces, with the most sanguine hopes of the result.

Virginia Water was settled as the rendezvous, and accordingly, on Saturday morning, the 8th of February, 1806, all the amateurs attended, held a short consultation, and decided Scndon Heath, near the village of Thorpe, as the field of battle.* The combatants immediately repaired there, a rope ring was formed, and Dutch Sam entered, attended by Dan Mendoza for his second, and Tom Blake, bottle-holder. Tom Belcher soon followed with John Gully and Dick Whale. Betting was lively, but no odds offered. At one o'clock the heroes set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Sam made a feint. Belcher put in a good hit; Sam returned it, and Belcher, putting in another blow, overreached himself and fell.

2.—Belcher put in two good hits right and left. Sam struck in return, but slightly; they closed, and both fell.

3.—Sam aimed a well-directed blow at his opponent's ribs; Belcher parried well, and with his right put in a tolerably good hit; they closed and fell. (Odds five to four on Belcher.)

4.—A good round. Sam was very gay, went in and rallied; but Belcher parried most of his blows with his left hand, while he advantageously used his right. Many blows were exchanged, when Sam, by dint of superior activity, threw his antagonist. (Betting again even.)

5.—Belcher put in two slight blows, and in the struggle fell.

6.—An obstinately contested round, but much in favour of Tom. Sam went in and rallied; Belcher shifted, and stopped his hits, which were truly desperate, with great dexterity.

7.—Belcher rallied, and put in a most severe blow on the temple. Sam, however, stood firmly, and returned it on the eye; they closed, and both fell.

8.—Belcher's eye evidently showed the force with which Sam's blow had been struck. Some good blows exchanged, and Belcher threw his opponent. (Odds two to one in favour of Tom.)

9.—Belcher appeared fatigued. Sam ran in, avoided rallying, and by jobbing at his antagonist's head and throat, knocked him down.

10.—Belcher made some ineffectual attempts at his adversary's head. Sam rallied, and Belcher fell through weakness. (Odds now changed in favour of Sam seven to four.)

11.—Sam put in some good hits, which were well parried by Belcher. They closed and both fell, Sam uppermost.

12.—Belcher exerted himself, and appeared not so much distressed in his wind; all Belcher's blows were very feeble, and he again fell seemingly exhausted. (Odds were now two to one on Sam.)

13.—Belcher recruited, and put in two

* "Boxiana" (vol. i., p. 323), and the *Chronologies*, say at "Moulsey Hurst." This is from the contemporary account.

good blows on his opponent's head, Sam now appeared rather shy. Belcher went in and threw him.

14 and 15.—No blows either round. Sam still shy, and evinced fatigue. Bets level again, Belcher being known to be game.

16.—A good round. Sam, in a passion, went in and followed Belcher round the ring, who put in several good blows.

17.—On this round Tom displayed excellent science; threw in some good hits, but appeared very weak. (Odds six to five on Belcher.)

24.—Belcher kept up a slight superiority. Both combatants very much exhausted, and their hits made no impression.

25.—Sam very shy; did not face his adversary.

26.—Belcher immediately made play at the face, and put in a good hit, and terminated the round by throwing his opponent. (Odds rose in Tom's favour.)

29.—Belcher in this round was so much exhausted, that all hopes of victory on his part were relinquished.

The contest was, however, spun out to the fifty-seventh round, when Belcher, severely punished, was forced to yield, not having strength enough to keep him on his legs.

REMARKS.—This was, without dispute, one of the best contested and most skilful battles that ever had been witnessed. Sam proved himself a truly desperate hitter, and a very powerful man; to the latter quality may principally be attributed his success, for notwithstanding Tom Belcher was this day unfortunate, he stands as one of the prettiest fighters of the day; great allowance also must be made for his indisposition. Sam fought greatly in the Mendoza style, and his having that excellent pugilist at his elbow was no mean advantage.

The friends of Belcher considered this battle by no means decisive of the men's merits. Belcher himself urged that he was labouring under a debilitating disorder, and moreover that the notice was too short for proper preparation. They proposed to fight for 200 guineas, and named Tuesday, July 28th, 1807, as the day.* Moulsey Hurst was the fixture, and as early as nine o'clock in the morning a roped ring was formed, twenty eight feet in diameter, but before twelve o'clock it was found that the space allotted to pedestrians would not hold the immense concourse attending, and two hours were employed in removing to a more convenient place. As soon as

* As in the interval between these two battles, Mr. Fletcher Reid, a great patron and backer of the Belchers, paid the "debt of nature," this seems the right place for a brief obituary notice which we find in the journals:—"On Thursday morning, January the 24th (1807), died, at Shepperton, Surrey, where he had resided for the last two years, Mr. Fletcher Reid, well-known in the sporting world, particularly as one of the greatest patrons of gymnastic genius. The evening preceding he had spent jovially amongst some select companions, and retired to rest at rather a late hour. In the morning his servant found him dead. Mr. Fletcher Reid was a native of Dundee, in Scotland, near to which he had succeeded to estates, by the death of his mother, which afflicting intelligence he had received only two days previous to his decease. He left a wife and two children, who for some time past had resided with his mother. The following lines, rather questionable in taste, appeared in a monthly publication some time afterwards:—

"In the still of the night, Death to Shepperton went,
And there catching poor Fletcher asleep,
He into his wind such a finisher sent,
That no longer 'the time' could he keep.

"Thus forced to give in, we his fate must lament,
While the coward, grim Death, we must blame,
For if in the morn he to Shepperton went,
He feared Fletcher's true science and game.

"Then repose to his ashes, soft rest to his soul,
For harmless was he through life's span,
With the friend of his bosom, enjoying the bowl,
And wishing no evil to man."

"February, 1807."

the ring was completed, Belcher entered, attended by Bill Warr and Watson; Dutch Sam soon followed, with Mendoza and Bittoon. In a few minutes the combatants set-to, both appearing in good confidence as to the result.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Not much ceremony in sparring. Sam made a lute at Tom's ribs, which fell short, and Tom put in two desperate blows at his opponent's head, and retreated. Both now sparred very cautiously; Sam rallied, they closed, and both fell, Sam uppermost.

2.—Sam threw away many hits, at length put in a good right-hand blow in Belcher's loins, which Tom returned by a severe hit in the face. Cautious sparring again, and Sam put in a desperate blow in the neck, and brought his adversary down. (Even betting yet.)

3.—Sam stood up with great courage and confidence; both put in some good hits, which were dexterously parried. Sam went in, and closing threw Belcher again.

4.—Belcher showed some marks of severe blows in the last rally, and bled profusely at the nose; Sam was not without a few evidences of his opponent's skill, his eye was dreadfully swelled. Belcher put in a very clean blow over his opponent's guard, in the face, when Sam closed, and threw Tom with great violence.

5.—It would be difficult to describe the courage and skill displayed in this round. Sam rallied, some good hits exchanged, and they closed; again disengaged, and Belcher rallied, but Sam had a most decided advantage throughout the round, driving his opponent to all parts of the ring, and at length brought Belcher down by a very feeble blow. (Odds five to four on Sam, but betting shy.)

6.—This was also an excellently contested round. After some blows had been exchanged, Sam put in two forcible blows at Belcher's head, which were well stopped, but he fell, apparently very weak. (Odds six to four on Sam.)

7.—Sam appeared to judge his distances very badly, frequently striking short blows; they closed very irregularly, but Sam threw Belcher, and pitched him on his head.

9.—In this round Belcher gained considerable advantage, hit his antagonist severely in the face right and left, and after another very irregular close, threw Sam as heavy a fall as he had before experienced. Sam, however, still remained the favourite.

10.—Sam made a long body hit, and threw his opponent.

11.—Sam made two attempts at Belcher's head, both of which were dexterously parried. After Sam had thrown away several blows they closed, and Belcher threw him.

12.—Belcher appeared fresher, but was

very cautious; he retreated round the ring; Sam followed him closely, and ran him down on the spot.

13.—Sam made two unsuccessful hits, which were again stopped, and Belcher returned one with great violence; by a slight hit Sam fell, and evinced great distress.

14.—On setting to, it was observed Sam had two black eyes, and Belcher showed severe punishment on his left side. Sam repeated a hit on this spot, and Belcher immediately closed and threw him.

15.—Belcher retreated; Sam followed; no fighting; a haggard close, and Belcher fell, seemingly from weakness. (Odds seven to four on Sam.)

16.—A good rallying round, and some good blows made. Sam put in a good hit in the throat, and they closed, and Belcher threw his opponent.

17 and 18.—No blow of importance.

19.—A hard fought round; each exerted himself to the utmost, and excellent blows were exchanged in a rally at arm's length, until both fell, as though it had been preconcerted.

20.—Sam hit Belcher on the nose, but was thrown in closing.

21.—A desperate round, all rallying at arm's length, each hitting and stopping. Sam had the advantage, Belcher being very weak.

26.—In this round Belcher exerted his utmost, followed his opponent with great courage, and displayed great skill in hitting and stopping.

27.—At the end of this round very faint hopes were entertained for Belcher's success. Sam made play, rallied, and hit three severe blows on Tom's left side; Tom, however, threw him. (Odds three to one on Sam.)

28.—Greatly in favour of Sam, who put in several severe blows on Belcher's head, and he fell.

29.—A good round. Sam still kept the superiority; Belcher's blows were too feeble to make any impression. Sam threw him.

30.—Sam appeared in great spirits, and as fresh as ever, but his eyes were almost closed. He rallied, and Tom, being almost exhausted, was knocked down. (Odds four to one on Sam.)

31.—Every one felt commiseration for Tom. His exertions to maintain the fight received applause, and were truly courageous; but Sam, elated at the state to which he had reduced his opponent, mustering all fire, beat him out of the ring.

32.—Belcher struck twice, but very feebly, and in vainly endeavouring to rally, fell.

33.—Tom had no chance whatever, his blows were perfectly useless. He fell without receiving a blow.

34.—This was the last round, and it unfortunately created a dispute. Belcher made a blow at Sam, and fell on his knees; Sam made a hit, intending to strike his adversary while on his legs and before his hands reached the earth; Sam's blow reached him while on his knees. A cry of "Foul" was immediately raised, particularly by those on the wrong side with their bets, and the matter was referred to the two umpires. One of these declared it "fair," the other "foul." Mr. Jackson now stepped forward and explained that a man was not to be considered down until his hand had reached the floor, consequently the blow was fair, and Sam must be acknowledged the conqueror. "Notwithstanding this flowing declaration of Jackson's," says the reporter,

"the umpires, Captain Barclay and the Hon. Berkeley Craven, agreed to refer the matter to Lord Say and Sele. His lordship declined giving a decision, when Lord Archibald Hamilton was immediately solicited, and he undertook the office of judge of appeal. Many meetings of the amateurs took place, and the subject of this foul play was warmly discussed. The rules of Broughton and all the first rate authorities were adduced, but the only case considered as in point throughout the annals of pugilism, was that of Humphries and Mendoza, in the battle they fought at Stilton, in May, 1789 (see p. 78); but from the irritability of Mendoza, the battle in that case was renewed. An offer was now made to Sam to draw stakes, but this was refused, on the plea that, if even Belcher was on his knees, he was doing his best still on the defensive. At length it was agreed on all sides that there should be a new trial.

The third meeting accordingly was arranged for the 21st August, 1807. The men met at Lowfield Common, near Crawley, Sussex, in a thirty feet ring upon the turf. In the articles it was specified that the following article of Broughton's rules should be decisive:—

"7.—That no person is to hit his adversary when down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist: a man on his knees to be reckoned down."

Sam was seconded by Mendoza, and Bittoon was his bottle-holder. Tom Belcher was attended by Gully and Ward.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Considerable anxiety was manifested upon the combatants setting to, and the interested spectators were much agitated with hopes and fears, upon the decision of this third contest between two such distinguished pugilists. Sam made a feint with his left hand, and endeavoured with his right to hit Tom's ribs; but they were stopped, and Belcher returned feebly with his left hand; in closing, Sam was underneath.

2.—Sam going in to rally. Tom hit him right and left, and likewise stopped two blows. In closing, Belcher was thrown. (Betting now commenced—five to two on Sam.)

3.—Sam extremely cautious till he had got his proper distance, when, after making a left-handed feint, he put in a terrible blow under Belcher's left eye that brought the claret out in abundance, and its effects were so severe that Tom was confused, and, upon exchanging a hit, was thrown. (Three to one on Sam.)

4.—Both rallying, and exchanging hits at

arm's length; no advantage on either side; but the strength of Sam was prominent in closing. He threw his opponent.

5.—A most excellent round, but rather in favour of Belcher. Sam rallied, but without effect, as Belcher hit him off. Notwithstanding, Sam closed, disengaged, and commenced another rally, when Tom put in a most tremendous blow upon the left eye of his opponent, and also threw him a heavy fall.

6.—Desperate fighting; both exhausted, and fell together.

7.—Belcher put in two slight hits; when they closed irregularly and fell.

8.—Rallying and good science on both sides; hitting and stopping in good style, till they both fell. Belcher manifested first weakness.

9.—Sam incorrect in his distances; Belcher gave him a severe fall. (Four to one on Sam.)

10.—Belcher hit his opponent slightly, when Sam threw him.

11.—Sam, full of strength, rallied desper-

rately, which was followed up by Tom, but in favour of the Jew. Sam's blows were dreadful, and Belcher's face and body suffered materially. He fell from weakness.

12.—No blows given. Tom ran himself down. (All betters, but no one sanguine enough to take them.)

13.—Sam followed the style of his opponent, and ran himself down.

14.—Belcher somewhat shy from the severe beating he had received. He fell from two of Sam's right-handed body blows.

15.—Belcher made every effort to put in some good hits, but they were too feeble to do execution. He fell from weakness, while rallying.

16.—Of no importance, except both the combatants, after closing, appeared to fall from exhaustion.

17.—Belcher, in attempting to hit his opponent, was stopped, and, in closing, Tom fell between his adversary's arms on his knees. Sam, who was strongly impressed with the articles, cleverly held up his hands, to show that no foul blows should put an end to this contest.

18.—Sam, in closing, got his opponent's head under his arm, and fibbed Belcher so severely that he dropped.

19.—Tom fell on his knees; but Sam was on his guard, and only smiled.

20.—Sam beat his opponent to the ropes with considerable ease.

21.—Belcher still giving way under Sam's superior strength.

22.—Belcher, rather recovered, obtained some little advantage.

23.—Belcher, still livelier, contended spiritedly, till they both fell and lay along on the ground.

24.—Belcher completely astonished his friends by his fine game and resolution, and obtained advantage in a desperate rally, when they both fell, quite exhausted.

25.—Tom's excellence in the science of boxing was truly conspicuous in this round; his blows were well directed, but not effective.

26.—Sam, to avoid Tom's favourite right-handed body blow, threw himself on his face.

27.—Sam received a heavy fall, after some irregular fighting.

28.—Belcher claimed considerable respect and attention, from the fine style in which he gained the superiority over his opponent, and also in giving Sam a very severe fall.

29 and 30.—Good rallies took place in both these rounds; rather in favour of Belcher.

From the thirty-first to the thirty-sixth round it was evident to the spectators that Belcher could not win. The onslaughts of Sam were tremendous in the extreme. He followed his opponent to all parts of the ring, putting in dreadful facers and body blows, dealing out punishment till his brave opponent fell, quite exhausted. His brother Jem took him out of the ring in the most feeble state, and placed him in a gentleman's chariot. It was on the left side, from the kidneys to the crown of the head, where Tom was so severely beaten. Sam's principal injury was a blow under the left eye, and some trifling marks. The Dutchman dressed himself with perfect indifference before he left the ring. The superiority of Sam's hitting, and the severity of his blows, were visible throughout this battle. Belcher's skill was apparent, but there was no comparison in the effectiveness of the two men's mode of fighting.

Bill Cropley, as yet unconquered, challenged Dutch Sam for fifty guineas, and was accepted. The battle was fixed for April 5, 1808, the same day as that between Belcher and Doherty, but the officers from Bow Street, appeared with special warrants, and took Sam and his opponent into custody; they were then bound over to keep the peace in four contiguous counties named in the bonds.

A new arrangement was therefore entered into, and on the 10th May, 1808, after Gully's memorable defeat of Gregson, Sam and Cropley entered the enclosure and immediately set-to. Cropley stood over Sam in an alarming manner, and in the first round caught Sam heavily on the eye. On this success, however, he never improved; he tried every manœuvre to get at his head again, but ineffectually; Sam always got away, and punished him cuttingly for following him up. In twenty-five minutes Cropley was a piteous spectacle, and by the advice of his seconds, gave in.

Sam's irregularity of living, and what he called his "gin training," began

now to tell upon his wonderful constitution ; and though his name is of continual recurrence in affairs of the ring during two years, it is not until a quarrel again brought him within the ropes in May, 1810, that Sam publicly doffed his shirt. A series of bickerings and slight disputes had led to an ill feeling between Sam and a tradesman of the name of Medley, for many years after known in sporting circles. These at last came to a crisis in a challenge from Medley, to fight for 200 guineas, Medley putting down his own money. The affair created immense excitement at the time. The *Daily Advertiser* thus notices Sam's opponent: "Ben Medley, as he is called by his intimates, is a muscular man, some twenty pounds heavier than Samuels (Elias). He has never before entered the ring for a stake, but fame records great things of him in resenting a personal injury, and as a setter-to with the gloves his excellence is well known at the Fives Court. Sam has regarded this fame so much, that, to avoid risking a chance, he preferred to forfeit some time ago, because he did not think himself in good condition at the appointed time."

Famed Moulsey Hurst, on the 31st May, 1810, was crowded to excess, and it was with great difficulty that the ring could be kept clear. At one o'clock the champions entered, Sam waited on by Harry Lee and Puss; Joe Ward and Tom Cribb seconded Medley. They were not long in stripping. The betting varied, but the current price was two to one on Sam.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—After a little sparring Sam put in a left-handed hit, which Medley stopped cleverly; they closed, but disengaged themselves. Medley stopped Sam's left again, closed, and threw his opponent.

2.—Medley led off. They closed and broke away. Sam got in a left-hander on the ribs, and following it up, forced a rally, in which he caught Medley a tremendous blow on the temple. Medley fought hurriedly, and slipped down.

3.—Medley appeared quite confused from the violence of the blow on his temple. It evidently had taken much of the fight out of him. He, however, stood up with courage, and rallied. Sam stopped with great dexterity, and by a well planted hit under the chin, knocked Medley off his legs. (Odds four to one on Sam.)

4.—Medley rallied, but Sam brought him down by a body blow.

5.—Medley struck; Sam parried, and threw in right and left; both hits told. They closed, and Sam threw Medley by dint of superior strength.

6.—Medley's eye was greatly swollen; he appeared shy, retreated. Sam, however,

waited for his coming up, and threw in a violent blow on the face, which re-echoed again; they closed, and Sam threw Medley again.

7.—Sam quite gay, went in, and putting in a most tremendous blow in the breast, brought his opponent down.

8.—Medley bled profusely. Sam was coming in to rally, when Medley knocked him down and laughed at him; but his countenance was ghastly, from the tremendous blows he had received in the face.

9.—Sam appeared angry, ran in, and missed his distance. Medley displayed a great deal of science, but was at last knocked down.

10.—Medley was making play, when Sam knocked him down.

11.—An excellent round, and the longest in the battle. Medley showed weakness, yet he put in a good hit on Sam's nose, who directly knocked him down.

12.—It would be impossible to describe the spectacle Medley's face and head exhibited, the blood-flowing in all directions. Before any blow was struck Medley fell from weakness.

13.—Medley was again making play, when Sam put in a severe blow in the ribs, and Medley again fell. His side now began to swell.

14.—Sam slipped, but it was thought a trick to gain wind.

15.—Sam went in and rallied. Medley very weak, but gamely bored in upon Sam, who continued plying right and left until Medley fell.

Notwithstanding Medley was in this dread-

ful state, he continued the fight for thirty-three more rounds; but nature being at length exhausted, and his wounds bleeding beyond the skill of his second's stopping, his brother declared him conquered.

Sam in this battle displayed great science, and his mercy to his opponent did him still greater honour. Medley showed game, but his hits were too light for a fighter, being in fact the taps of the sparring school.

Sam now resolved to retire from the ring as a principal. He was thirty-five years of age, and had always fought what is termed "up-hill;" that is, men of greater weight and size than himself. It would have been well for him had he adhered to this resolution, as we shall presently see.

Five years had elapsed during which Sam's intemperance was the subject of regret among his acquaintance, when Bill Nosworthy, the baker, a wrestler and boxer of some repute with the "dead men" of the metropolis, offered himself to Sam's notice; by whom, as we have already said, the poet's warning was as unheeded as it was probably unknown:—

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For, in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did I, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

This, Sam's final ring encounter, took place at Moulsoy, on Tuesday, December 8th, 1814. Four to one had been betted on Sam previous to this fight, and he was backed, when fighting, till near the end of the battle, by the best judges in the pugilistic circles.

This defeat (which will be found detailed in the Appendix to Period IV., under NOSWORTHY), ruined him, and he sunk into dejection, misery, and want. Like many others of the headstrong race of hard drinkers, he was infatuated with the idea that nothing in the shape of excess could harm his iron frame. Indeed, Sam had been heard insanely to boast that he could train on "three glasses of gin, three times a day." What wonder, then, that he fell? Excess, pride, and conceit destroyed his vigour and stamina, and on this occasion he might exclaim,—

"I've touched the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting."

A few anecdotes from contemporary sources may show Sam's fistic capabilities even in his decadence. Passing through Wapping, one evening,

when it was almost dark, he observed a poor Jew and a sailor fighting, and, upon enquiring the cause, he was soon recognised by the unfortunate Mordecai, who had been several times floored by the rough son of Neptune. Sam stooped to pick up his Israelitish brother, when the latter whispered in his ear, "So help my Cot, Sam, I can't fight any more." "Hold your tongue, you fool," replied Sam, at the same time falling down by his side: "you get up and pretend to pick me up: I'll let fly at him." This imposition was practised with success, and Sam, staggering on to his legs with well feigned grogginess, went bang in with his one-two at the Jack Tar, in such style that he saluted mother earth in a twinkling. The sailor, upon getting upon his pins, roughly exclaimed, "D—— my ——, this ain't the man I was fighting with—it's another. Shiver me, but his blows are like the kicks of a horse—I'll have no more of this." He instantly sheered off, while Sam and his friend dropped into a neighbouring gin-shop to laugh over the trick.

It is impossible correctly to ascertain the number of bye-battles in which Sam was engaged; but it is certainly within compass to assert, that he fought above one hundred.

In the vicinity of St. George's Fields, a stout fellow of the name of Jones, a painter, and a neighbour of Dutch Sam's, who valued himself upon his milling qualities, publicly declared that he was the champion of that quarter, and frequently had importuned Sam to have a set-to; the latter always declined. It happened one evening that Sam was regaling himself at a public-house, and glass succeeding glass of Deady's brilliant fluid, had nearly obliterated worldly things from Sam's pericranium, when Jones, learning the circumstance, entered the premises, and endeavoured to provoke him to a combat, but in vain. At length Jones struck him. This was too much, the staggering Sam returned it, and inquired "whether he was doing right or wrong to defend himself?" An adjournment to the street took place, when Sam, notwithstanding his intoxicated state, appeared to have the advantage, until Jones, seizing him by the hair of his head, threw him down, and struck him violently upon the stones. This unmanly act appeared to have a most unusual and electric effect, for it awoke Sam to a recollection of what he was about; and, to the surprise of the spectators, the Israelite started up exclaiming, "Take care, take care, I'm coming now!" put in such a bodier as nearly deprived Jones of his breath, following it up by a slashing hit over his eye, which levelled the brute in his congenial mud. Utterly flabbergasted by the severity and impetuosity of Sam's hitting, he fairly bolted. Jones weighed thirteen stone six pounds; and, though destitute of propriety,

was not without pretensions to science; this lesson taught him summarily the folly of vain boasting, and the superiority of a master in the art.

We cannot omit one bright trait in Sam's character, and this was his honest determination to win his fight if he could. We read in his obituary notice, "Sam's integrity was a bright jewel; it was undoubtedly of the first water; he was once tampered with by a large offer to lose a fight (Egan says 1000*l*), but he at once disclosed the affair to his backers. If all our pugilists had displayed the like honesty, the ring would be in a very different state."

Sam's constitution originally was of the finest quality, and his strength, for his stature and weight, amazing. The day he fought with Cropley he asserted that he was able to "floor an ox." The Game Chicken once affronted Sam, when the latter informed that formidable boxer that he could not beat him in a quarter of an hour. In private life, Sam possessed a good deal of comic humour; and he passed much of his latter time in the service of Saunders, the equestrian circus keeper, of Bartholomew Fair notoriety.

He suffered considerably in his illness, and died in the London Hospital, on Wednesday, July 3, 1816, in the forty-second year of his age. He was buried on the 4th of the same month, in the Jews' burying-ground, White-chapel.

As a boxer, "take him for all in all," while he lived he had no equal; but latterly his stamina was utterly ruined by excessive indulgence in ardent spirits.

CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE MADDOX (KNOWN IN HIS LATER BATTLES
AS "THE VETERAN")—1792–1809.

As a connecting link between the Second and Third Periods, George Maddox furnishes a career of some interest. He was a civil, facetious, illiterate man, but possessed of manly courage and forbearance. "Though," says one who knew him, "George Maddox fought more battles than any man I knew of his time, he never had a spark of resentment in his composition. His hardihood and resolution in the battle were not more remarkable than the coolness, almost stoical, with which he spoke of victory or defeat, in his own natural and rough manner. He seemed satisfied, that having done his best, the best could do no more, and generally spoke strongly of the 'goodness' of the men who had given in to him." Maddox was born in Tothill Fields, Westminster, in 1756. In his fiftieth year he entered the lists with the powerful Tom Cribb, then in the prime of his youth and freshness, and, after fighting an hour and a half, the odds were still in his favour. Seventy-six rounds and two hours and ten minutes of courageous fighting passed before "the Veteran" cried "enough!" Once more in his fifty-fifth year he met Bill Richmond, the black (whom he had formerly beaten in three rounds), and after an hour yielded to exhaustion. The spirit did not surrender, but nature left him.* There can be nothing added to this but the record of George's boxing career.

George Maddox was as modest and independent as he was courageous. He never hung about sporting public-houses or low tap-rooms, and never sponged upon gentlemen, nor sought the patronage of the great. After a memorable fight he sunk into his desired obscurity, following his humble occupation, and content with his moderate earnings, as an industrious costermonger, a calling much more lucrative and numerous than in our times.

* "Recollections of an Octogenarian," 8vo., London, 1812.

indeed the "donkey dragoons" of Westminster, as they were then termed, formed a formidable squadron; and, among the lower classes, the proprietor of a "neddy and tumbler"—as in the days of slang a donkey and cart were termed—was often a velveted fancy-dressed person with gold as well as silver and copper in his pocket, or "skin," a taste for "the Fancy," an attendant at every sport, the owner of a "tyke" or two, and a "dealer in curiosities,"—rats, squirrels, ferrets, badgers, an occasional mongoose, and fancy "pets," coming particularly within the range of his tastes and trading.

After many bye-battles, Maddox's first regular contest was with Symonds (the Ruffian). This took place at Datchet, near Windsor, on Saturday, December 4, 1792. See SYMONDS, *ante*, 130.

This battle stands unparalleled for desperation and unflinching resolution in the annals of pugilism. The spot first named was Langley Broom, in Buckinghamshire, but magisterial interference preventing the rencontre, "the wayfarers crossed the Thames carrying their boards and quartering with them, and in a very few minutes erected a stage," in the renowned Shaksperian "Datchet Mead." We must here remark, that Maddox was two inches shorter and more than two stone lighter than Symonds, to appreciate the battle which followed. There is no report worthy of transcription of this tremendous fight which is described in generalities. "Columns of our paper would not suffice to detail the rallies, the knock-down blows, the alternate advantages and the gluttony which marked this surprising battle. 'The Ruffian,' who was nearly two stone heavier than his antagonist, was by far the most beaten, and totally blind, from the closing of both his eyes, before he would allow himself to be carried from off the stage. Maddox, of course, was not quite in so desperate a condition, as he had the best of the hitting in the rallies, especially towards the latter rounds. It was stated by an experienced amateur that Maddox put in two, sometimes three blows to Symonds's one throughout the contest," which lasted two hours, during which 100 rounds were fought.

On Monday, February 10, 1794, Maddox met Hooper, the tinman, but after a game fight of nearly an hour, surrendered to that formidable boxer. (See HOOPER, *ante*, p. 107.)

Isaac Bittoon, a Jew, known for many years after to the visitors of the Fives Court and sparring saloons of the metropolis, was Maddox's next opponent. Bittoon's qualifications as a boxer will be found noticed under his name. The battle came off on Monday, December 13th, 1802, on Wimbledon Common. The ground first named was Wormwood Scrubs, but

"on arriving there a goodly posse of the Bow Street runners, with a number of special constables, had possession of the ground. A council of war now directed that each man's party should separate and meet again at the five-mile-stone on the Edgware road, to elude the vigilance of the myrmidons of the law. When George and his friends reached the rendezvous, no Jew was there, and they waited two hours in anxious expectation. All hopes of a battle that day were given up, when a messenger on horseback arrived with the information that Bittoon was waiting for his opponent at Wimbledon Common, when off went gig, cart, curriole, carriage, buggy, and tumbler, over Putney Bridge, on a visit once again to the shrine of Jerry Abbershaw. At a quarter before three the pilgrims arrived, the ring was formed, and precisely at five minutes before three they set-to. Bittoon was seconded by Lyons, and Maddox by Joe Ward.

"For the first three rounds the Jew had a clear advantage, having three successive times brought down his opponent at the close of the round, but not without some sharp returns. The combatants manoeuvred, then laid aside science for a display of unflinching courage, forcing the fighting rapidly, taking and giving heavily; but in this the agility of Maddox and his superior quickness in advancing and retreating brought the odds to seven to four in his favour. From the sixty-eighth to the seventy-third round, Bittoon recovered strength and well supported the contest. In the seventy-fourth round he threw Maddox heavily, who was also sadly beaten both in the face and body. It was now getting dark, and Maddox persevered to make it a 'draw.' Maddox's brother and friends now entered the ring and stopped the battle, stating that no one could see fair. A general engagement with sticks and fists ensued, to clear the ring. A parley ensued, when it was agreed the battle should be postponed to a future day; the men having been engaged one hour and ten minutes, and fought seventy-four rounds, the seventy-fifth being interrupted as above stated." The reporter adds, "in the fight both men displayed 'bottom' unequalled in the annals of pugilism." At a further conference between the backers of the men, they humanely decided, that two such brave and evenly matched men should not meet again for the same stake, but each have his backer's stake-money.

George, now, as on former occasions, like Caleb Baldwin and others of his time, returned to his humble and laborious calling. He however, *more majorum*, attended whenever there was a "good thing" on. Thus, on the 23rd January, 1804, he was present at the celebrated fight of the Game Chicken and Joe Berks, on Putney Common. The great event disposed of, a purse was got up, and Maddox, then called "the Veteran," offered himself as a candidate.

One Seabrook, a dustman, and a bounceable sort of chap, long known as a second rate pugilist, was induced by the offer of four pounds to enter the ring with George. The affair was a farce, Maddox punished Seabrook all over the ring for three rounds, when he fell out of the ropes and declared his arm was broken. "No sooner, however, had he nibbed the gull (*Anglicè* pocketed the money), than he boastingly swore he was not the least hurt."* "*Pan-cratia*," p. 199.

George's day's work was not, however, yet over. Bill Richmond, an athletic American black, of whom we shall hear more hereafter, who had served his time to a cabinet maker at York, and was at this time footman to the well-known Lord Camelford, having expressed himself desirous of a "shy" with a professed pugilist, was indulged by the deposit of a small stake. The affair, like that of Seabrook's, was of three rounds only. In the last round Maddox caught Richmond an electrifying blow under the left eye, which in the words of the reporter, "so completely *quered his ogle*, that he at once gave in."

George, though now in his fiftieth year, was always ready to try "a novice." At a meeting at Wood Green, near Hornsey, on Monday, June 7, 1805, a subscription purse was offered of twenty-five guineas, twenty for the winner, five for the loser. For this Tom Cribb, "the Black Diamond," offered himself. The battle will be detailed under CRIBB. His after-renowned opponent, besides the advantages of youth, was two inches taller than George. Maddox fought like a hero, and gave in with reluctance, after two hours and ten minutes' combat, with a stalwart and game youngster with stamina fresh and unwasted. Maddox fell gloriously, and Young Cribb, hitherto unknown, by this contest acquired a pugilistic fame that soon developed itself, and ultimately led him to the championship.

On Monday, June 5th, 1806, three boxing matches were decided at Padnal Corner, Epping Forest. The second of these was between George Maddox, "the Veteran," and Coady,† an Irish boxer, of great pretence, for forty guineas. Maddox was considered "gone by," and Coady made the favourite. We copy the report from the *Daily Advertiser*: "Maddox fought in the old style, that of rallying,‡ and in a great measure giving the first powerful hit in each round. Coady always waited for him to begin, and generally hit in return successfully in the rallies. His blows did not, however, seem to tell

* Pierce Egan says, "Seabrook was so completely frightened out of all his conceit, that he almost *bolted* from the spot." What that may mean we cannot explain.

† Coady's other exploit was being beaten by Bill Treadway, in twenty-seven minutes March 16, 1798, in Hyde Park.

‡ This is what modern reporters would call "forcing the fighting."

so much or to be put in so sharply as his adversary's. After the combat had lasted half an hour there was some confusion, and the ring was broken in, but whether by design or accident could not be discovered. The combatants were, however, taken away until another ring was formed, when they again set-to. The combat lasted another three quarters of an hour, when a detachment of the 10th Light Dragoons appeared, headed by a magistrate, who, being also headborough, entered the ring, and with all the moderation and gentlemanly affability becoming his authority addressed the amateurs, informing them they must disperse in the name of the law, or he should be under the necessity of calling in military aid to enforce his mission. Upon this they all retired about a mile further, when the cavalry disappearing they formed another ring." The name of this magisterial specimen of the *suaviter in modo et fortiter re* has not been recorded by the admiring reporter, or we would willingly have perpetuated it. Mr. Coady was now called to appear and face his man; but in the interval his eyes had nearly closed. "He refused to enter the ring," says the report, "so the battle was declared a drawn one."* That there was no further interruption is shown by the fact that there was a third battle, between O'Donnell and Smith. (See O'DONNELL in Appendix.)

Maddox once more retired to his vocation as a street dealer in fish, fruit, flowers, and other commodities then generally hawked through the scattered suburbs, now solidified into the enormous mass of the mighty metropolis—in plain prose, he followed his vocation of a costermonger, and was a noted character among the Westminster fraternity. Meantime, Bill Richmond, his old antagonist, had won himself a name and position among the list of boxers, and the blot on his 'scutcheon, from his early and summary defeat by Maddox, so sorely troubled him that he longed to rub it out by another tourney. He challenged the veteran, who accepted the defiance. They met August 9, 1809. John Gully seconded the veteran, and Bill Gibbons, his Westminster "pal," was his bottle-holder. Yet one more illustration of the soundness of Captain Godfrey's axiom, not to "trust battle to a waning age," was given. Maddox in his fifty-fourth year, after fifty-two rounds, reluctantly gave in to his younger, heavier, and stronger adversary.

In all the numerous contests in which Maddox had been engaged, his courage was pre-eminent. As a pugilist, he was conspicuous for determined rallying and quick hitting; and, though well acquainted with the science,

* This decision is utterly at variance with the rules of the ring. The cool *non-assuiter* of the reporter that, as Coady refused to appear, the battle was declared a drawn one, is not the least amusing incident. Mr. Vincent Dowling has booked it as a victory to Maddox, which it undoubtedly was. See "Fistiana," *see*, MADDOX.

he relied more on his true game than strictly following the principles of the art. It is but justice to his memory to state, according to the best information upon the subject, that pugilism was never disgraced by any of his public encounters, nor his character ever stained by making a cross.

A short time previous to his death a benefit was got up for "the veteran" at the One Tun Room, Jermyn Street, which was well attended, and at which the first pugilists exhibited specimens of self-defence; among whom several of his old opponents were not backward in assisting him by their efforts, as Cribb, Bittoon, O'Donnell, Richmond, etc.

The death of this courageous boxer was the consequence of an accident. The pipes (in those days hollowed trunks of elm trees) which conveyed water through the Borough Market were under repair, and the dark street "for in those days we had not got to gas," left with a yawning chasm. Into one of these, while repairing to market before dawn, poor George was precipitated; he received a compound fracture of the thigh, erysipelas supervened, and our hero, for hero he was though humble, closed his career in St. Thomas's Hospital. George was buried, by the subscriptions of some of his brother boxers in the churchyard of St. George the Martyr.



CHAPTER VII.

CALEB BALDWIN, "THE PRIDE OF WESTMINSTER."
1786 (1792)-1816.

CALEB STEPHEN RAMSBOTTOM, for such were the registered sponsorial and patronymic styles of this well-known boxer, was born beneath the shadow of the venerable abbey church of St. Peter's, Westminster, in what were the head-quarters of the costermongery of western London, in the early days of the third George, to wit, the 22nd of April, 1769. We like to be particular in the birthdays of remarkable men, for Caleb, in his day, was a more noted character, and certainly more of an "original," than many upon whom biographers have wasted mutton fat, or, more classically, "the midnight oil."

The reader will best form a judgment of Caleb's qualities as a "good piece of stuff," from an unvarnished account of his performances within the ropes. We may premise, however, that Caleb in his later days weighed but 9st. 11lbs., and therefore may well take his own assertion, that he was quite four pounds less when in his younger days he met antagonists, without much distinction of age or height; his own being five feet seven inches.

We shall pass Caleb's youthful skirmishes with unknown antagonists, referring the curious to "Boxiana," vol. i., pp. 301-307. The first of these, we are told, was with "one Gregory," in 1786, and then follow flourishing accounts of victories over Jem Jones, Arthur Smith, Jerry Matthews, Bill Berks, Wadham (a grenadier), Kelly, "one Jones," a fourteen stone coal-whipper, Bob Parker, etc., etc., all of which "the historian," fancifully embellishes with such characteristic touches as would induce us to think that he had himself been eye witness and reporter of the frays.

In 1792, on the 14th of May, we find Caleb's first recorded battle. It was with the well-known Tom (Paddington) Jones, at Hurley Bottom, after the fight between Mendoza and Bill Warr. They fought for a purse of £20, but after a game and even contest of half an hour, a dispute arose, and the

battle was declared "a draw." They were each so satisfied with the other's goodness, that though they met for many long years afterwards at sparring benefits, outside the ring as spectators and inside as seconds, they never again held up naked fists as adversaries.*

After the great battle between Jem Belcher and Andrew Gamble, December 22, 1800, at Wimbledon Common, a purse of twenty guineas, was contended for. Kelly, a stalwart Irishman, under the patronage of Coady, "the bruising publican," and Burke (not Berks), offered himself. The reporter says, "Caleb Baldwin, a dealer in greens, well-known among the Westminster lads as a smart customer with the mufflers, accepted the contest. Joe Ward and Elisha Crabbe, offered themselves as Caleb's seconds, and Tom Tring was his bottle-holder. They fought merrily twelve rounds in fifteen minutes, when Paddy, who could not latterly get in a blow, yielded to a hearty drubbing."

In June, 1801, there is proof that Caleb was *semper paratus*, like other heroes. He was enjoying himself at the Pewter Platter, in St. John Street; Jackling, known as "Ginger," brother of the renowned Tom Johnson, was there, and spoke contemptuously of Caleb's capabilities. A quarrel was the result, and a challenge following, Caleb turned out there and then. The paragraph writer says, "Jackling, alias Ginger, Tom Johnson's brother, having quarrelled with Caleb Baldwin, they fought a severe battle, in which the pungency of Ginger was completely overcome by the acrimony of his antagonist's fist."† This was thought smart writing in those days.

After Jem Belcher, of whom Caleb was always an admiring follower, had beaten the resolute Joe Berks, at Hurley Bottom, November 25th, 1801, Lee, "the butcher,"‡ made his appearance, followed by Caleb Baldwin, to decide their match for twenty guineas a side. Caleb was attended by Paddington Jones, his old opponent, and Joe Ward; Lee by Maddox and Seabrook. We preserve the report.

THE FIGHT.

There was no time lost in setting-to, and for the first twelve rounds much science was displayed by the lighter combatant, "the Westminster Champion," as he is now styled. He did not, however, much reduce Lee's strength, who fought with determined resolution.

13.—Caleb put in two straight hits through Lee's guard; the second brought down the butcher.

14.—Lee rallied manfully. He got in the first blow; but Caleb stepped in, put on the lock, and threw him neatly. (Great shouting from the "Neddy" drivers.)

* The memoir of Caleb Baldwin in "Boxiana," vol. i., pp. 301-314, omits all mention of this fight.

† Copied in "Pancratia," p. 136, from the *Oracle* newspaper. This battle is also overlooked by "the historian," in his life of Caleb.

‡ Jack Lee was then thought a rising pugilist; his previous battle was a draw with Solly Sodicky, a Jew. He must not be confounded with Harry Lee, who was beaten by Mendoza.

15.—Caleb gave his adversary a clean cross buttock.

16.—Lee had the advantage in hitting; he struck his opponent three severe blows, and brought him down.

17.—In this round Caleb displayed most excellent skill, strength, and activity. At the commencement six hard blows were struck, after which Caleb, fastening on his antagonist, threw him completely over his head. Lee's back rebounded from the stage with great violence, and he lay panting on the ground.

18.—Caleb slipped and fell, upon the system of husbanding his strength.

19.—Caleb gave his antagonist a heavy knock-down blow.

20.—Lee fought this round with determined courage and great skill, but still Caleb had the best of it.

21.—Caleb gave another knock-down blow, and Lee, who was completely exhausted, gave in.

The contest lasted twenty-three minutes, and afforded more amusement and a greater display of science than even the preceding grand affair between Belcher and Berks.

Lord Say and Sele, The Hon. Berkeley Craven, Sir Thomas Apreece, Colonel Montgomery, Captain Taylor, and many other distinguished amateurs were present.

Jack O'Donnell having beaten Pardo Wilson (Belcher's brother-in-law), and Smith, was now the recognised "Irish champion," and he challenged Caleb for fifty guineas a-side, who, nothing loth, entered into articles of agreement. As there was great apprehension that the Bow Street authorities would interfere, the matter was "kept dark," and on Friday morning, October 21st, 1803, the men and their friends started early by different roads out of town. Wimbledon Common, in the vicinity of that interesting landmark of civilisation,* the gibbet of the notorious Jerry Abershaw, was the rendezvous, and there at twelve o'clock all had arrived. Vehicles of every description and thousands of spectators and equestrians thronged the valley, a ring was quickly formed, and at half-past twelve O'Donnell entered, followed by the veteran Caleb. The men immediately threw themselves in attitude. Odds six to four on Baldwin, readily taken.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—O'Donnell put in the first blow in his adversary's side. Caleb returned dexterously right and left, then closing, threw his opponent.

2.—O'Donnell fought very shy, but Caleb stood to his man, followed him round the ring, and put in several severe blows, which were well parried by his adversary. It was here thought O'Donnell was endeavouring to wind Caleb; however, he did not fall off in putting in his blows, and having got O'Donnell to the edge of the ring, put in a most severe body hit, which brought him down.

3.—At the commencement of this round O'Donnell appeared sick from the effects of the last blow, which Caleb perceiving, stuck

to him closely, not allowing him even time for breath. O'Donnell tried to avoid him, but failed. They closed, and Caleb again threw him. (Odds had now risen as high as four to one.)

4.—This round was well contested by both combatants. O'Donnell recovered, came up in better spirits, and fought more manfully. He put in several good blows, and cut his opponent over the right eye; they closed, and O'Donnell for the first time threw Caleb.

5.—The sun now was extremely troublesome, particularly to O'Donnell, who shifted and tried hard to get the shady side; but Caleb's cleverness was not to be out done. Some severe straight-forward blows were

* In the travels of Pallas in Tartary, he describes himself, after a weary sledge journey through snowy steppes, as coming in sight of the corpse of a malefactor swinging on a gaunt black gibbet as a warning to "land pirates." He congratulates himself on this mark of having arrived on the "confines of civilisation."

given on both sides; O'Donnell's last bringing his opponent down a second time. His friends now again began to hope for success, and odds triflingly changed.

6.—O'Donnell came up smiling; Caleb made several blows tell. A blow from O'Donnell made him stagger, on which he rushed in, and with great force knocked down O'Donnell.

7.—This, although not the last, was the decisive round. O'Donnell set to with great spirits, and displayed great courage and excellent science. Caleb made several feints, which by many were considered weakness, and the odds fell back to even betting. Caleb, however, caught his opponent off his guard, and planted a most severe blow in his kidneys,* which had a most visible effect. They closed, and O'Donnell was thrown.

8.—The effects of the blow, so powerfully put in by Caleb in the last round, were so great, that O'Donnell was scarcely able to stand. Caleb showed as much fight as ever,

followed him up, put in several good blows, and concluded both the round and the battle by giving his opponent a violent cross buttock.

O'Donnell was immediately led off the ground greatly distressed, both by the kidney blow and the last fall; he was placed in a hackney coach, but his friends neglected him even more than Herks' did; they left him there without any assistance for nearly two hours, while Caleb was carried in triumph round the ground, and also until the termination of another battle, which consisted of forty rounds.

This match was considered extremely even as to the skill and strength of the combatants. Both had fought numerous minor battles, and two or three regular ring-fights, in which neither of them had been beaten. Caleb being some years older than his opponent, O'Donnell's youth was considered to be an equivalent for Caleb's more practical science.

The fight above alluded to was between one Beckley, known as "Blue Breeches," and Clarke, which ended in a draw after fifty minutes' desperate milling.

In November of the same year, O'Donnell again challenged Caleb for 100 guineas. His friends declared the last fight a mistake, the next they said would be "the real thing." This, however, came to nothing, and Caleb, who had long wished to try his skill with the Jewish phenomenon, Dutch Sam, was backed by his friends, for fifty guineas; and Tuesday, August 7th, 1804, fixed for the combat, which took place at Wood Green, near Hornsey. (See Life of DUTCH SAM, *ante*, Chapter V.)

This first defeat of Caleb was by no means a dishonourable one, and when in the October following a second match was made, Sam, to the surprise of the amateurs, declined to go on with it, and forfeited his deposit. Caleb's friends maintained that he was out of condition on the first occasion.

On Tuesday, August 6th, 1805, the long expected battle between Bill Ryan and Caleb Baldwin crowded the Lewisham side of Blackheath with thousands of eager spectators. The seat of combat was not determined until very late on the Monday night, and many who expected it to be at Wilsden Green, travelled there only to be disappointed. A ring having been formed, about eleven o'clock the combatants entered, Ryan attended by Tom Jones and Fuss, and Caleb by Pearce, the Game Chicken, and Mountain. Odds were rather in favour of Caleb, but in general betting was even. After the usual ceremony they set-to.

* Blows in the short ribs are so called by the older ring reporters.—ED.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Much sparring; Caleb at last put in two good blows right and left. They closed, and both fell.

2.—Caleb made a hit, and while closing, Ryan threw in a severe blow, and cut his opponent in the face; closed, and both fell.

3.—Caleb threw in some tolerably clean jolly blows. Ryan ran in and threw him.

4.—Caleb put in a blow over Ryan's eye; it soon swelled and became black. Caleb terminated the round by giving Ryan a complete somersault. The advantage was all with Baldwin.

5.—A good round. Caleb held his lead by several sharp blows. They closed, and after a sharp struggle Caleb was uppermost. (Shouts for Westminster.)

10.—Every move in favour of Caleb, who was the quicker and more resolute fighter.

11.—Caleb slipped in, hit, and slipped out again. Ryan followed him, when Caleb hit up, closed, and threw him another swinging fall.

12.—Slow sparring. Both blowing, and Ryan very shy of his man. Caleb put in a tremendous blow upon his opponent's head, and brought him down.

13.—Caleb with great dexterity repeated

his blow, and Ryan fell again. (Odds were now five to one in favour of Caleb.)

15.—Ryan very shy. He, however, rallied, and threw in several very good hits. Caleb now began to show exhaustion, as was somewhat expected from his violent exertion.

16.—Ryan began to show to advantage. Caleb was fatigued, and Ryan's superior strength appeared manifest.

21.—Every round now added fresh superiority to Ryan, who, although much fatigued, threw his opponent every time.

23.—This was the last round in which there was any fighting. Caleb summoned all his courage, put in some well-aimed blows, but was too weak to withstand his opponent, who again brought him down.

26.—Caleb fell, almost exhausted, and while falling Ryan hit him. The ring was instantly broken in, and a cry of "Foul" raised. It was clearly a mere dodge to save the stakes. But while the connoisseurs were debating the question, a party of dragoons arrived and dispersed the assemblage. The combatants, both pretty well thrashed, were put together in a postchaise and brought to London. The fight had lasted half an hour, when this wrangle took place.

At a subsequent meeting it was agreed that the military interference made it a drawn battle. Ryan declined a renewal of the match.

This may be considered the legitimate wind-up of Caleb's professional career as a pugilist, after twenty years of ring practice (1786-1806), with one solitary defeat, and that at the hands of the renowned Dutch Sam. From this time Caleb figures as one of the most active and interesting characters in "the Fancy," and the liveliest leader and councillor of the followers of the ring. For years he was in his sphere a sort of pugilistic Palmerston in the Westminster purlieus of Downing Street. His courage was never doubted; his science was unquestionable; his honesty never impeached, and his fun was perennial. Caleb, though never quarrelsome, was always ready upon warrantable occasion to "sport his canvas." Few harder hitters were to be found, and many first-rate pupils were turned out by him. In his own dominion, on the downs of Tothill, his opinions upon sporting matters commanded deference, and Caleb's judgment in matters concerning man, dog, badger, or bull, was almost without appeal.

In May, 1816, a curious day's "outing" took place, to witness a battle between a couple of "darkies," hight Stephenson* and Sam Robinson;

* Stephenson had been beaten by Jack Carter. (See CARTER, Period IV.) Robinson was an old stager, fourteen stone weight; his fights, not worth detailing, are chronicled in "Fistiana."

"Ethiopian" bruisers, like Ethiopian serenaders, being now in fashion, from the exploits of such men as Richmond, Kendrick, and Co. To Coombe Warren, also, one Bristow, known as "Young Massa," in the service of a sporting gentleman, had repaired. Caleb as one of the M.C.'s was beating out the ring, when he applied the thong to Young Massa, who, new to his freedom and unacquainted with the person and privileges of Caleb as a public functionary, retorted by a couple of such unexpected facers as drew "the veteran's" cork. A row was the immediate consequence, in which Caleb proposed to cast the question of his ring privilege to the winds, and then and there vindicate his insulted manhood. He was at length indulged. The two principals actually quitted the ropes and Caleb was "indulged" with "a round or two," as he expressed it. Bill Richmond hereon offered to pick up Bristow, and Harry Harmer valeted the Veteran. The affair showed that Young Massa was not to be easily disposed of. The report is Pierce Egan's, though it is not even alluded to in his life of Caleb Baldwin.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Caleb seemed angry, and eager to check this daring novice for his presumption, set-to with great courage, and wished to mill off hand this sprig of colour, but Massa laughed at the attempt, returned hit for hit, and in closing brought the veteran down.

2.—Young Massa not only showed pluck, but his attitudes were imposing, and the champion of Westminster did not know what to make of him. Caleb hit out viciously, which the black returned on the nob of his opponent, and the veteran, in a close, went down undermost.

3.—On setting-to Massa put in a severe facer, and followed it up so strongly, that the champion was fairly hit down.

4.—Young Blacky, full of gaiety, pointed his finger at the veteran, by way of derision, and kept moving with great agility that he might not be smashed by the superior science he had to contend against. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, this game sprig fibbed Caleb severely, and brought him again down undermost.

5.—The youth of the Black encouraged him to proceed, and he hit out rather in a scientific style, as if he had taken lessons. Caleb seemed not able to stop him, and the veteran's sight appeared somewhat defective, as he generally hit short. In closing, as before, the Black fibbed away, and Caleb went down undermost.

6.—Caleb, on his guard, had the best of this round, and, in closing, turned the novice wn.

7.—Young Massa seemed an apt scholar,

quite on the alert, and, under the guidance of such a second as Richmond he stood more than a chance to do something. He put in three severe hits, got away cleverly, and succeeded finally in bringing down his man.

8.—Caleb's nob was properly crimsoned, and in every round he received more than he gave. His once acknowledged talent for serving out appeared to be gone by, or else this almost conqueror of Dutch Sam could never have suffered so many rounds to have passed over to his evident disadvantage. The young Black had too much gaiety for him, and he threw the champion against his will.

9.—Caleb got a little into work, and gave Massa a small taste; but he seemed to make no impression; however, he ultimately brought the young one down.

10.—This was a sort of scuffling round, but Caleb had the best of the throw.

11.—Blacky ran in with great velocity, and gave his opponent a tremendous body blow—a perfect winder! It was heard at some distance, and the champion felt not a little surprised. In closing, they both went down.

12.—Appearances were most certainly against Caleb; but yet some trifling odds were betted, from what he had formerly done, that the old tramp would be able to come through the piece. At Caleb's age, the Black must have been considered a dangerous unlucky customer to have fallen in his way, so unprepared as he then was. It was altogether an unfortunate turn up for

the veteran; and even the terrors of the ring did not in the least abate the confidence of the young adventurer, who hit out and boxed his man more like an experienced boxer than a raw chance miller. Caleb again found himself on the ground.

18 and last.—Caleb, full of pluck, seemed to rally all his capabilities into action, and rushed toward the scratch with all the eagerness of a Richard, mentally exclaiming—"Perish the thought; ne'er be it said that Caleb, the renowned Caleb Baldwin, of milling notoriety, ever surrendered his hard-earned laurels into the hands of a mere stripping novice, and that too a Black!" The champion put in some of his teasers, and, it is but justice to observe, that the young one was not a jot behind hand in

returning some good hits. It was a milling round altogether, but, in closing, Caleb was again down. Some interference now appeared to be made, and the darling fame of Caleb was rescued from the tottering brink of destruction by Blacky giving in, to the great astonishment and surprise of the spectators, as the young one had only a very slight scratch over one of his eyes. Caleb was thus enabled once more to return to his dominions as the conquering hero. Young Blacky, upon being persuaded to relinquish the contest, received the sum of 80s., collected by subscription, as a reward for the pluck he manifested in daring to enter the lists with so renowned a punisher as Caleb Ramabottom Baldwin.*

Caleb henceforth wisely confined himself to seconding and ring-keeping, in which his services were conspicuous and constant. On May 15, 1817, we find a joint benefit announced for two veterans, Caleb Baldwin and "Old Joo Ward," now in his seventy-second year. Cribb and Tom Oliver sparred on this occasion. The wind-up was between Caleb and Paddington Jones. "The first-named old trump prefaced his set-to by informing the company that twenty-eight years ago he and his friend Jones fought a tough fight together and had been 'pals' ever since. (Applause.) Caleb still retains considerable energy, and the display of the 'old school' was very creditable. Two sons of Caleb also exhibited their skill with the gloves, the second with young Perry, who 'bested' him. Caleb's first-born set-to with Jack Martin, but his pipes were out of order and he took off the gloves as quickly as he well could. They will not continue the renown of the father's name."

We find Caleb's name in numerous benefits for his brother pugilists, and in 1819 (Sept. 16), he advertised a benefit at the "Minor Theatre in the Strand." As these announcements occasionally possess a curiosity from their scarcity, we subjoin one of Caleb's as a specimen:—

CALEB BALDWIN

Respectfully acquaints his Friends and the Public, he would be proud to see them at the
MINOR THEATRE, IN THE STRAND,

On Thursday, 16th September, 1819,

Where he intends to exhibit with one of the *Primest Little Nonpareils*† of the Day; and as several of the First-rate Pugilists have promised to meet him there, he anticipates they will receive a High Treat.

The Cognoscenti, the Lads of the Turf, and the Fancy in general, cannot obliterate from

* Massa Bristow seems here to have fought his best fight; despite the tuition of Richmond and his Fives Court practice, he merely beat an unknown (Little Tom) for 20 guineas in a clumsy fight at Holloway, July 19, 1817, and was then thrashed by a fourth-rate pugilist, Pug M'Gee, at Shepperton Range, September 30, 1817, in sixty-five minutes, 40 rounds.

† This proved to be the afterwards renowned Jack Reade!

memory the amusement they have enjoyed from the able, spirited, and active manner in which Caleb always kept the Ring for them on Days of Sport; nor can it be forgotten, he has fought upwards of Thirty Battles, and was never beat, previous to that unsuccessful set-to with Dutch Sam.

This true-bottomed Champion of his day once moved in comfort and prosperity; and we have to deplore that the case is now altered. We trust a Real-bred Sportsman will never see a Worthy Veteran of the Turf in Distress, and shut up that spirit which should distinguish such a character. The single reflection of

A THOROUGH-BRED WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR AT LOW-WATER MARK,
AND WANTING A LIFT,

will require no further invitation, nor suffer exertion to sleep on the subject.

The Amusements will commence at Two O'clock.

Tickets, 8s. each, to be had at

Tom Oliver's, Great Peter Street, Westminster; Randall's, Chancery Lane; Harmer's, Plough, Smithfield; T. Cribb's; Mountain's, St. Martin's Lane; and W. Austin's, the Black-a-Moor's Head, Whitecomb Street.

On the 8th November, 1827, the veteran Caleb received his last "warning to quit," and shuffled off this mortal coil, in the spot of his nativity, and many an "old one" recounted his early deeds, with disparaging reflections (not always deserved) on the young 'uns who were likely to succeed him.

APPENDIX TO PERIOD III.

ANDREW GAMBLE—1792—1800.

ANDREW GAMBLE, another of Pierce Egan's Irish "champions," appears to have been a powerful, game, hard-hitting, clumsy, knock-kneed Hibernian, of six feet in stature, and a strong fighting instinct. His eulogium may be read in "Boxiana," vol. i., pp. 239 et seq. We here give what we can find in the contemporary prints.

"Andrew Gamble," says "Pancratia," (p. 132), "was born in Dublin in 1771, apprenticed to a stonemason, and early displayed a propensity for the pugilistic art. He is about six feet in height and has contested many battles, particularly those with Stanyard in 1792;* with Jones, in 1800; and with Jem Belcher.

Gamble's first appearance in the English ring was on the 5th September, 1792, at Bentley Green, nine miles from Colchester, which is thus recorded:

"This day (Friday, September 5), Hooper, the tinman (See HOOPER, *ante*), having beaten Bunner, of Colchester, the day previous, Ben Stanyard, a puglist from Birmingham, mounted the stage to box with Andrew Gamble, an Irishman. Joe Ward seconded Stanyard, and Hooper was his bottle-holder, looking little worse for his yesterday's battle. Gamble was seconded by one Williams, and had Ryan for his bottle-holder. The stage was enlarged from eighteen to twenty-one feet square. The spot was Bentley Green, nine miles from Colchester.

"At first setting-to odds were greatly in favour of Gamble, till after some few rounds, when they became even, but Gamble's superiority gained the bets in his favour five to four, and they again changed to the same height in favour of Stanyard, during the last six rounds, who then unfortunately made

* Ben Stanyard, who is stated to have been the victor in seventeen battles in the midland and western counties, does not figure in the chronologies; this draw and his defeat by Bill Warr (see WARR), October 26, 1792, are all that appear to his name.

a foul blow at his adversary, which every one considered would have terminated the battle. Gamble's friends, however, advising him to continue the contest, they fought another round, at the end of which Stanyard fell and Gamble retired, declaring himself victorious. Stanyard remained on the ground until his friends triumphantly carried him away. The umpires, seconds, etc., had many meetings, and it was at length declared a drawn battle. The contest was well supported, the combatants having met nineteen times in twenty-five minutes.

"To make amends for the disappointment, a bye-battle was fought between two countrymen, and very well contested."

For eight years we lose sight of Gamble, as a pugilist, until in July, 1800, we find him matched with Noah James,* the guardsman. The battle is thus reported:—

"On Tuesday, July 1 (1800), a boxing match which had long been expected was fought in a hollow near the foot of Abbershaw's gibbet, on Wimbledon Common, for 100 guineas, and bets to the amount of £ 5000, between Andrew Gamble the Irish pugilist, and Noah James, formerly belonging to the horseguards. Ben Stanyard, his old opponent, and now fast friend, was Gamble's second, and Jack Bartholomew his bottle-holder; Joe Ward seconded James, and Hall was his bottle-holder.

"About ten o'clock the combatants set-to, when odds were six to four in favour of James; they fought with astonishing fierceness and displayed great science. In the twelfth round Gamble put in a severe blow in the face of his antagonist, and cut his nose dreadfully; in the twentieth he broke his collar bone, and in the twenty-first his jaw bone; but notwithstanding such a dreadful state of disablement, James fought four rounds afterwards with determined courage, when he fell almost lifeless on the stage.

"James was a Cheshire man, and had fought seventeen battles. He was allowed to display more bottom than any other man. After this battle, being given over by his medical attendants, and considering himself at the last extremity, he sent for Gamble, and generously exchanged forgiveness with the successful champion. Gamble, equally open hearted, gave Mrs. James a very handsome present for the more comfortable support of the unfortunate bruiser."

This was Andrew Gamble's best fight. His warm-hearted friends, now

* Noah James, a discharged trooper, appears to have been a bruiser of Gamble's own stamp. He is stated in "Fistiana" to have beaten Smith at Navestock, December 31, 1788, and Solly Sodicky, the Jew (a cross), at Hornchurch, Essex, February 13, 1793; but these battles were fought by one James, a waterman. See "Pancratia," pp. 83 and 111. There was also a Joe James, beaten by Faulkner, the cricketer. (See FAULKNER, *ante*.)

overrating his capabilities, determined to match him with the best English pugilist of the day, the young Bristol champion, Jem Belcher. December 22nd, 1800, was fixed, and the friends of Gamble, having won the choice of place, named the old hollow, by Abbershaw's gibbet, on Wimbledon Common, as the spot. How triumphantly he was thrashed may be read in the memoir of Jem Belcher; what disgraceful abuse, and worse, he received at the hands of "his enraged backers," may be read in "Boxiana," p. 242. We have extracted it as a specimen of "history," omitting the small capitals, italics, and emphasised slang.

"Gamble's being so soon deprived of his laurels, created the most dreadful murmurings among his countrymen, many of whom were nearly ruined from Gamble being defeated. St. Giles's was in a complete uproar upon this occasion, and the Paddies had not been so neatly cleaned out since the days of the renowned hero Peter Corcoran! It proved a most woeful day for the Irish indeed; the dealers in wild ducks had not a feather left to fly with; the rabbit merchants were so reduced as to be even without poles, and not a copper to go the next morning to market; never were men so completely dished and done up. Andrew's name had hitherto been a tower of strength, he was the tight Irish boy, and the darling of his country—but alas! the scene was changed, he was now called a cur, an overgrown thing, a mere apology, and was in danger of being tossed in a blanket by his enraged and disappointed backers. Gamble, from this defeat, lost the warm hearts of the Paddies ever afterwards. Gamble appeared truly contemptible in this fight, in comparison with even the worst of his former displays—and it was the opinion of the amateurs, that the evident superiority of Belcher completely frightened all Gamble's courage and science out of him."

Sic transit gloria, etc.; Andrew Gamble appears to have returned to Ireland, and probably to his laborious calling.

JACK BARTHOLOMEW—1795–1800.

ONE of the true breed of old-school British boxers was Jack Bartholomew. His game was undoubted and his style manly. His opponents, too, were the very best men of their day, and if his career was not a brilliant one, Jack was always highly esteemed by his backers, and reckoned a formidable competitor.

Bartholomew was born at Brentford, Middlesex, in 1770, and early convinced several of the amateurs in that neighbourhood of his gift of hitting, activity, and courage. Jack Firby, who had earned the unenviable cognomen of "the Young Ruffian," from his conquest of Symonds, "the Old Ruffian," on the 2nd August, 1791, was picked out as a trial horse for young Jack, in the regular P.B. A stake of ten guineas seems to have tempted Firby to tackle the youngster. The fight came off on Hounslow Heath, near Bartholomew's native spot. Firby, who weighed fifteen stone, and stood six feet, considered the stakes "a gift." Jack, at this time was nearly twelve stone, and stood five feet nine inches and a half, a height and weight which the best authorities have considered "big enough for anything on two legs." Firby seems to have considered his fame involved, for he fought with unusual desperation, but the youth was not to be "ruffianised" out of his skill and coolness; and after a desperate fight of fifty minutes, in which his firmness and manly intrepidity were finely contrasted with the opponent's impetuous assaults, Firby was beaten blind, and his "gluttony perfectly satisfied."

Bill Wood, the coachman, then in the height of his fame, was next matched with Bartholomew. They met on a stage between Ealing and Harrow, January 30, 1797. Bartholomew had the battle declared against him for a foul blow. (See Wood, *ante*, Appendix to Period II.)

Tom Owen's renown in conquering Hooper, the tinman, induced him to issue a challenge to Jack; it was accepted, and they met for a stake of fifty guineas, on Sunbury Common, August 22, 1797. Five and six to four were the current odds in favour of Owen, who was the bigger and stronger man, forced the fighting desperately, but he could not break Jack's guard, and was so heavily punished that in about half an hour he was all abroad, and at the end of the twenty-sixth round, fought in thirty minutes, he was compelled to give in, after a fight of unusual rapidity and punishment.

Bartholomew now met a master of the art in the person of Jem Belcher, with whom he had the honour of fighting a drawn battle, on the 15th August, 1799. His final defeat by the champion, May 15th, 1800, was also without disgrace. (See memoir of JEM BELCHER.)

During the period of his active life in the ring, scarcely a battle of note happened without the name of Bartholomew appearing as second or bottle-holder. Shortly after his last defeat by Belcher, however, Jack seems to have been attacked by liver disease. He died, after a few weeks' illness, at his lodgings in the Almonry, Westminster, July 14, 1803. He left a particular request that his body might be opened (against which practice an ignorant prejudice then prevailed). A *post mortem* examination took place,

and a considerable schirrhous enlargement of the liver was found. He further requested that his grave should be "as near as possible to St. Margaret's watch-house." His funeral was attended by a considerable number of his brother pugilists.

JACK O'DONNELL—1802-1806.*

JOHN O'DONNELL, a native of the sister isle, for a short period was much overrated and unduly puffed by what Pierce Egan calls his "warm-hearted countrymen." We know nothing more of him than that shortly after his appearance in ring circles he was matched with Pardo Wilson, a relative of the celebrated Belcher's, on Tuesday, October 26th, 1802. The extravagant estimate of "the historian" does not seem to have been shared by the backers and friends of Wilson, as Pardo, whose last and only other fight fourteen years before, had been with Solly Sodicky, a Jew, on that occasion suffered defeat (February 11th, 1789). The ground was Wormwood Scrubbs, on the bank of the Paddington Canal, four miles from Hyde Park. The stake was twenty guineas aside. We copy the report:—

"Wilson was thirty-five years of age, and O'Donnell, who had the advantage in height and weight, was said to be only eighteen.

"About one o'clock a ring was attempted to be formed, but such numbers of people had assembled that it was not without the greatest trouble it was accomplished by two, when the combatants entered. O'Donnell was accompanied by two of his own countrymen; Wilson, by Belcher, his brother-in-law, for his second, and Tom Jones bottle-holder. They began to strip immediately, both appeared in high spirits and eyed each other minutely. When ready the seconds proposed that they should toss up for the side of the ring, each being desirous to avoid the sun. This was agreed to, and the advantage gained by Wilson, in whose favour, on account of his freshness, bets appeared to be. At five minutes past two o'clock, after the usual ceremony, the heroes set to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Both displayed good attitude, and kept a strong guard for some time. O'Donnell put in the first blow, which Wilson parried and returned. Both fell, O'Donnell having received a blow on the lip, which bled a little.

* In "Fistiana," under O'Donnell, Harry Holt is stated to have defeated him in 1817. It was another boxer of the same name, said to be a relative of the subject of our sketch.

2.—Wilson made a feint but his opponent struck him at the same time. A few sharp blows passed, when O'Donnell gave Wilson a cross buttock.

3.—In this round O'Donnell displayed great strength. Wilson fell back, and with success chopped at his adversary as he came up to him. Some hard fighting ensued, and O'Donnell knocked down his antagonist. (Bets now changed in favour of the Irishman.)

4.—This round began with some good straight-forward fighting. O'Donnell aimed several blows at the body, which Wilson dexterously stopped and returned. O'Donnell, however, followed him up until he fell. Wilson's strength appeared to be failing.

5.—Wilson seemed afraid of his opponent, and manoeuvred round the ring. O'Donnell, however, stuck close to him, and put in the first blow, and Wilson, though apparently not hurt, fell. (Odds were now three to one in favour of O'Donnell.)

6.—Wilson at the beginning put in a successful blow at O'Donnell's head; after which O'Donnell gave a body blow, and

brought down his adversary. It now appeared settled, but Wilson's friends persisted he had not yet shown any of his best play.

7.—Wilson now tried to alter his mode of fighting, by allowing O'Donnell to strike, stopping the blow, and returning it with the same arm; but in this he failed, his returns not being successful. O'Donnell followed up, and again brought down his opponent.

8.—Immediately they were up, they set-to with great eagerness, and displayed some excellent straight-forward fighting. Wilson appeared to recruit his strength, but it soon failed again, and he fell.

9.—O'Donnell struck his adversary on the temple; Wilson reeled, and receiving another blow, fell again.

10.—This was a very short round. Wilson received a violent blow on the ribs, reeled, and fell against the people, when Bolcher advised him to give in, to which he consented.

O'Donnell being declared the conqueror, his countrymen, of whom there were numbers present, mounted him on their shoulders, and carried him out in triumph.

We think the reader will agree that there is nothing in this victory over an old stale man to call for the epithets of "eminent," "distinguished," etc., used in "Boxiana," nor that the Irishman, should "be so raised in the eyes of his countrymen as their future champion, reminding them of those proud days when Peter Corcoran flourished in all his greatness!" But let that pass.

On Monday, November 15th, 1802, a match having been made between O'Donnell, and one Smith, a boot closer, they met at Wormwood Scrubbs, to decide the contest, for twenty guineas. Lenox seconded O'Donnell, and one Anderson picked up Smith.

After some trouble, and by the aid of Caleb Baldwin, who had recently beaten Jack Lee, at Hurley Bottom, a ring was formed, the combatants entered, and five minutes after two o'clock set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Much sparring. O'Donnell put in the first blow, a straight-forward hit with his right hand, and struck his adversary under the left eye. Smith aimed a blow at his opponent's head, which O'Donnell caught with his hand, and returned it with a blow on the side of the head. They closed and fell, O'Donnell having the advantage, being uppermost.

2.—Much sparring. Smith put in two body blows, but slight; they closed and fell. Smith under again.

3.—Smith gave his antagonist a severe knock-down blow, by which he fell.

4.—Both shifted. O'Donnell displayed good science. When retreating, and followed up by Smith, he put in several well planted body blows, and brought Smith down; but in falling, Smith struck a tremendous blow in the face of his opponent.

5.—Smith struck O'Donnell on the jaw. The round was well contested, several severe blows being exchanged, by one of which O'Donnell fell.

6.—Smith being off his guard, O'Donnell put in a severe right-handed blow on the head, but Smith quickly recovered; they closed and fell. O'Donnell beginning to appear weak, odds were five to four in Smith's favour.

7.—This was a hard round. Smith threw in three uncommonly clean blows; O'Donnell closed, and both fell, Smith under.

8.—A great deal of hard fighting, but O'Donnell shifted. They closed and fell, O'Donnell under. (Bets still remained five to four on Smith.)

9.—O'Donnell had the best of this round, put in most blows. Smith, in striking, slipped and fell.

10.—O'Donnell seemed endeavouring to rally his courage and irritate his adversary, by pointing and smiling; Smith, however, put in some severe blows. They closed, fell, and O'Donnell was again under. (Bets now rose two to one in favour of Smith.)

11.—It was some time before any blows were struck, both shifting. They closed, and O'Donnell gave his antagonist a cross buttock, something in the Belcher style.

12.—O'Donnell evidently mended; both fought well. They closed, and Smith fell under. (Odds still were six to four in favour of Smith.)

13.—Smith threw in two severe blows with great dexterity, one in the face and the other in the pit of the stomach, by which O'Donnell fell; while going, Smith tried to give him a cross buttock, but failed.

14.—Both put in some hard blows, but O'Donnell had the advantage. Smith fell.

15.—In O'Donnell's favour.

16.—Both shifted; much sparring. Smith fell, but still had the best of the round.

17.—Smith, in retreating, fell; no blows struck.

18.—This round was very short, but in favour of O'Donnell. Smith fell by a blow.

19.—After a few tolerably hard blows were exchanged, Smith struck O'Donnell with great force on the left side of the head; they then closed, and Smith fell under.

20.—At the end of this round Smith had a tremendous fall; O'Donnell also fell on him with great violence.

21.—Both fought hard, but O'Donnell brought down his adversary. (Bets now became even.)

22.—O'Donnell put in a severe blow on the side of the head; Smith slipped and fell. After fighting these twenty-two rounds, neither displayed much external injury, excepting the black eye Smith got in the first round. (This does not say much for either of the men's gift of hitting.)

23.—After much sparring and shifting O'Donnell brought his opponent down. (Odds had now changed in favour of O'Donnell.)

24.—Smith had the best of this round. After several hard blows had been exchanged, O'Donnell, in making a hit, slipped, fell forwards, and pitched upon his head.

25.—In this round O'Donnell displayed great activity, and by a well-directed blow brought down his opponent.

26.—Smith put in some good body blows, and O'Donnell fell.

27.—In this round the greatest science was displayed by both parties. Some blows were well struck, in which Smith had the advantage. They closed and fell, Smith under.

28.—This round was equal, if not superior, to the last in scientific display. Smith aimed all his blows at the head, and O'Donnell at the body, by which Smith had the advantage. They closed and fell, Smith being under again.

29.—Here O'Donnell manifestly obtained great advantage; Smith fell. (Odds now rose five to four in favour of O'Donnell.)

33.—In this round O'Donnell showed still greater superiority. He put in several very severe blows about the ribs, and as his antagonist was retreating, he struck him in the face and brought him down.

34 to 37.—In every round Smith fell. (Odds rose six to four on O'Donnell.)

38.—O'Donnell struck Smith in the pit of the stomach, and he fell. This blow thoroughly winded him, and it was supposed the battle would have been finished; but Smith by his proper time came up again.

39 to 43.—All these rounds were very short, and O'Donnell evidently had the advantage.

44.—O'Donnell, from having continually throughout the combat used his right hand, had severely strained it, and it was expected that this circumstance would have obliged him to give in, but dexterously putting in a blow with the left hand, he brought down his adversary.

45.—O'Donnell in this round repeated his winding dose in the stomach, which undoubtedly decided the battle, for Smith never afterwards struck any blow of consequence.

The 48th round decided the contest in favour of the Hibernian, Smith being almost too much exhausted to support his guard O'Donnell by a dreadful blow brought him down, when he immediately gave in, after a contest of one hour and twenty minutes. O'Donnell throughout the battle had constantly struck his antagonist on the left ribs, which part, when the battle ceased, was greatly swelled and bruised.

Coady, Gamble, Berka, Belcher, Wood, and many professors of the art were present. O'Donnell's countrymen carried him home in triumph, exulting in his glory.

O'Donnell's game, if not his skill, or his capabilities for punishing, was fully established by this encounter, and he was backed to fight one Henigan.

The miscarriage of this event may be read in the subjoined paragraph :—
 “*Tuesday, the 18th of January, 1803, was the day determined upon for the decision of a pugilistic contest between O'Donnell, who was now considered by the Irish as their champion, and the restorer of their fame in the noble science of pugilism, and one Henigan, a new candidate of bruising celebrity, brought forward and matched by Jackling, the brother-in-law of the well-known and lamented Tom Johnson. On the night before, however, both these heroes, notwithstanding they each boasted strength in the fore paw, felt somewhat confused by a visit from Armstrong, who without much ceremony conveyed them to Worship Street, and bound them in sureties of £400 to keep the peace for six months. O'Donnell on hearing this considered the fight at an end, but Henigan fearing lest such a restriction might blast his rising genius, determined to run all risks, and accordingly repaired to Dulwich, the appointed Campus Martius. His opponent, however, was not there, and the travellers returned with great chagrin depicted in their countenances.*”

O'Donnell's next opponent was the well-known Caleb Baldwin; but here his friends had made a mistake. He was polished off triumphantly (October 13th, 1803), by the Westminster hero. (See *CALEB BALDWIN*, *ante*, p. 213.) Pierce Egan thus pathetically records this defeat:—“*O'DONNELL was matched against Caleb Baldwin, but being defeated—MARK THE DIFFERENCE!!!—No smiles! no shouts! no shoulders offered to support the drooping hero!* but he was placed in a hackney coach, to groan and reflect upon the reverse of fortune! Any further comment is unnecessary!!!” With this we fully agree. Where were the “warm-hearted countrymen?”

O'Donnell having some altercation at Belcher's about his defeat of Pardo Wilson, a challenge was the result. On this occasion O'Donnell, who is styled by Pierce “the celebrated Irish hero,” embraced the opportunity of meeting Tom for a subscription purse of twenty guineas, at Shepperton, Surrey, April 17, 1805, when he was thoroughly thrashed in fifteen rounds.*

A big fellow of the name of Emery, who, we learn incidentally, had on a former occasion beaten O'Donnell, was challenged by him for fifty guineas, and the challenge accepted. We copy the report:—

“On Tuesday, December 3rd (1805), a battle was fought in the Five Fields, Chelsea, between O'Donnell, the Irish bruiser, and a man of the name of Emery, for a subscription purse. The combatants had some time

* The account in “*Boxiana*” deserves transferring, as a model of accuracy and diction :—
 “*O'Donnell, the celebrated Irish hero, fought TOM BELCHER for a subscription purse of 20 guineas, at Shepperton Common, Surrey. Considerable science was displayed by BELCHER upon this occasion; and O'Donnell showed himself also entitled to respectable attention; but who was completely satisfied in fifteen rounds, when BELCHER was proclaimed the conqueror.*”

since quarrelled, when Emery being the bigger man, and O'Donnell out of health, he had an easy conquest, but the result of this battle proved a salutary warning to those who under the conceit of superior strength presume to try conclusions against practised skill.

"A ring having been formed at two o'clock, the combatants entered; Tom Blake (Tom Tough), and Bill Ryan seconded O'Donnell; Emery was handled by Paddington Jones and Wight.

"On stripping Emery showed such astonishing muscle that he appeared capable of seizing his opponent in his arms and carrying him off. He was not only much taller, but two stone heavier than O'Donnell, and among the crowd two to one was betted in his favour, despite a partisanship for the lesser man.

"At setting-to Emery showed great confidence, and stood up in good style. O'Donnell making a feint with his left hand, put in a severe blow with his right on the mouth; they closed, and both fell. O'Donnell in this round displayed all the advantage arising from skill; this he supported, and at the end of five rounds bets became even. In the ninth round Emery exerted his greatest powers, and some good blows were exchanged, but O'Donnell hitting right and left, brought him down. Odds two to one in favour of O'Donnell. The eleventh round Emery made a false hit, and completely ran from his man, and in the following round fell without a blow. O'Donnell continued to support a decided superiority, and at the end of three quarters of an hour Emery resigned the contest, carrying with him marks sufficient to deter him from again attempting to meet a professional boxer."

O'Donnell, taught by experience, did not fly at the highest game, and avoided Dutch Sam and such professionals of the first rank. An aspirant of the name of Wasdell, a weaver from Spitalfields, having acquired great renown among the East Enders, his friends offered to back him for twenty guineas a-side against O'Donnell. This was arranged, and Tuesday, June 3rd, 1806, and Wilsden Green, near Hendon, named as the day and place. At twelve the combatants entered the ring; O'Donnell was seconded by John Gully and Bill Ryan; Wasdell by Rhodes and his brother. Seven to four on O'Donnell.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Much sparring. Wasdell extremely awkward, hit short twice; in recovering his position, O'Donnell caught him in the body and knocked him down cleverly. (Three to one on O'Donnell.)

2.—Wasdell made play pluckily, but O'Donnell met him and dropped him again.

3.—Wasdell already was marked about the head. He made a plunging hit, but O'Donnell parried it, feinted, followed him,

and hit him completely off his legs, when he set very quietly on his nether end on the grass for a few seconds, till taken to his corner.

4.—Waddell tried to catch hold of his opponent with his right hand. O'Donnell dropped in two sharp hits, the left at the head, the right at the body, which brought him to grief again.

5.—The men closed. O'Donnell hit up in Waddell's face, and he was down again. (Any odds on O'Donnell.)

6.—Waddell, game, rushed in furiously, receiving a severe hit in the face, through his guard. The round ended by O'Donnell hitting him off his legs.

7.—O'Donnell well on the body. The men closed, but broke away. Waddell made

another attempt to seize his opponent's hand, but O'Donnell frustrated his endeavour by a severe blow.

8.—Waddell was quite done over. O'Donnell fought him as he liked, showing great good humour. He forbore hitting him hard, and pushed him down.

9.—Waddell would not be denied; he rushed in, when O'Donnell hit him severely right and left in the face, and he fell stupefied. On coming to, he acknowledged O'Donnell to be the conqueror.

In weight and length of arm Waddell had the advantage, but in science he was the merest novice, totally ignorant of the art of boxing, and scarcely as clever as may often be seen in a street fight.

On the 5th of June, only two days after the above battle, there was a grand field-day at Padnall Corner, on Epping Forest, wherein Jack Warr and Quirk, for 100 guineas, and George Maddox and Coady having exhibited their skill, Smith and O'Donnell entered the ropes for forty guineas a-side. Of this the reporter simply says: "The third contest between Smith and O'Donnell was utterly unworthy of detail. O'Donnell proved the victor in five rounds."

As upon principle throughout these biographies we have avoided the *suggestio falsi* so shall we eschew the *suppressio veri*. Jack O'Donnell is one of the warning examples of the effects of dishonest companions. He became connected with a gang of known "putters-up" of robberies; among them two men named Samuel Carter and John Jose. With these men he was apprehended for stealing from a public house kept by Jonathan Kendall, bank notes to the amount of £60. At the September Old Bailey Sessions, 1806, the three were found guilty of stealing, but "not in the dwelling house." The offence, however, was then capital, the amount being above forty shillings, and they were sentenced to transportation for life. Berks and another of the gang, James Travers, who appears to have been Joe's tempter, were convicted at the same sessions. (See BERKS.)

BILL RYAN (SON OF MICHAEL RYAN, THE OPPONENT OF TOM JOHNSON)—1804-1806.

THIS boxer had a short career, for a reason that will fully develop itself in the next few paragraphs. He was the son of the "renowned first champion of the same name." Pierce Egan also informs us that Bill was "a much

superior fighter to his veteran sire," which is an opinion worth as much as you please, recollecting that Pierce was then placing his legs under Tom Belcher's mahogany, and Tom had been beaten by Young Ryan. As the "historian" dismisses him in half a page of large print, we will preserve what we find of him in contemporaries.

"On Friday, November 30, 1804, Tom Belcher, brother of the nonpareil Jem, met Bill Ryan, son of Michael Ryan who fought Johnson, at Wilsden Green, which has become a favourite spot for these encounters. By the articles, Monday was fixed, but a difficulty having arisen, it was postponed. At ten o'clock the combatants having arrived a ring was formed. Belcher first, in high spirits, threw his hat into the ropes in defiance. Ryan smiled at Tom's style of bravado, and bowing to some bystanding patrons, got within the enclosure. Belcher was attended by George Maddox and Joe Norton, and Ryan seconded by Tom Jones and Dick Whale. In a few minutes they set-to. Odds six to four in favour of Belcher.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—No sparring. Several good hits put in and well stopped on both sides; they closed, and both fell.

3 and 4.—Both rounds greatly in favour of Ryan.

6.—This round was fought with determined courage. Belcher threw in a severe blow on his opponent's temple, and brought him down. Ryan appeared a little distressed. (Seven to four on Belcher.)

18.—No great alteration up to this round, which was admirably contested on both sides. Belcher struck his opponent very cleverly over the mouth. Ryan rallied, and put in a knock-down blow; Belcher fell and evinced great weakness. From this to the

30th—Ryan supported his superiority, and the odds changed in his favour. Belcher's friends now began greatly to despair of success, but still he displayed great science and steadiness.

31-34.—Every one of these rounds Ryan

terminated by knocking down his opponent (P)

35.—James Belcher came and whispered to his brother, who seemed to profit by his advice, and contested the two following rounds with great skill and determination, but at the end of the

37th—He fell quite exhausted.

38.—Belcher was, however, brought up to stand another round, and Ryan immediately knocked him down. At this moment the ring was broken, and Belcher's friends declared the last blow was foul. Bob Watson challenged to fight any man who should dare to say the blow was not foul, but his bluster soon evaporated on Joe Ward's displaying buff. The affair was left to the gentleman who held the purse, and he decided that Ryan had won it, as Belcher was beaten full a quarter of an hour before. Many of the dons of the first class were there, as Berke, Mendoza, Joe Ward, Bill Warr, Jem Belcher, Holmes, etc.

Bill was next matched with Caleb Baldwin, and fought him at Blackheath, August 6, 1805. The interruption, the chances and changes of the fight, and the decision, "a draw," will be found under **CALEB BALDWIN**, Chapter VII., Period III.

Tom Belcher, smarting under the sense of defeat, invited Bill to a second trial, which took place at Laleham Burway, Surrey, June 4, 1806. Ryan, although so young a man, was so given to drinking ardent spirits, that he

was already internally diseased. He was beaten in fifty minutes, twenty-nine rounds, but not without much difficulty. (See life of TOM BELCHER, *ante*.)

Two months afterwards Bill made his last appearance in the ring, Tuesday, June 17, 1806, at Wilsden Green, where he gained by his superior skill a victory over Clark, a clumsy boxer, with not a single pretension beyond strength and pluck.

Ryan's drunken habits now grew so rapidly upon him, that on June 23rd, six days afterwards, he was expelled from the Fives Court, on the occasion of the benefit of Gully and Elias Spray. Bill set-to with Richmond, and afterwards made himself so offensive as to be formally excluded. No dependence could be placed upon him for an hour, and training was out of the question. He died in obscurity and poverty in the winter of 1807, date not recorded.

ISAAC BITTOON—1801-1804.

ISAAC BITTOON, a Jew of great strength, coolness, some skill in singlestick, fencing, and with the gloves, and well-known for more than thirty years to the ring-going world of the last generation, deserves a place in our Appendix for several reasons. In "Boxiana," the error of his having beaten Paddington Jones, July 13, 1801, originated, and has been copied into all the chronologies.* His draw with Maddox and his great battle with Bill Wood, also deserve preservation, and for these reasons we have given the ponderous Isaac a niche in our history. The first-mentioned affair, the draw with George Maddox, will be found in the life of "the Veteran," Chapter VI. of this Period. The second, his game fight with Bill Wood, the coachman, shall be given from the report of the day.

"A match having been for some time on the carpet, for fifty guineas, between Isaac Bittoon† (the Jew), and Bill Wood, the coachman, the officers were on the alert to find out the time and place of the contest, but the amateurs, always awake, kept these points secret until the night previous,

* The paragraph runs thus in the papers of the day:—"July 13 (1801). A boxing match was fought on Wimbledon Common, between Elias, a Jew, and Tom Jones. For the first twenty minutes Tom evidently had the advantage, and during this time great sport had been afforded by the excellent science displayed on both sides. Elias, however, put in a hit as forcibly behind Tom's ear, that he immediately fell and gave up the contest." And see "Pancratia," p. 144, where the paragraph is reprinted. The Elias was, doubtless, Dutch Sam.

† Bittoon's name is spelt with a P (Pittoon) in the contemporary reports.

when Wilden Green, the spot where so much courage had been displayed by Tom Tough* and Jack Holmes, some few months ago, was settled as the Campus Martius; to prevent interruption it was agreed the fight should take place at ten o'clock in the morning. Accordingly on Monday, July 16, 1804, the admirers of pugilism were active, and the field was filled at an early hour; a ring being formed, at three quarters past ten the combatants entered. Wood immediately began to strip, and appeared in excellent condition. Bittoon followed in high spirits, and after the usual ceremonies they set-to, without any very sanguine opinion being entertained on either side.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Wood beat down his antagonist's guard, and put in two blows without any impression; Bittoon returned with his right hand, and some hard hitting followed by both. Wood had greatly the advantage in strength, beat Bittoon against the ropes, by which he became entangled. Here Wood put in some good blows, and Bittoon fell.

2.—Wood put in the first blow again. Bittoon struck several good straight-forward blows, rallied, and a second time fell.

3.—This round was very short. Wood fell, Bittoon gaining advantage.

4.—Bittoon put in several good blows, but Wood rallied, and by superior strength drove him to one side of the ring, where he fell.

5.—Much sparring at setting-to; both exchanged some severe hits. Wood bled freely, but rallied Bittoon again against the rope, and threw him. (Odds were now six to four in favour of Bittoon, for, although he so often fell, his blows did not disappoint in execution.)

6.—The sun being troublesome to Bittoon, he manoeuvred to change sides, and had somewhat succeeded, when Wood ran in and threw him.

7.—Wood still kept the shady side, and with great exertion put in several blows which Bittoon vainly attempted to stop, and driving him again to the ropes, Bittoon fell. (Odds remained, however, in favour of Bittoon, who was still in good strength, while Wood displayed signs of fatigue.)

8.—Wood immediately ran in, and closing, threw his opponent, who when down he patted on the head in triumph.

9.—Bittoon on rising appeared greatly exasperated, ran in upon Wood with much fury, who struck him with his left hand, and brought him down. Wood for this gained great applause.

10.—In this round Bittoon resumed his former temperance, rallied, and put in several good hits. Wood, while making a

blow, slipped and turned round, during which his opponent took advantage of an opening, and threw in a severe body blow. Wood fell. (Odds still six to four on Bittoon.)

11.—Wood showed somewhat fearful of encountering Bittoon's hits, but, conscious of his strength, ran in and threw his opponent.

15.—During the intermediate rounds there was some severe hitting, and Bittoon, by adopting the Mendoza style, stopping and returning with the same hand, was very successful. This round had nearly proved fatal to the Coachman; while rallying, Bittoon put in a most severe blow in the stomach, which brought him down, and he laid breathless for some time. A cry of "Time, time," was vociferated, and he tried to conform to the rules of pugilism by returning in the half minute; this, however, he could not do, and the multitude considering the battle concluded, rushed in. This caused much confusion, and gave Wood opportunity for recovery, and the battle proceeded. (Odds were now ten to one on Bittoon.)†

17.—Wood exhibited symptoms of exhaustion, and hinted to his second he could not stand it much longer. Bittoon, on the contrary, was in full vigour, but did not exert his strength, as he found it unnecessary.

18.—In this round Wood, greatly to the surprise of every one, recovered, appeared re-invigorated, and undoubtedly had the best of the round. To the

25th.—Wood supported a superiority, and fought the whole of these rounds with astonishing resolution, but the impression on his opponent was very slight.

26.—During this round the conduct of the spectators seemed to indicate a determination that the Jew should lose the battle. They rushed in, broke the ropes, and pulled up the stakes. To settle this a body of horsemen rode up, driving the crowd before them, and after much mischief formed another ring.

* See TOM TOUGH (Blake), in this Appendix.

† The battle would have been over, and Bittoon the victor, with a modern referee.—Ed.

32.—A general engagement having been the consequence of this intrusion, there was great confusion, and only an imperfect ring was kept up to this round; the advantage during this time was alternate. Bittoon fell at the end of every round, but invariably first cut his opponent by a severe blow in the face. About this time the bustle began to subside, and the battle went on again more regularly.

36.—Wood made a good stand-up fight,

and many supposed that, by Bittoon's frequently falling, Wood had the advantage; but he gained more by his well-aimed hits than his opponent did by the falls. This round, however, finished the fight, as Wood was quite worn out.

A number of Bow Street officers had by this time arrived, and the company retired homewards, a little disappointed as there were no bye-battles.

Isaac, who was always a sporting character among the Israelites of the East End, now retired from challenges, and became a licensed victualler in Whitechapel. For many years he kept a sparring school and saloon for fencing, singlestick, and broadsword, in Gulston Street, Whitechapel. His weight after his retirement so immensely increased, that although his activity was remarkable for his size (he drew at scale seventeen stone), his appearances at the Fives Court, Tennis Court, Jackson's Rooms, etc., were a standing source of amusement to the visitors. In a song chanted by the celebrated Robert Emery, the Yorkshire comedian, of Covent Garden Theatre, we find a verse *apropos* of this "feature" of Bittoon's person and of his "pluck," then expressed by the word "bottom;" he is describing the "qualities of the millers,"—

"Bittoon then came, a champion bold,
And dealt some hard and sly knocks;
But yet, when all the truth is told,
Some ranked him with the shy cocks.
Still prate like this we must not mind,
A Dutchman true begot 'um,
Whoe'er has seen Bittoon behind,
Will ne'er dispute his bottom."

At length, in the month of February, 1838, "Old Ikey," after a few weeks' illness, breathed his last at the age of sixty, in the eastern quarter, wherein he was so long known, and lies in the Jewish burial ground near Bethnal Green.

BILL CROPLEY—1807-1810.

As the antagonist of Dutch Sam and Tom Belcher, with whom he made good fights, the name of Bill Cropley has been preserved. As a teacher of self-defence and an exhibitor at the Fives Court for more than a quarter of a century, he is also remembered. Cropley's two defeats, where in both

cases he had the misfortune to "catch a Tartar," were balanced by other contests which were more satisfactory in result. He successively defeated "Jemmy from Town," Tom Hazel, and George Cribb, brother of the champion.

The first of these we find thus recorded. "An obstinate battle was this day contested between Bill Cropley, well known at the ring side, and for years as a shining light among the stalwart brotherhood of coal-whippers, as 'a good bit of stuff,' and 'Jemmy from Town,' whose game qualities with Morgan and Rolfe have procured him so much patronage. The day on which this took place was memorable, the 7th of April, 1807, as that on which Tom Cribb (see *post*) beat Jem Belcher, and the roped ring was the same (twenty feet square), that had been just left by those renowned gladiators. Cropley quickly disposed of his antagonist, twenty-five minutes, eighteen rounds, polishing off the plucky Jemmy without giving him a chance of turning the tide of battle."

Cropley's next ring fight was with an aspirant named Tom Hazel (misprinted Lazel under Cropley, in "Fistiana"), on the 21st of August, 1807, at Crawley Common, after Dutch Sam had conquered Tom Belcher. A subscription purse of thirty guineas had been raised by Captain Barclay, Lord Say and Sele, Lord Archibald Hamilton, and other amateurs, for Hazel to try his capabilities, much being thought of his pretensions to the art. Cropley entered the ring, but Hazel proved a mere pretender in actual combat. Cropley took the lead and kept it, throwing all Hazel's cleverness out, and in fifteen rounds proving the difference between smart and courageous boxing and clever tapping with "the muffers."

The year 1808 was unlucky for our hero. His first match was with Dutch Sam, on April 5, for fifty guineas, but was stopped by the authorities, as was that of Jem Belcher and Dogherty, calendarod for the same day. It accordingly went off until the 10th of May, 1808, when Gully beat Gregson a second time at Markyate Street, Herts. The "big battle" over, Dutch Sam and Cropley mounted the stage at half past six o'clock in the evening. In the first round Cropley got in heavily, and nearly closed Sam's right eye, but this was his only gleam of success. He tried "all he knew," but never again effectively spotted the wily Israelite. Sam was too active, and in twenty-five minutes Cropley's last chance was gone. Bill gave in at the general desire of the amateurs, though he wished to fight on: it was seven o'clock, and all were "homeward bound."

On Saturday, June 11, after the fight of Dogherty and Pentikin, a talk about the merits of the recent battle between Bill Cropley and Dutch Sam

led to some difference of opinion, and an amateur posted fifty guineas for Bill to fight Tom Belcher in the same ring as Gregson and Tom Cribb (October 28th, 1808). Accordingly, at Moulsey Hurst, the heroes met, when Cropley fell, but not discreditably, as may be seen in the life of TOM BELCHER, *ante*, Chapter II., Period III.

Cropley's last ring fight was with George Cribb, on Friday, August 9th, 1809, at Pope's Head Watch House, Rainbow, near Margate, after Richmond the Black had beaten the veteran George Maddox. (See Life of RICHMOND, Period IV.)

George proved a clumsy and slow fighter, a mere receiver-general. He fought desperately and heavily for sixteen minutes, but at the end of that short time was completely "told out," and taken away by his friends. "The match was extremely unequal," says the report, "Cropley being equal to Dutch Sam in skill, and much quicker than Cribb."

From this time we hear of Cropley as a second and a sparrer for a number of years. As late as May 1821, in a kind of supplementary summary of "Boxers who have retired," Pierce Egan thus notices the subject of these lines. "Bill Cropley, in his day an excellent fighter. His contests with Dutch Sam and Tom Belcher will always preserve his name from obscurity; but, having no patron [he must have been going on for fifty], he follows his occupation as a coal-whipper, but also keeps a school for the minor amateurs. He seldom exhibits now." "Boxiana," second edition, vol. iii., p. 554.

We have not found the date of Cropley's death.

TOM BLAKE (TOM TOUGH)—1804-1810.

TOM BLAKE, a civil and ready fellow, whose boyish days had been passed in the navy, deserves a corner in these records of the ring. We shall pass Tom's "outside" affairs, which were numerous, to come at once to his battle with Jack Holmes, the Coachman, long remembered as one of the most remarkable of the time.

A great company of the patrons of the fistic art having been drawn together by the great battle of Pearce, the Game Chicken, and Berks, January 23rd, 1804, a proposition was made, and a purse of 20 guineas raised, as a prize to be contested for in a few days by two pugilistic heroes, to be approved as a fair match by the contributors to the stake.

"The candidates, principally second-rate, were very numerous, and from them were selected two boxers, both well-known in the fighting world, and possessed of true bottom. These were Tom Blake, better known by the appellation of 'Tom Tough,' and Jack Holmes, a son of Jehu, who in the year 1794 contested a desperate battle in Harley Fields.*

"The cash being properly fixed and arranged, St. George's-row, near the Paddington Canal, the spot where Belcher and Berks first contested, was determined for the battle. Early on the Monday morning, a great crowd having assembled, the owner of the field sent to give information at Bow Street. This the combatants heard, and immediately resolved to start for Wiladen Green, about four miles from town. On their arrival a ring was formed, and at half past twelve the combatants entered, stripped and set-to. Odds six to four in favour of Tom Tough.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Holmes put in the first blow on his opponent's left side; this rather staggered him, and following him up, put in a hit with his left hand and brought him down. (Odds immediately changed six to four in favour of the coachman.)

2 to 11.—During the whole of the ten rounds neither of the combatants tried by any manœuvre to evade the blow of his opponent. At the commencement of each round there was no shifting, no attempts at closing, or endeavours to throw each other down, but immediately on setting to one put in a blow, which was returned and manfully supported both right and left, until a hit brought one or other down. This having been the coachman's bad luck for the last three rounds, odds changed much against him, as high as four to one.

12 to 17.—Tom for the two first of these rounds displayed great advantage. In both he brought down his opponent by the first blow. The four following rounds were, however, more fairly contested; neither showed any signs of distress, and neither could claim any advantage.

19.—This round was contested with as much spirit as though the battle was really depending on the issue. Tom, however, had the advantage. Great applause.

20 to 26.—Both fought with unabated

desperation. The odds incessantly varied, being, during these rounds, six to four in favour of one or other of the combatants. Every round brought down great applause, from their astonishing exertions. Tom's side by this time exhibited marks of many well planted blows, being perfectly raw. (Odds were, however, three to one in his favour.)

28.—This round had nearly proved fatal to Tom Tough, as the coachman nearly carried away his bowsprit. He twisted round, but did not fall, and tacking about put in a severe blow on the coachman's larboard side, but fell from his own blow. (Odds were now three to one in favour of the coachman.)

29.—Tom came up quite lame; he had sprained his knee in the fall, and could only with great pain point his foot to the earth. His seconds and friends wished him to give up, but Tom insisted on another broadside. Tom being lame, waited for his opponent's coming up, and throwing out his left hand, struck him and brought him down. This, however, was considered as only chance, or that perhaps Holmes slipped, and odds of ten to four were offered against Tom. From this to the

34th.—Tom every round stood firmly, waiting for the attack of his adversary.

* The site of the present Harley Street, Oxford Street. The report states the spot differently. "On Tuesday morning, February the 18th [1794], a battle was fought between Jack Holmes, the hackney coachman, and a manufacturer of *à-la-mode* beef, in a field behind Gower Street, Bedford Square. After four or five tolerably good rounds, the contest was put an end to by the cry of a foul blow. The seconds chose an umpire, Captain Hamilton, who, greatly to the disappointment of the kiddies who lacked more fun, decided it in favour of the beef-eater. This very much discomfited the son of Jehu, who certainly had held the whip-hand over his antagonist the whole time, and he voluntarily offered to renew the battle for another guinea, but his opponent declined."

35.—In this round Tom greatly recovered of his lameness, and got in better spirits. During the round he patted Holmes on the cheek, and said, "Thou'rt a good fellow, but must be beat." (Odds in Tom's favour again.)

41.—Holmes rallied, knocked down Tom, and evidently had the best of the round. The combatants continued the contest up to the

45th—Both hitting as hard as at first. Holmes' face was now even worse beat than Joe Berks' during any of his battles, and Tom's side was sad to behold. Tom, however, was now the favourite.

49 to 51.—The first of these rounds Holmes had the advantage, brought down his opponent in style. Tom, however, perceiving

Holmes showed signs of being faint, fought more sprightly, and having put in a tolerably successful blow, any odds were offered that "coachee" would not touch collar again; but greatly to the astonishment of all, the coachman rallied, and in the last round made a wonderful effort to beat down his opponent, and succeeded. This round appeared the one upon which the coachman depended for the success of the battle, for though he struggled hard for the superiority up to the sixtieth round, he failed in the attempt, and yielded.

Holmes' defeat was considered so much more to his credit than several of his "outside" victories, that the amateurs made a liberal collection on his behalf before leaving the ground.

Blake certainly vindicated his popular cognomen, of "Tom Tough," in this encounter. His name is "familiar as a household word," through the ring combats of Cribb, Maddox, Richmond, etc., etc.

After Tom Cribb, "the novice," had beaten old Maddox, January 7th, 1805, Tom Blake seems to have thought himself clever enough to try it on with the rising "young 'un," for a purse of 40 guineas, at Blackheath, February 15, 1806. This proved a sad miscalculation. The embryo champion had height, reach, weight, and youth on his side, and poor Tom was finished by a cross-buttock in the last round but one, after an hour's gallant but hopeless struggle. "Belcher, Ward, Mendoza, Bittoon, Berks, Maddox, and Jack Holmes were present, and a leading amateur offered to back Cribb against any pugilist living, but no one accepted the challenge." (See life of TOM CRIBB, Period IV., Chapter 1.)

Five years afterwards, when forty years old, Tom, rough, tough, and ready, offered himself as a "trial-horse" for the much talked of "young black," Tom Molineaux. There is no mistaking the pluck of this offer, whatever we may think of its discretion. But as Blake is said to have expressed it, "If he's ever so good it'll only be one hiding more, and at any rate I'll find out what stuff's in him," the match went on. The battle took place on the coast, a few miles from Margate. Tom Cribb, by a curious coincidence, seconded Tom Blake, and Richmond—under whose patronage Molineaux then was—seconded his brother black. The resolution of Blake upheld his established fame; he was hit completely out of time by the fresh and powerful young American. The report will be found under MOLINEAUX, Chapter II, Period IV.

From this period Tom confined himself to the functions of a second or bottle-holder. In November, 1814, poor Tom, despite his toughness, caught his death-cold; he was laid up with rheumatic fever, and finally died of an

attack of paralysis, early in 1815. Tom's battles were always courageous, and in his earlier day remarkably dexterous and skilful. His gameness rendered him formidable, and his endurance, *tests* his battle with Holmes, and later with Tom Cribb, fully evidenced that his alias, "Tom Tough," was a well-bestowed title.

BOB GREGSON—1807-1809.*

Few men were more widely known in the sporting circles of London, for the few years that he made the metropolis his home, than the burly, bigboned, gigantic landlord of "Bob's Chophouse," better known as the Castle, Holborn; the head-quarters of pugilism in the great days of the Belchers, Cribbs, and Tom Spring; the first and last, for a long series of years, being bonifaces of this well-known hostelry.

Gregson was born July 21st, 1778, at Heskin, three miles from Chorley, and ten from Preston, Lancashire; and we have Pierce Egan's word for it, who doubtless had it from Bob's own lips, that he commanded the Liverpool and Wigan Packet, for several years with credit and respect. What follows is somewhat strange. "For the period of seven years, all the pugilistic

* As "Boxiana" is scarce and out of print, a specimen of the inflated bombast of its author may be amusing. The memoir of Gregson (who occupies six lines in the Chronologies), *all his recorded fights having been defeats*, is thus headed and introduced, with a profusion of capital letters:—

"BOB GREGSON, P.P.,
One of the most distinguished Champions of Lancashire,
and
POET LAUREATE
TO THE HEROIC RACE OF PUGILISTS.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dare do more, is none.

"In recording the most prominent traits of the celebrated pugilists, from the earliest professors of the gymnastic art down to the present milling era, when passing in review, 'Boxiana' has found none more entitled to peculiar attention than the hero of the present sketch." Said sketch then starts off from Fig, glances at Broughton, George Taylor, Slack, the 'prodigies of valour performed by Corcoran as a bruiser;' and refers to Humphries, Mendoza, Bill Warr, Hooper, Jackson, Pearce, the Belchers, and Berks. Gully, Cribb, and Molineaux too are dragged in as foils to Bob Gregson! The proſitium thus concludes:—"But, notwithstanding the above variety of qualifications, it has been reserved for Bob Gregson alone, from his union of pugilism and poetry, to recount the deeds of his brethren of the fist in heroic verse (like the bards of old, in sounding the praises of their warlike champions), whose pretensions to the former are beyond all dispute, and respecting the latter, one of the most distinguished works of sporting celebrity has given place to the poetic effusions of his muse."

heroes of Lancashire, as well as those from other parts, that met him in combat, surrendered to his conquering arm, and the name of Gregson was resounded from one end to the other as the proud champion of that most populous county. His pitched battles were numerous; but the skirmishes of Bob were by far too frequent for us to treat upon, and we have, therefore, slightly touched on those achievements which claim a prominence of feature."

The captain of "the Liverpool and Wigan Packet," must have had his hands pretty full, for besides "all the pugilistic heroes of Lancashire, as well as those from other parts," Bob Gregson is related to have beaten a rival for the hand and affections of Mrs. G., of the name of Harry Mandersley; after which one "Ned Waller, a sort of second champion of the county," had to be disposed of, which he of course was. James Ayschire, Ned Prescott, James Benton, "one Tom Dawber," Robert Fance, Tom Wright, Bill Hallrop, and other real or phantom boxers, all fall in succession before Gregson's "conquering arm," each under circumstances minutely manufactured with a detail and diffuseness that may well excite the envy of the most prolix penny-a-liner that ever stuffed out emptiness with verbose nothings. Finally Pierce brings down the "tremendous Joe Berks," introducing him in the following choice rhodomontade:—

"The tremendous Joe Berks now made his appearance in Manchester, threatening destruction to all the pugilists in the county, who should have the temerity to enter the lists with him, when Gregson was once more called upon to avengue the honour of his native soil, and to expel, if possible, this daring invader. It was a truly brave contest, and the gluttony of this pugilistic cormorant was never more completely satisfied, and who publicly declared a short time afterwards, that his appetite had never been good since that period. The battle took place at Higher Hardwicke, when after forty minutes had elapsed Berks acknowledged Gregson to be his master." Need we say, after a perusal of Berks' memoir, that the whole of this is pure invention. Gregson and Berks never met. The historian proceeds, "Soon after this circumstance," the imaginary encounter with Joe Berks, "Bob's prospects in life experienced a material change, owing to a severe domestic calamity, in the loss of an amiable and affectionate partner; and he now not only bid [bade] adieu to Lancashire, but in all probability to pugilism in future, in being presented with a commission in the army, which regiment, named after the county, was quartered at Plymouth, to which place Gregson repaired, to join the standard; but finding that his finances were not able to support the character of an officer with that respectability which such a situation required; he relinquished the project, and entered, rather im-



BOB GREGSON.

prudently, into the gay pursuits of fashion at that place, that when he arrived in the metropolis, to use a sporting phrase, he was nearly cleaned out. Bob now experienced some vicissitudes—facts are stubborn things—and it was from the necessity of the moment only, that Gregson was induced to enter the ring again as a pugilist.* Of this we may believe as much or as little as we please. The Lancashire hero's first interview with John Gully, seems, however, somewhat inconsistent with "behaviour becoming an officer and a gentleman," as the phrase runs. His eulogist shall tell it in his own words: "Upon Bob's first meeting with Gully, at a public house, some harsh epithets passed between them, when Gregson, to show his strength took Gully up under his arm, and threw him down on the ground; upon which a match was the consequence between those heroes." This is pretty good. We will not, however, pursue this branch of the subject further.*

Gregson, who stood six feet one inch and a half in height, and weighed fifteen stone six pounds, was a Lancashire rough, of undaunted courage, immense endurance, trusting to brute strength for victory, and falling before skilful practitioners of the art of self-defence. His battles with Gully at Newmarket, October 14, 1807; and at Markyate Street, Herts., May 10,

* To many who have not the opportunity of perusing the writings of "the author of *Boxiana*," as he was wont to call himself, this criticism may appear unduly harsh: this imputation we should be sorry to lie under. While writing these pages, two well filled volumes have been published by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, entitled "*My Life and Recollections*," embracing reminiscences of the first half of the present century, and of persons and events in society. The writer is happy to have so thoroughly competent a confirmation of his condemnation. He may premise also, that the very argot of which Pierce Egan proclaimed himself a professor was not radically English, but the low slang of Irish ruffianism. Mr. Grantley Berkeley says (vol. i., pp. 107, 108):—"The extravagances and absurdities of 'Tom and Jerry' were brought into vogue by a low-caste Irishman, known as Pierce Egan, sometimes a newspaper reporter [only in his later day] of fights, etc., and sometimes a low comedian in third-rate Dublin and London theatres. [He was a compositor in Smeeton's printing office in St. Martin's Lane.] His '*Life in London*' was very popular, and he dramatised it at the Adelphi [this was done by Billy Moncrieff] with marked success. He brought out a similar play in the Irish capital, called '*Life in Dublin*,' and a third in the flourishing commercial port on the Mersey, called '*Life in Liverpool*.' His '*Boxiana*' was considered as a text-book on fights and fighting men; and his elaborate and exaggerated descriptions of 'a mill,' as prize-fights were designated, were stuffed full of slang, the delight of a large circle of male readers. He assisted in starting a sporting newspaper, the still flourishing *Bell's Life in London* [this is totally wrong], and subsequently an opposition one, with a similar title. It failed, and he long outlived his reputation as an author, for he was totally destitute of literary invention: the characters in his stories were thoroughly conventional, and his style never rose above that of an ordinary penny-a-liner. He was a coarse-looking man, who seemed only to have associated with the very lowest society in England and Ireland. Indeed, he used to make boast of his familiarity with the riff-raff of both capitals. The intense vulgarity of his writings grew distasteful; and though he produced several works of imagination, all have sunk into oblivion. Indeed they predeceased their author a good many years. He died totally forgotten by his once innumerable patrons, and the 'literature of the ring died with him.' The last phrase rounds a period; but a second thought would have told Mr. Berkeley that the really good ring reports which, from about 1824 to a late period, at intervals filled the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, *Bell's Life in London*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and other papers, were none of them from the coarse and illiterate pen of "the historian," but from those of George Kent, Mr. G. Daniels; and prize-fall from those of Mr. Smith, Mr. V. G. Dowling, the writer of this work, and other qualified reporters. Whether the ring itself is dead is another question, which we may now answer in the affirmative with Mr. Grantley Berkeley.

1808 (for which see life of JOHN GULLY); with Tom Cribb, at Moulsey, October 25, 1808 (see life of TOM CRIBB), sufficiently illustrate his strength and courage. As to Gregson's poetical merits, whereon Pierce Egan expatiates in several pages of his own marvellous prose, we may pass them safely to the limbo of lost reputations; lest, however, we should be thought invidious, we will give the *best* stanza we can find among the specimens preserved in "Boxiana," vol. i., p. 358, in the Appendix of "Prime Chaunts for the Fancy."

"The garden of freedom is the British land we live in,
And welcomes every slave from his banish'd isle,
Allows them to impose on a nation good and generous,
To incumber and pollute our native soil.
But John Bull cries out aloud,
We're neither poor nor proud,
But open to all nations, let them come from where they will;
Tho British lads that's here,
Quite strangers are to fear,
Here's Tom Cribb, with bumpers round, for he can them mill!"*

With this specimen of crambo the reader will be satisfied. Some really clever poetical effusions from the pens of Mr. Hunter, of Southampton, Mr. Vincent Dowling and others, which from time to time adorned the columns of *Bell's Life in London*, will occur among the records of passing ring events, and these we shall gladly transfer to the enlivening of the pages of our history.

From 1808 to 1814, when Tom Belcher succeeded him as landlord of the Castle, "Bob's Chop-house," as it was called, was the head quarters of ring patrons and pugilists. As a business speculation, however, Gregson did not make it pay. The celebrated Yorkshire actor, Robert Emery, of Covent Garden, appears to have been a staunch patron of Bob's, taking the chair at his opening dinner, and contributing his great vocal and conversational talents to his service on festive occasions. On one of these we find a song containing a stanza laudatory of Bob, in which his early position as the commander of a packet is clearly mentioned:—

* In Tom Moore's satirical squib, entitled "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress" (p. 82), he thus ironically glances at Gregson's pugilistic laureateahip —

"A pause ensued—till cries of 'Gregson'
Brought Bob, the poet, on his legs soon—
(My eyes, how prettily Bob writes!
Talk of your Camels, Hogs, and Crabs,
And twenty more such Pidoock frights—
Bob's worth a hundred of these dabs:
For a short turn-up at a sonnet,
A round of odes, or pastoral bout,
All Lombard Street to nine-pence on it,
Bobby the boy would clean them out!)"

"A captain from afar,
Kick'd up such a racket,
Though not a man of war,
He did command a packet;
Wind and weather howl,
Never did appal him,
Let the tempest scowl,
His lads were sure to haul him."

After enumerating his four defeats the singer concludes :

"Now he's got a job,
He keeps the Castle Inn, sir,
In Holborn, call on Bob,
There's wine, and beer, and gin, sir.

"If once you pull his bell,
You're sure to call again, sir,
For though in fight he fell,
He's not the worst of men, sir:
No more he'll fight for stakes,
He's done with hits and stops, sir,
With Gullys, Cribbs, or Blacks;
In peace he'll mind his chops, sir.

After an attempt at establishing a sparring school in London, Gregson left the metropolis for Dublin, where his peculiar merits were more likely to be appreciated. He opened the rooms once occupied by the "Royal Irish Academy," as a "School for teaching the art of self-defence," and is said to have been "well supported by the first class of amateurs in Dublin." In April, 1819, Gregson was in London, and took a benefit at the theatre in Catherine Street, Strand, at which Donnelly, "the Irish champion," showed, with an arm lamed by an accident. In August, 1819, Donnelly, George Cooper and Gregson, were on a sparring tour in Ireland, and later we find Bob figuring as the landlord of "the Punch House," Moor Street, Dublin. In 1824, Gregson, whose health had been for some time failing, died at Liverpool, in the month of November, and lies buried in St. Nicholas' churchyard.

END OF PERIOD III.

PERIOD IV—1805-1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF TOM CRIBB TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF TOM SPRING.

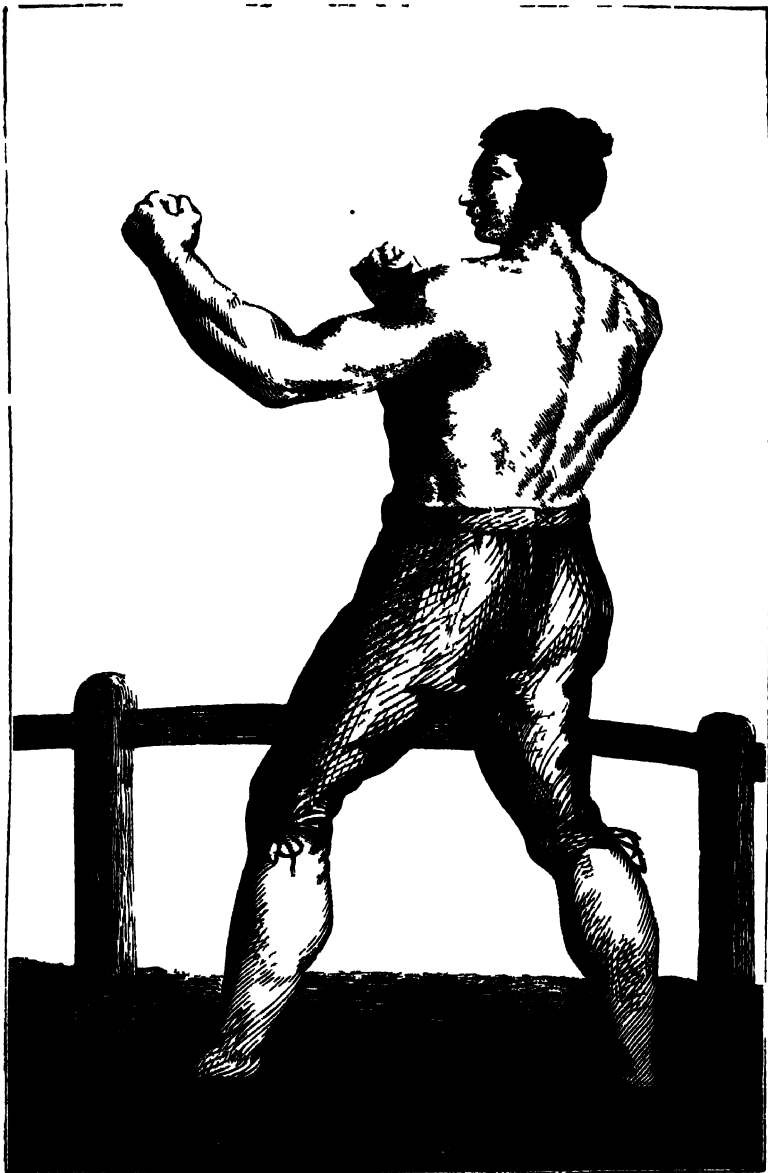
CHAPTER I.

THOMAS CRIBB, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.
1805-1820.

"ADVANCE, brave Broughton!" exclaims Captain Godfrey, with manly enthusiasm; "thee I pronounce Captain of the Boxers!" Had the worthy and trueborn writer of "the Characters" lived in the nineteenth century, he would have bestowed this compliment on "honest and brave Old Tom." Since first the honour of champion was a coveted and distinguished prize for men of bold heart and iron sinew, for men of forbearing coolness and pain-defying fortitude, down to these evil days of wrangle, chaffing, bullying, and shifting, a more straightforward, excellent, simple-hearted, generous, and brave man than Tom Cribb, never held the hard-won trophy.

There are curious parallels to be traced in pugilistic as well as public annals, which exemplify the sagacious remark of a philosophic writer, that history is always repeating itself. Thus renown awakens emulation in other hearts, and bold adventurers are ready to challenge imputed superiority. In such competitions with man, horse, or hound, in athletic exercises, in courage, endurance, and in cool self-reliance even against odds physical or numerical, England has no cause to blush for her sons. In the days of Fig, we have seen that a Venetian gondolier, a formidable fellow, vaunted as "the strongest man in Europe," proposed to tear the champion's wreath from—

"England, that never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."



THOMAS CRIBB (CHAMPION OF ENGLAND).

From the Engraving by DE WILD, 1811

In the time of Cribb, the descendant of an African race, remarkable for insensibility to pain, a low cerebral development, and immense muscular powers, challenged the belt, was met by Tom Cribb, defeated, and died a self-destroyed victim to his mortification and reckless excess. In our own time an Irish-American of superior stature, weight, and physique, with the advantages of youth, activity, and unexhausted energy, offered himself as challenger of the belt, which might well be taken as the symbol of the championship of the world. Its holder was a middle weight, whose many hard fought battles had left him outward marks on his person, and still more told upon his elasticity and lasting powers. Yet Tom Sayers undauntedly met the defiance, and the result, though unsatisfactory in the main, showed what lion-hearted courage and a determination to "do or die" can achieve. The trophy was retained in our little "nook-shotten isle," again to be contended for by Englishmen, though "open to all comers," without regard to country and colour. But we are anticipating our history, which has now to do with the honest, hearty, and gallant Tom Cribb.

Cribb was born July 8th, 1781, at Hanham, in the parish of Bitton, Gloucester, on the borders of Somerset, situate about five miles from Bristol, and it is rather a disputed point to which of the counties contiguous to Hanham this spot belongs.

Pierce Egan, from Cribb's own lips, has compiled a diffuse account of his earlier career, to which we are indebted for the following particulars:—

Our hero left his native place at a very early period, and arrived in the metropolis, when no more than thirteen years old, to follow the trade of a bell-hanger, under the guidance of a relative; but the confined occupation of hanging bells not exactly meeting his ideas, and being a strong youth, he preferred an out-door calling, and commenced porter at the wharfe, during which time he met with two accidents that had nearly deprived him of existence—in stepping from one coal barge to another, he fell between them, and got jammed in a dreadful manner; and in carrying a very heavy package of oranges, weighing nearly 500 pounds, he slipped upon his back, and the load fell upon his chest, which occasioned him to spit blood for several days afterwards. By the excellence of his constitution, he was soon enabled to recover his strength from those severe accidents; and aided by the invigorating air of the ocean, upon which he had the honour of serving against the enemies of his country, his fine natural stamina was improved. The natural good temper and forbearance of this brave man has left his historian little to record in the way of skirmishes; and the important contests which it will become our duty and pleasing task to record, were all conducted

on the principles of professional boxing—the very first elements of which are manliness, forbearance, and fair play. Though Cribb was generally considered a slow fighter, he was as generally admired as a sure hitter; his wind was of the first quality, and his game never excelled. With such sound pugilistic pretensions it will not appear surprising that Tom quickly scaled his way to fame and fortune, in which career we shall leave his actions to speak for themselves.

In the beginning of 1805, Cribb fought his first public battle with that veteran of fistic glory, George Maddox, on Wood Green, near Highgate, January 7th, 1805, for a subscription purse of twenty-five guineas—twenty for the winner and five for the loser. The disparity of years was considerable between the combatants; and Cribb, besides possessing the advantages of youth, was somewhat taller than Maddox, and, consequently rather the favourite.

As we find no report, beyond a mere mention of this fight in "Boxiana," or elsewhere, we give the brief account we find in the weekly papers: "On Monday (January 7), at Wood Green, about two miles north of Highgate, a severe boxing match took place, between the pugilistic veteran, George Maddox (in his 50th year), and Thomas Cribb, a young man, who had never entered the lists before, but known in the neighbourhood of Wapping, where he has been working as a coal-porter, as 'the Black Diamond.' Maddox's second was Tom Jones, and Black Sam sympathetically seconded the Black Diamond.

"The contest was for an amateur subscription purse of 25 guineas, 20 for the winner, and five for the loser. A ring having been formed, at about twelve o'clock the combatants entered. On stripping appearances were greatly in favour of Cribb; he being a well made man, standing five feet ten inches, about two inches taller than Maddox. After the usual ceremonies they set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—This was little more than sparing. The Diamond put in a blow, but no harm done.

4.—Well contested. Maddox showed considerable skill, and finished it by closing his opponent's eye. (Odds rose two to one in favour of George.) From this to the

30th.—Nothing of consequence happened; both men fought desperately, Maddox with great tact as well as pluck, and each endeavoured to cut-do his opponent. Maddox by this time finding his antagonist possessed good bottom, exerted his utmost to blind

him, and hit always at his head, Cribb fighting with undaunted courage.

40.—By this time they had fought exactly an hour, and Cribb's eye was severely hurt. (Odds four to one on Maddox.) To the

52nd.—Was a continued series of hard fighting.

53.—Odds again rose in favour of Maddox, and he put in a most severe blow a little beneath his opponent's left eye, which perfectly closed it. The fight had now lasted one hour and a half; but from this to the

60th.—Maddox continued to lose ground,

becoming almost worn out. The friends and partisans of Maddox perceiving this, got up a row in another part of the ring, and his seconds led him off, declaring it a drawn battle. On this Cribb demanded the purse; but this was refused, and a general engagement ensued. Caleb Baldwin, Tom Jones, Black Sam, Dutch Sam, and the spectators took a very active share. During the scuffle some ruffian treacherously cut Cribb over the head with a stick. Order, however, was, after some time, restored, and Cribb insisted either on the purse or that his antagonist

should return to the combat. This generous offer was to Maddox's friends a perfect poser, but rather than lose 'the cole,' they brought George out of a hackney coach to renew the fight, and the combatants again set-to. They supported the contest for sixteen rounds, making in all seventy-six, and the time two hours and twelve minutes, when George, thoroughly exhausted, gave in. Cribb, having but just come forward, found but few friends, and consequently was obliged to put up with much unfair play."

Such is the contemporary report, and one that shows that the "win, tie, or wrangle" school is not altogether modern, and that ruffians at the ring side, as elsewhere, were among our grandfathers as in the present time. Cribb's reputation rose greatly by the coolness, even temper, and game he displayed, as a novice contending against one of the best and most experienced tacticians of his time.

Young Cribb was well in three days, and at the Fives Court, where he was challenged by Tom Blake (Tom Tough). See Appendix, *ante*, p. 236. Preliminaries were quickly arranged, and a month's time given, February 15th, 1805, being appointed, on which day they met on Blackheath. We quote the report:—

THE FIGHT.

Both parties had been a month in training. All the patrons and admirers of pugilism having gained information on the preceding evening of the seat of combat, early in the morning Blackheath was thronged. A ring was formed, and about eleven o'clock Cribb entered, accompanied by Richmond, the black, and Joe Norton, as his seconds. Blake soon followed, with Dick Hall and Webb, for his attendants. They stripped, and immediately set-to. Bets even, but odds generally considered in favour of Cribb, from his known agility and skill. The combatants met each other with great eagerness, and each put in some exceedingly good blows. For a quarter of an hour bets remained stationary, and both champions in that time had displayed a degree of science and courage almost unprecedented. Cribb, however, being longer in the reach than his opponent, it was seldom Blake could effectively get home a blow. At the end of an hour Blake began to show great symptoms of distress, and odds were now strongly betted

in favour of Cribb. Still Blake stood up manfully, and displayed a great deal of his usual dexterity. Until within the two last rounds of the battle, Cribb astonishingly supported his advantage; but here Blake brought his utmost, both in strength and skill, into action. He put in several excellent straight hits about his opponent's head; Cribb rallied most determinedly. Blake recovered and returned to the rally, but overreaching himself, Cribb threw him a cross-buttock.

The next round decided the contest; Blake found he was fighting at an overpowering disadvantage, and gave in. Blake was extremely weak; he could hardly stand; and Cribb showed marks of his antagonist's dexterity.

Belcher, Warr, Mendoza, Bittoon, Berks, Maddox, and Jack Holmes were there. Several amateurs offered to back Cribb against any pugilist going, but no one accepted the challenge.

Cribb was not allowed to rest long upon the laurels he had thus acquired by two victories in two months. A ponderous Jew, known as Ikey Pig, well known among the sparring schools, fancied he could take the shine

out of the Black Diamond, whom many declared to be "slow as a top." Fifty guineas was posted, and Blackheath named as the rendezvous. On May 21st, 1805, the battle came off. Tom Jones seconded Cribb, and Will Wood, the coachman, picked up the Jew.

For the first quarter of an hour Ikey made good use of his strength. He closed at the end of each round, and brought Cribb down heavily more than once. Cribb fought very steadily and cautiously, generally drawing his man after him. Being, however, down and undermost at the end of several rounds, superficial observers thought that Cribb had the worst of it, and betted against him. In the eighth and ninth rounds, however, though Cribb was down, Ikey's friends perceived their man had much the worst of it. He was not only much disfigured but sadly distressed by some heavy half-arm hits which Cribb had delivered with the right on his left side. They fought two more rounds, making eleven in all, when Ikey, who was terribly distressed, refused to fight any more, alleging that he had sprained his wrist. "This defeat sadly mortified many of the Israelites, who considered Ikey had shown 'the white feather.' It was afterwards, however, agreed that he had no chance of victory."

Cribb was unquestionably "going the pace," and "it is the pace that kills." The next month (June), he was matched to fight George Nicholls, on the 20th July. They met at Broadwater, and here Cribb experienced his first and last defeat. The details will be found under Nicholls' memoir in the Appendix to this Period.

As colour or country made no difference to Tom Cribb, any more than to his smaller successor Tom Sayers, Cribb entered the ring on the 8th October, 1805, with Bill Richmond, the black, at Hailsham, Sussex, after Gully had been defeated by the accomplished Pearce, the Game Chicken. The purse was 25 guineas, twenty to the winner.

"At any other time," says the reporter, "a contest between these men would have demanded the greatest attention, but so highly were the minds of the amateurs excited by the merit of the first contenders, that little notice seemed paid to the present battle. To call it a battle, however, is to disgrace the synonyme of fight. It was a most unequal match. Richmond, finding he could not get at his steady and formidable opponent, hopped and danced about the ring, sometimes falling down, at others jiggling round in the style of an Otaheitan dance. Cribb appeared somewhat puzzled by his opponent's long black pegs, and could not be persuaded to go in and lick him off hand, as every one knew was well in his power. Twenty minutes elapsed without a single blow of any consequence passing. In this manner they spun it out

for one hour and a half, when Cribb was acknowledged the victor, without being the least hurt. Among the numerous sporting equestrians present was the Duke of Clarence."

Cribb now rose into general notice, and John Jackson having introduced him to the renowned Captain Barclay, of Ury (of whom more anon), that excellent judge quickly perceived his natural good qualities; he took him in hand, trained him under his own eye, and backed him for 200 guineas against the famous Jem Belcher, whose *prestige* was still so great, that, despite the loss of an eye, six to four was laid upon him so soon as the match was made.

On the classic hurst of Moulsey, on the 8th April, 1807, in a twenty feet roped ring, Tom Cribb and Jem Belcher met. Gully and Bob Watson, of Bristol, waited upon Belcher; Bill Warr and Bill Richmond (last defeated by Cribb), waited on the champion.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The science on both sides was shown in the excellence of their defensive attitudes; Belcher's, however, was far the most graceful and unconstrained. Belcher broke ground, and got in two light hits left and right on the body of his opponent, which were returned slightly by Cribb, who rallied, closed, and was thrown by Belcher.

2.—Belcher put in two severe blows upon Cribb's head and body, when the latter returned a hit, but slipped down upon his hands in attempting to follow it up. Cribb showed the first blood.

3.—Several severe blows were exchanged, when Cribb threw Belcher, who planted a heavy body blow while in the act of falling. This round rather in favour of Cribb.

4.—Cribb displayed good science in warding off two blows of Belcher's, when they closed and fell.

5.—Belcher with his right hand put in a dreadful blow on Cribb's left eye, and in closing hit his opponent twice in the body, and threw him. (Five to two on Belcher.)

6.—Cribb began to show symptoms of weakness. Belcher put in a hit, warding off which caused Cribb to fall.

7.—Belcher's punishment was now visible on the body of Cribb, who endeavoured to put in two blows, which were parried by Belcher, and Jem returned both right and left with great dexterity, and rallied his man to the ropes, when Cribb clung to them, and fell much fatigued; Belcher also went down on his knees, but seemed in good spirits. (Three to one on Jem.)

8.—A good supply of home-brewed from Cribb; hitting and retreating neatly on both sides; when they closed and both went down.

9.—Belcher hit his adversary right and

left, but only the latter told, when Jem fell from the force of his own blow.

10.—Belcher commenced this round with great spirit, and gave Cribb some severe blows, without letting him have a chance; following and rallying his opponent to the ropes, when Cribb, appearing quite fatigued, fell. (The odds now rose four to one on Jem.)

11.—Belcher planted two hits, which Cribb skilfully warded off, but Belcher was so rapid in closing upon his antagonist, that they both went down.

12.—A small change was now making its appearance between the combatants—Cribb seemed rather gaining his strength, while Belcher appeared rather distressed from his exertions; Cribb rallied successfully, planted a hit under Belcher's perfect eye, closed, and threw him.

13.—Belcher in all his contests never showed himself to greater advantage than in this round; his skill was of the finest order, and only equalled by his courage. In closing, Belcher threw Cribb.

14.—Both on the alert. Belcher let go both right and left, which were parried by Cribb, who returned two blows in the body, when they closed and fell. (Still four to one on Belcher.)

15.—Belcher, full of gaiety, rallied Cribb to the extremity of the ring, and, in struggling, put an end to the round by falling.

16.—Cribb stopped Belcher's blows with great skill. The knowing ones were, at this period of the battle, rather at a stand-still with regard to sporting their money. Cribb, it was certain, by his appearance, had received severe punishment, but not enough to satisfy anything like his gluttony and Belcher's stamina had been considered on the

decline previous to the contest, and it was apprehended that he could not last.

17.—Belcher, still confident, forced the fighting, until Cribb fell from fatigue.

18.—Belcher put in some severe blows in the body, and followed them with a heavy right-hander on the throat of his opponent, and Cribb fell violently, and quite exhausted. It was in this round that Belcher sprained his wrist, and was almost deprived of the use of his right hand afterwards.

19.—Belcher slipped in making play.

20.—The combatants closed and fell.

21.—Cribb planted two blows on his opponent's head, who slipped in returning them. It was now perceived that Belcher proved incorrect in his distances, and that several of his blows were thrown away, from the bad state of his eye.

22.—Belcher, full of gaiety, put in a good hit, and threw Cribb a cross-buttock.

23.—Cribb the most conspicuous in the round, when they closed and fell.

24.—Cribb put in a tremendous blow, and in attempting to follow it up, Belcher slipped, and Cribb ran himself down.

25.—The constitution of Belcher was now giving way; his strength was not able to resist the heavy punishment of Cribb, who hit Jem from him, and gave him a leveller. Cribb upon this became the favourite.

26.—A well-contested round, and, notwithstanding Belcher gave Cribb a cross-buttock, it was considered in favour of the latter.

27.—Belcher made a hit, which was warded off by his opponent and returned, when they closed and fell.

28.—Without hesitation Cribb closed, and, from his uncommon strength, threw Belcher over the ropes.

29.—After slight exchanges, Belcher fell from a very slight hit.

30.—A good round, without any particular advantage to either; though Cribb put in the most blows, yet Belcher gave his adversary a violent fall.

31.—Both closed and fell.

32.—Belcher, quite game, endeavoured to make the best of it, but Cribb rallied and threw him.

33, 34, and 35.—In all these rounds Cribb maintained the superiority.

36.—Belcher had scarcely any strength left to stand, and his brave opponent was not in a much better state; and from this period to the fortieth it was little better than mere hugging, blows they could not be called, from the exhausted state of both the combatants.

40 and last.—Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed, and Cribb proving the stronger man, put in two weak blows, when Belcher, quite exhausted, fell upon the ropes, and gave up the contest.

REMARKS.—Every one present could not but feel surprised at the astonishing improvement Cribb had made in the science of pugilism. In all his preceding contests he had only displayed the pluck of a novice, but in this he showed himself equal to his opponent in stopping and measuring his distances. Had it been generally known that he had so amply possessed these qualities, as well as his astonishing game, the result might have been anticipated. Notwithstanding this just praise is paid to Cribb's merit, he cannot be considered equally scientific with his unsuccessful opponent. He was decidedly slow, and until after the hit he so dexterously put in on Belcher's perfect eye, and the latter had sprained his wrist, he stood a doubtful chance. Belcher fought with all that vigour and skill which ever were his characteristics, but seemed incapable of judging his distances accurately.

From the above somewhat meagre report of this battle, it will be gathered that notwithstanding the strength of Cribb, who was nearly two stone heavier than his opponent, he was only just able to pull through against the wonderful skill and activity of Jem Belcher. Indeed, it is said in "Boxiana," that had it not been for the manœuvring of Bill Warr, the boot would have been on the other leg. It appears that in the eighteenth round, when Cribb fell exhausted, Gully, who was seconding Belcher, was so satisfied that Cribb could not come to time, that he offered five to one to Warr that Belcher had won. Bill accepted the bet, and then craftily insisted that it should be staked. This ceremony, although only occupying a minute, gave sufficient time to enable a glutton like Cribb to recover himself.

George Cribb, who was emulous of his brother's fame, made his first unsuccessful effort with Horton, a big provincial boxer, of the Bristol School.

Horton, whose only claim to survive in ring history is the fact of his having fought Tom Cribb, beat "the young 'un" in twenty-five minutes. The report, given in "Pancratia," p. 302, says, "Cribb, like his more distinguished brother, fights too slow, while Horton, who is a rare double-handed fellow, hit him abroad every round. Horton, when the battle was over, offered to fight either Tom Cribb or John Gully, but both declined." Tom, however, merely waited, and Gully had already a match on with Gregson, and, therefore, Mister Horton's challenge looks much like "bounce." In January, 1808, Cribb accepted the challenge of Horton; the latter being under the care and tuition of Pearce, the Game Chicken. The stake was 100 guineas, ten posted as a forfeit, and the fight to come off in the same ring as Gully and Gregson's battle. From the flourishing accounts of Horton's improvement in sparring while on a tour with the "Chicken," all but Captain Barclay, and a few firm friends of Cribb, declined laying any odds. The combat came off on the 10th May, 1808, at Markyate Street, Herts. The absorbing interest of the Gully and Gregson contest seems to have prevented the reporters from doing justice to this battle, which, nevertheless, was a poor one-sided affair. If young George had no chance with Horton, Horton had less with "brother Tom." At the close of the first round six to four was betted upon Cribb, which increased to two and three to one soon afterwards. Tom's steadiness and safe milling qualities made it merely a question of time. Twenty-five rounds, however, for Cribb was never in a hurry, were required before Horton gave in utterly beaten.

The sporting world was now divided in opinion as to the pugilistic merits of the burly host of the Castle, Bob Gregson, and Tom Cribb. It was maintained by one party that Gregson, though overmatched by the skill of Gully, who had now formally retired from the championship, would shine conspicuously from his great strength and pluck, if matched against such "a slow one" (for on this point Cribb's opponents, like Tom Sayers', always insisted). Accordingly in June, 1808, when Gully and Cribb had a joint benefit at the Fives Court, a challenge was given, and Tuesday, October 25th, 1808, fixed as the day of battle. Moulsey Hurst, in a thirty feet roped ring, was the *locus in quo*, and for the details we quote the *Daily Advertiser* :—

"The dreadful beating Gregson had received from Gully, so far from disheartening him, only tended to make him tenfold solicitous for another chance of acquiring pugilistic fame. Major Morgan, his last backer, however, declined patronising him; but he soon found another friend in the Marquis of Tweeddale. Paul Methuen, Esq., backed Cribb in this contest.

A thirty feet ring having been formed, at half past twelve the combatants entered; Cribb attended by Gully and Bill Gibbons, and Gregson with his seconds, Jem Belcher and Richmond. Odds five to four in favour of Cribb, more betters than takers. At a quarter before one they set-to.

THE FIGHT.*

Round 1.—The instant Cribb shook hands he stepped back, and assumed his attitude. Short sparring, each anxious for the first hit. Gregson attempted to lead with his left hand, but his distance was ill-judged, and fell short. Cribb was also ineffectual, as his blow went over his opponent's shoulder. They closed, and both fell, Gregson uppermost.

2.—Cribb put in two body blows, right and left. Gregson made a courageous attempt to hit Cribb, who shifted and avoided him dexterously, and immediately threw in a severe hit in the right side of the face with his left hand. Blood issued from the cut profusely, and never ceased during the combat. Gregson lost his temper, and threw in some desperate blows in the neck, which, had Cribb not partially avoided, it was supposed would have ended the contest. Cribb rallied, and threw his opponent. (Odds two to one in Cribb's favour.)

4.—Gregson rallied, and put in a severe hit under Cribb's ear, Cribb retreated, according to his usual mode of fighting, and Gregson following him, he at every retreating step put in a severe hit with his left hand on the right side of Gregson's face. Gregson, however, followed up until he fell, absolutely stunned.

5.—No fighting; Cribb fell in making play.

6.—This round odds fell again. Gregson judged his distance well, and the first hit threw in so tremendous a blow on the temple, that Cribb was glaringly abroad and stupefied. Had Gregson now possessed science as a pugilist equal to his strength, he must have beaten Cribb out of time, but while Cribb was retreating to the ropes, desirous of finishing the round, Gregson followed him, and lost this glorious opportunity of winning the battle, by idly sparring away the time, instead of repeating his blows. Cribb, with all his dexterity, was obliged to sustain another disadvantageous rally before he could close the round, and then was knocked off his legs.

7.—Cribb's head out a sorry figure, and Gregson's mouth and nose continued to bleed copiously. They rallied, and both exchanged hits to a stand still, when Gregson threw Cribb.

8.—Gregson made play, but no depend-

ance could be placed on his hits, from the bad judgment he displayed in his distances. Cribb put in his favourite left-handed hit again over Gregson's dreadfully sore mouth. Gregson, almost wild, closed, and threw Cribb a severe cross-buttock. Nevertheless, odds rose again two to one on Cribb.

9.—Gregson showed evident distress. Cribb still kept up his old game of retreating. Gregson, impelled by the warmth of his temper, followed him, and was severely punished by some dreadful repeats on the right side of his face. He fell on his knees, and appeared unable to rise again alone. (Three to one on Cribb.)

10.—Cribb supported his superiority. They fought until both fell on their knees, and after a fraternal hug, both laid themselves down, exhausted with fatigue.

11.—Both appeared distressed in their wind, and showed great caution; closed, and both fell.

12.—In this round the combatants seemed recovering, and a display of greater courage never was seen. Gregson threw in a most tremendous hit, but it fell short by an inch. He then rallied, and successfully planted a hit on the head, and another on the body. Cribb seemed abroad, and Gregson threw him. (Odds seven to four on Cribb.)

13.—Language would be incapable of describing the dreadful appearance of the faces of both combatants. They, however, obstinately stood and exchanged hits until Gregson fell, more by exhaustion than by the force of the hit.

14.—This round was as resolutely contended. Gregson exerted his utmost to gain the advantage, but Cribb seemed to have recovered both his wind and strength. Gregson was so weak that his knees gave way, and he fell on his hands, and actually pulled at the grass with passion.

15.—Cribb beat his opponent in this round dreadfully. Gregson fell again; then tried to get on his knees, but in vain.

16.—By chance Gregson struck Cribb on the head at setting-to, and brought him down.

19.—It appeared to require the greatest exertions of both combatants to make any impression, and he who for a minute was favoured by nature had the advantage.

20.—Both displayed excellent bottom.

* The accounts in "Boxiana" and "Fights for the Championship," are verbal reprints of each other. The above is the contemporary report.

They mutually ran in, met, and fell like men perfectly inebriated.

22.—A rally, and Gregson bored down his opponent. (Ten to one was offered that Cribb did not come again.)

23.—Cribb at meeting had just strength enough to put in two slight hits, and closed. They wrestled, and Cribb threw Gregson, who fell like lead. He was, however, put again on his second's knee, but on time being called was unable to come forward, having been seriously hurt in the last fall. Cribb, on hearing the news might have considered it the luckiest moment of his life: he immediately fell into his second's arms, and remained apparently exhausted for some minutes.

On recovering, Cribb challenged Richmond, who had offended him, to fight immediately for 50 guineas, but this was prevented.

REMARKS.—Gregson sustained in this contest as much injury as he did with Gully, and proved himself a bad judge of his distances, and, as every scientific amateur always considered him, a novice in the art of pugilism. In rallying he had but one hit,

which, if it failed not only to take effect, but to stun his adversary, the rally was sure to terminate greatly to his disadvantage; still Cribb never was secure of beating him, for although hit several times to a stand still, he recovered his wind at intervals, and certainly stood up with the most undaunted courage. Cribb fought upon his old plan of retreating, in order to wind his adversary, and by this means always fights at home. He was here particularly successful with his left-handed hits, as Gregson's face showed by its dreadfully bruised state. Cribb's principal backer presented him with £150, as a reward for his undaunted courage; and Mr. Jackson kindly collected a handsome subscription purse for the unfortunate Gregson. Gregson was conveyed to the King's Head at Hampton, and Cribb to the Toy Inn at Hampton Court. They were both bled, and remained quiet until Wednesday evening, when they returned to town. The Duke of York, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lords Yarmouth, Craven, Brook, Barrymore, and Somerville, with a large number of military and naval officers and sporting gentlemen were upon the ground.

This battle, which almost equalled in severity that between Gully and Gregson, brought Cribb to the elevation of the championship, Mr. Gully having, as we have seen, formally retired from the position. No sooner did this come to the ears of Jem Belcher—who was still smarting under the defeat he had sustained at the hands of Cribb, which he never ceased maintaining was the result of an accident to his wrist—than he sent forth a challenge to Cribb, for another trial for the belt and 200 guineas. Cribb readily responded; the preliminaries were arranged, and Monday, February 1, 1809, fixed for the combat. Captain Barclay again came forward as Cribb's backer and trainer, and the odds were seven to four in Tom's favour. Belcher went into training at Virginia Water, and it was stated he was in excellent condition and spirits.

On the Monday above-mentioned, in a thirty feet roped ring, on Epsom race-course, the men met, Belcher entering the enclosure at half past twelve, waited upon by Dan Mendoza and Bob Clarke. Soon afterwards Cribb threw his "castor" into the ring, followed by Joe Ward and Bill Gibbons. Two and then three to one were offered on Cribb.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Sparring for half a minute, Belcher made two hits; Cribb parried one, but the other got home in the body. Cribb returned; Belcher made a half-armed stop. They closed, and Belcher fell, but lightly.

2.—Cribb made play, and threw in a body hit. Belcher rallied. Some good blows exchanged, and Cribb threw his opponent.

3.—No visible marks of hitting yet. Belcher very gay, with great skill made two

lunging hits right and left, the last of which Cribb received in full force under his left ear, and a copious discharge of blood followed. Some blows well exchanged at a distance. Cribb threw Belcher again, but manifestly had the worst of the round as to hitting.

4.—A good display of science. Every hit stopped on both sides. Cribb surprised the amateurs by his steady stops and back-stops. Belcher attempted to rally, but fell, seemingly distressed in his wind.

5.—Belcher put in right and left hits; but it was evident that he had once more lamed his right hand. Cribb again rallied successfully, and threw his opponent.

6.—Belcher retreated, seemingly to recruit his wind, to the ropes, where Cribb planted some good blows. Belcher now, in order to avoid his adversary's superior strength, hit out, and successfully planted a blow at arm's length with his lame hand on the spot he had before severely struck under the ear, and which was also the precise place in which Gregson put his tremendous blow in their last contest. The blow again issued with increased force; they closed, and Belcher threw Cribb a cross-buttock. (Great joy among the Bristol people. Cribb's glutony, however, being well known, odds were even now four to one in his favour.)

7.—In this round Belcher indisputably had the advantage, but his well-known infirmities prevented his becoming the favourite. He rallied, and hit with astonishing success. The men closed, and Cribb fell easily.

8.—Belcher appeared winded from his exertions in the last round. He retreated towards the ropes, where again he was reduced to a courageous effort to extricate himself. He rallied, put in a few hits, but so slight, that Cribb appeared to be unconscious of them. The men closed, hugged, and contended for the fall, until both struggled over the ropes.

9.—The combatants closed, and the seconds separated them.*

10.—Belcher had evidently great disadvantages to labour under, and this round indicated strongly in who e favour the contest must terminate; Cribb had as yet made little play. He now went in, hit, stopped, and hit again five or six times successively, and finally gave his opponent a heavy fall. (Any odds, but no takers.)

11.—Cribb forced the fighting, as in the preceding round, and again threw Belcher.

Both Belcher's hands were now injured, and Cribb kept the lead he had gained up to the 19th.—Belcher now convinced the spectators of his fine science. Unable to hit effectively, he stopped Cribb's blows with marvellous neatness. Despite his dexterity, however, Cribb now bored in and forced him down; nevertheless, Belcher fought defensively, prolonging the battle to the

31st and final round.—It was piteous to see this once renowned and brave champion contending against nature. For the last ten rounds there was not a chance of success; still his olden skill made him difficult to beat, and Cribb, slow and sure, never threw away a chance. Belcher's knuckles of his right hand were swelled immensely, and his right forearm covered with bruises from stopping Cribb's left hand. At the end of forty minutes, at the urgent request of his backers and friends, Belcher gave in, never again to enter the field of honour.

REMARKS.—Greatly as this victory adds to the fame of the champion, as a resolute, cautious, and truly brave boxer, the best judges were agreed that had Belcher possessed his once excellent constitution and both his eyes, Cribb must have been defeated. There were not wanting others who maintained that, despite his slow hitting, Cribb's retreating and defensive tactics, with his wonderful stamina, strength, and never-failing courage, must make it a doubtful point if Belcher ever could have thrashed him, as Cribb always seemed to have a "little left" when his adversary was on the totter, and he was called upon "to finish." When Belcher first came from Bristol, he was justly considered a phenomenon; under the age of twenty he adduced a new system of fighting, which completely baffled the most scientific adepts in the old school, and to him boxing in a great measure owed its support, particularly by the emulation he excited, and the attempts made to produce a man to contend with him. But at this period, at the age of only twenty-seven, he was so far degenerated as to oppose, with very little chance of success, any pugilist of note; he was unable to make but very few hits with his now enfeebled hands, and after a contest of half an hour nature deserted him; still he retained some of his former gaiety, which only reminded those who knew him what he once was, and every one, with an eye of pity, saw that all powers of execution had deserted him.

Cribb seemed now to have reached the topmost round of fortune's ladder as a pugilist. Like Alexander Selkirk he could exclaim,—

My title there's none to dispute,

when a rival arose from an unexpected quarter. Tom Molineaux, an athletic

* This would by the modern rules be illegal.

American black, had astonished the amateurs by the wonderful strength and gluttony he had shown in his conquest of Tom Blake (Tom Tough); indeed his countryman, Bill Richmond, vaunted loudly that "the man of colour" must win. Two hundred guineas was posted on behalf of Molineaux, and a further purse of 100 guineas was subscribed by patrons of the ring to be presented personally to the conqueror after the combat. Many persons were astonished at the Nigger's audacity, while others, who knew their man, not only exhibited no surprise, but expressed their confidence that the Darkey would prove the most formidable antagonist that Cribb had ever encountered. Cribb was among those who held Molineaux very cheap, and he expressed an opinion that he should win with ease. We read in a journal of the day, "Some persons feel alarmed at the bare idea that a black man and a foreigner should seize the championship of England, and decorate his sable brow with the hard earned laurels of Cribb. He must, however, have his fair chance, though Tom swears that, for the honour of old England, 'He'll be d—— if he will relinquish a single sprig except with his life.'"

The affair excited the most extraordinary sensation, not only in the pugilistic world, but also among classes who had hitherto considered boxing as beneath their notice, and who now, thinking the honour of their country was at stake, took a most lively interest in the affair. Although Cribb considered that the conquest of such a beginner in the art as he supposed Molineaux to be, would be mere child's play, he was still wise enough not to throw a chance away, and got himself into good condition, although he was, perhaps, a little too fleshy. The betting upon the event was heavier than had been known for many years. Odds were laid that Molineaux would be defeated in fifteen minutes, and it was considered the excess of fool-hardiness in any one who betted that he would stand more than half-an-hour.

On the other hand we find Molineaux was in the highest state of confidence; indeed his vaunting bordered upon insolent braggadocia.

The day selected for this grand milling exhibition was December 18th, 1810, at Copthall Common, in the neighbourhood of East Grimstead, Sussex, within thirty miles of the metropolis.

Notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents, and the *distance* from London (hear this ye railroad travellers of 1879!), the Fancy were not to be deterred from witnessing the mill, and waded through a clayey road, nearly knee-deep for five miles, with alacrity and cheerfulness, so great was the curiosity and interest manifested upon this battle. We shall, according to our arrangement, where practicable, give the original report, *vide* the written-up rhodomontade of "Boxiana," copied servilely by later publications.

At twelve o'clock, Mr. Jackson, who generally officiates as master of the ceremonies, formed an outer circle of the various vehicles which had transported so many thousands from the metropolis, at the foot of a hill, in order to shield the combatants as much as possible from the chilling rain and wind from the eastward. A twenty-four feet ring, according to preceding arrangement, was constructed within this circle, with stakes and ropes, and as soon as completed Molineaux came forward, bowed to all around, hurled up his cap in defiance, and then withdrew to strip. Cribb followed his example, and both soon returned eager for the fray, amid the plaudits of the populace, whose animated countenances seemed to express the passing thought, "What a glorious thing's a battle." Gully and Joe Ward seconded Cribb; and Richmond and Jones officiated for Molineaux.

On stripping, the appearance of the men was really formidable; Cribb, who stood five feet ten inches and a half, weighed fourteen stone three pounds, while Molineaux, who was five feet eight inches and a quarter, was only a pound lighter, and consequently looked far more muscular. His arms were of wondrous length and roundness of form. He looked confident and fierce, rather than smiling, and nodded his head as he shook hands.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The combatants shook hands, retired two steps, put themselves in attitude, eyeing each other with the most penetrating looks, and each highly attentive to his guard. For a moment a solemn pause ensued. A little sparring, and Molineaux put in the first hit by a right-handed body-blow on the left side of his opponent. Cribb smartly returned right and left on the head, and one for luck on the body. Molineaux closed, and Cribb throw him. Thus the round ended without bloodshed.

2.—Both set-to with great eagerness, apparently fully determined on a manly stand-up fight, seeming to exclude sparring and shifting altogether. A furious rally, heavy blows exchanged. Cribb's did most execution, being thrown in straight forward, while Molineaux struck hand over head with most astonishing power, but little judgment, and Cribb either parried or spoilt the effort, by planting the first hit. Cribb, although he showed first blood by a cut on the lip, evidently had the best of the round.

3.—Molineaux faced his antagonist with great courage. Cribb met him with equal resolution, and after a little sparring brought his left fist in contact with his antagonist's head at arm's length with such tremendous force, that he laid him to measure his full length on the earth. (Four to one on Cribb.)

4.—Molineaux immediately jumped on his

legs, and commenced a desperate rally, in which Cribb again brought him down.

5.—An excellent round, good straight-forward fighting, and both rallied in great style. Molineaux tried to bore down his opponent by main strength; Cribb determined to prevent him if possible, by repeating some desperate blows on the head. They closed, and Molineaux fibbed very dexterously in Dutch Sam's style, but at length fell.

6.—Molineaux commenced furiously. Cribb slipped, but partially recovered, and by a blow brought down Molineaux.

7.—Molineaux rushed in as before, and Cribb put in a violent blow on the forehead, by which he picked up a handsome "rain-bow." His countenance was, however, not the more clouded, and he was first to the time.

8.—Both combatants by this time had been taught discrimination, and had discovered each other's physical powers. Cribb found out that his notion of beating Molineaux off hand was truly fallacious, as he really was an ugly customer, and he also became sensible that if Molineaux could so reduce him as to make his sledge hammer hits tell, he should not willingly lay his head for the anvil. He therefore now brought forward his science, and began to adopt his usual famous retreating system. The men rallied

desperately; success was alternate. At length Molineaux fell; but Cribb, from his vigorous exertion, appeared weaker than his opponent.

9.—Gallantly contested. Cribb made play. Molineaux followed courageously, giving no quarter, put in a severe hit, and Cribb fell, evidently much exhausted. The knowing ones looked queer; Cribb had been fighting too fast.

10.—The conceit by this time was tolerably well taken out of both combatants; their heads and faces were hideously disfigured. Molineaux again displayed superiority of strength. For full two minutes hits were exchanged greatly to the disadvantage of Cribb; he, however, at length brought down his opponent.

11.—Courageously contested. Molineaux brought Cribb down.

12.—Cribb put in a severe hit in the body. Molineaux returned on the head and fell.

17.—Cribb still continued his shy plan, and Molineaux evidently had the advantage.*

23.—In this round Cribb perceiving Molineaux falling off, made play and brought him down, the first time for several rounds.

24 to 28.—Bets considerably reduced. They had been four to one on Molineaux, but were now even.

29.—Molineaux ineffectually endeavoured to get Cribb's head under his left arm, and also to throw him, but failed in both. The men rallied, and Cribb, who now appeared to possess more confidence than he had for some rounds, knocked his opponent down.

30.—Cribb now again got the lead, and

stuck up to his opponent until he fairly rallied him down.

31.—A short rally. Molineaux threw Cribb, but in the struggle fell over him and pitched upon his head, which so severely affected him that he could hardly stand. Richmond, however, prompted him to go on, in hopes of Cribb being exhausted.

33.—Molineaux fell by an effort to keep his legs. This by Cribb's party was called falling without a blow, and a squabble would have ensued, had not Molineaux exclaimed, "I can fight no more."

Cribb was greatly elated at such a sound, but was too weak to throw his usual somersault. The contest lasted fifty-five minutes.

REMARKS. — Molineaux in this contest proved himself as courageous a man as ever an adversary contended with, and Cribb's merits as a pugilist cannot but be enhanced by a victory over so tremendous an opponent. The Black astonished every one, not only by his extraordinary power of hitting, and his gigantic strength, but also by his acquaintance with the science, which was far greater than any one had given him credit for. In the 28th round, after the men were carried to their corners, Cribb was so much exhausted that he could hardly rise from his second's knee at the call of "Time," which was uttered loudly by Sir Thomas Apreece, one of the umpires. Joe Ward, his second, by a little manœuvring, occupied the attention of the Black's seconds, and so managed to prolong the period sufficiently to enable the champion to recover a little, and thus assisted him to pull through.

The following appeared in the papers of the ensuing week :—

"SIR,—My friends think that had the weather on last Tuesday, the day on which I contended with you, not been so unfavourable, I should have won the battle; I therefore challenge you to a second meeting, at any time within two months, for such sum as those gentlemen who place confidence in me may be pleased to arrange.

"As it is possible this letter may meet the public eye, I cannot omit the opportunity of expressing a confident hope, that the circumstance of my being of a different colour to that of a people amongst whom I have sought protection, will not in any way operate to my prejudice.

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"T. MOLINEAUX."

"Witness, J. SCHOLEFIELD."

"To Mr. Thomas Cribb, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square,
December 21, 1810."

On Tuesday, January 29th, Cribb took a benefit at the Fives Court, at which nearly 8000 persons were present. Cribb and Tom Bolsher, Molineaux

* The unreported rounds in this and other places, are supplied in "Boxiana" and its copyists; as well as a great quantity of vamping up, the details of which Pierce Egan must have imagined.

and Richmond, Firby, Power, Ben Burn, Crepley, Tom O'Donnell, Rimmer,* a young big one brought forward by Gregson, set-to.

Molineaux's second fight with Cribb, was postponed by the intervention of Rimmer's challenge, as Richmond thought it a safer match. Molineaux, having disposed of the big Lancashire man's pretensions, the opinion of many of the public was evidently shared by Molineaux, who pleaded that, in addition to the above circumstance, the weather had proved unpropitious, and had more effect upon his constitution—which was little acclimated to cold and wet—than upon the more hardy frame of Cribb, the latter could not decline giving his opponent a chance to retrieve his laurels. A match was accordingly made for £300 a-side, and on Saturday, September 28th, 1811, was brought to issue at Thistleton Gap, in the parish of Wymondham, in the county of Leicester, very near Crown Point, the spot where the three counties, Lincoln, Leicester, and Rutland unite. This match created, if possible, more interest than that which had preceded it, and for twenty miles round the scene of action not a bed was to be obtained for love or money the previous night, unless bespoken days before-hand. By six o'clock in the morning, hundreds were astir in order to get good places near the stage which had been erected, and by the time the men arrived there were about 20,000 persons present, including many Corinthians of the highest rank. Neither man on this occasion weighed so much, by nearly a stone, as in the former fight. Captain Barclay had trained Cribb on a system peculiar to himself, and had reduced him to thirteen stone six pounds, and still kept his stamina unimpaired. The men mounted the stage at twelve o'clock, Cribb being the first to show, and both were greeted with loud applause. A twenty-five feet stage was erected in a stubble ground without the slightest interruption. Cribb's second was his old friend and intimate companion Gully, and Joe Ward bottle-holder; Bill Richmond and Bill Gibbons officiated for Molineaux. At eighteen minutes after twelve they set-to; betting three to one on Cribb, and six to four in his favour for the first knock-down blow.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Sparring for about a minute, when Cribb made play right and left. The right-handed blow told slightly in the body of Molineaux, who returned slightly on the head; a rally now ensued, they exchanged their blows, when Molineaux fell from a dexterous hit in the throat; the blows, however, throughout this round were not at a

distance to do very great execution. Betting unaltered.

2.—Cribb showed first blood at the mouth at setting-to. A dreadful rally commenced. Cribb put in a good body hit with the right hand, which Molineaux returned on the head with the left flush; both combatants now fought at half-arm, and exchanged some

* See Life of "MOLINEAUX, post, Chapter II.

half dozen hits with great force. They then closed, and after a severe trial of strength Molineux threw his opponent. Odds six to four on Cribb.

3.—In the last rally Cribb's right eye was nearly closed, and now another equally sanguinary followed. After sparring for wind, in which essential Molineux was evidently deficient, Cribb put in a dreadful "doubler" on the body of his opponent, who, although hit away, kept his legs and renewed the rally with equal ferocity, that the backers of the odds looked blue. The rally lasted a minute and a half, when the combatants closed, and Molineux again threw Cribb with astonishing force. Odds fell, but Cribb's tried game still kept him the favourite.

4.—In the rally Cribb had hit eight and left at the body and head, but Molineux fought at the head only. He was so successful with the left hand, that he planted many flush hits. Both Cribb's eyes were now damaged, his face dreadfully disfigured, and he bled profusely. Molineux evidently was in great distress, his chest and sides heaving fearfully. Cribb smiled at such a favourable omen, and renewed the rally with a heroism, perhaps, never excelled, and in point of judgment most adroitly timed. Hits in abundance were exchanged, Cribb still fighting at the "mark," and Molineux at the head; at length Cribb fell, evincing great exhaustion. Odds however were now seven to four in his favour.

5.—Molineux accepted the rally, and the execution on both sides was truly terrific. Molineux had the best of the exchanges, and Cribb fell from a blow and in falling received another. This excited some murmurs and applause from the partisans of the contending heroes, and on reference to the umpires was decided "fair," Cribb's hands being at liberty, and not having yet touched the floor.

6.—Molineux distressed for wind and exhausted, lunged right and left. Cribb avoided his blows, and then put in a good hit with his right, which Molineux stopped exceedingly well. Cribb now got in a destructive blow at his "mark," which doubled up Molineux; he got away pitifully out up; he, however, returned to begin a rally, seemingly anxious to go in, but still sensible of the ugly consequences. He appeared almost frantic, and no dancing-master could have performed a pirouette more gratifying to Cribb's friends. Molineux hit short, capered about, and was quite abroad. Cribb followed him round the ring, and after some astonishing execution, floored him by a tremendous hit at full arm's length. The odds rose five to one.

7.—Molineux seemed lost in rage. He

ran in, and undoubtedly did some execution; but Cribb put in several straight hits about the throat, stepping back after each. Molineux bled in till he fell.

8.—Molineux again rallied, seemingly as a forlorn hope, but his distance was ill-judged. Cribb once and again nobbed him, and getting his head (his own trick by the bye) under his left arm, fibbed him until he fell.

9.—Lombard Street to a China orange. Molineux was dead beat, and only stood up to encounter Cribb's ponderous blows. He ran in, Cribb met him with his left hand; the blow was tremendous, being doubled in force by the black's impetuous rush. Molineux's jaw was fractured, and he fell like a log. He did not come to time within the half minute, but Cribb, wishing to show his superiority, gave away this chance, dancing a hornpipe about the stage, until—

10.—With great difficulty Molineux got off his second's knee, only for fresh punishment. His rush was desperate, but equally unsuccessful, and he fell evidently from distress.

11.—Here ended the contest. Cribb gave away another chance in the time. Molineux's senses, however, were absolutely hit out of him; he was perfectly unable to stand, and a Scotch reel by Gully and Cribb announced the victory, while the very welkin echoed with applause.

REMARKS.—This battle, which lasted only nineteen minutes ten seconds, left no doubt as to the superiority of Cribb. The science of Molineux at the opening of the fight was quite equal to that of the champion, but the condition of Cribb was far better, his temper more under restraint, and although there was no question of Molineux's courage, which almost amounted to ferocity, Cribb was his superior in steadiness and self-possession. During the battle the spectators gave applause to both combatants, and many were surprised that Molineux should have found himself necessitated to relinquish the palm in so short a time, when he so obstinately contested with the same opponent thrice the duration so very recently. It is to be considered, that in the first combat Cribb was full of flesh, and by no means in prime condition; and again, that in this battle, although Molineux had acquired an increased degree of science, he had by his own conduct impaired his stamina. Although it has been acknowledged that applause was mutually given, and that Molineux in every point had fair play shown him, it cannot but be granted that the exulting clamour of congratulation, proceeding from the Champion's friends, when even the slightest advantage seemed to favour him, must have tended to

* These, as in several other instances, are *rewards* of the principal reports of writers who witnessed the fight itself. Where worth preservation we have preferred the *ipsissima verba* of the reporter.

hurt the feelings of the man of colour, and very probably to have cowed him. It should have been considered that Molineaux was a stranger; that he stood indisputably a man of courage; that he came to the contest unprotected and unsupported by friends of note; while his opponent commanded the patronage of the leading men as well as the natural partiality of his countrymen in his favour. Much has been said of Molineaux's savage denunciations against Cribb; of his vapouring professions of what he should like to do to him; and these were thought sufficiently disgusting to have excited animosity against him. But granting that Molineaux was brutish enough to make use of many of the barbarous expressions imputed to him, we certainly ought to take into consideration the circumstances under which they were uttered. The black could not but be sensible that Cribb was better supported by his many surrounding friends than himself. He knew and felt that Cribb was under the care of the first trainer in the country, while he was left to the government of Tom Belcher and Richmond, who made him an instrument of getting money, by carrying him round the country to exhibit sparring, and, to keep him in good temper and pliable to their wishes, allowing him to drink stout and ale by gallons. It is said that on the morning of the fight, he bolted a boiled fowl, an apple pie, and a tankard of porter for his breakfast. When all these circumstances are considered, by an unprejudiced mind, it cannot be denied, that whatever national

pride we may justly feel in our Champion's triumph, and admiration of his pluck and manly prowess, we cannot but admit that the man of colour was a formidable antagonist, and one who, but for his own imprudence, might have won fame and fortune in the pugilistic arena.*

The stage, which was twenty-five feet square, was erected in a stubble field, surrounded first by a roped ring, in order to prevent any interruption by the crowd, and secondly, by a well-framed and supported a circle of pedestrians as perhaps was ever witnessed, notwithstanding the great distance from the metropolis. The first row of these, as usual upon most occasions, lying down, the second kneeling, and the rest standing up. Outside these again were numerous horsemen, some seated, while others more eager stood, circus-like, upon their saddle; these were intermixed with every description of carriage, gig, barouche, buggy, cart, and waggon. The display of sporting men, from the peer on the box of his four-in-hand to the rustic in clouted shoes, but as perfect a picture as the fancy can well conceive. Every fighting man of note, every pugilistic amateur was to be seen, and among those active and peculiarly interested we noted Lord Yarmouth, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, Major Mellish, Captain Barclay (Allardye of Ury),† Sir Francis Baynton, General Grosvenor, Thomas Goddard, Esq., Sir Henry Smith, the Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Pomfret, Sir Charles Astor, etc., etc.

On the Sunday after the battle the champion passed through Stamford in a barouche and four, the horses decorated with blue ribbons (Cribb's colours). He called on Molineaux at Grantham, and on the Monday arrived in London, where he was received with a public ovation, the wide street at Holborn being almost impassable from the crowds which assembled to greet the Champion of England. At the Horse and Dolphin,‡ St. Martin's Street, Richmond's house, on the Saturday night, the crowd was so immense that a posse of officers attended and the house was closed. Cribb's passage home to his house, in White Lion Street, Seven Dials, was through so dense an assemblage of applauding spectators that the streets were almost impassable.

* Shakespeare tells us "losers have leave to rail." Among other things Molineaux declared he was "sold." A weekly print had the following "impromptu," of course "*fait à loisir*":—

AN IMPROMPTU,

On its being said, in allusion to the late battle, that Molineaux had been "sold."

The Black, to say at least, is bold,
That in the battle he was sold:
If so—by Auction—for 'tis known,
When he was sold, Cribb knocked him down!

† See note A., Appendix to Period IV. Captain BARCLAY, Allardye of Ury.

‡ In "Boxiana," this house is elegantly metamorphosed into "The Frad and Swimmer," the original name not being thought sufficiently incongruous.

We read in "Boxiana," that "Oribb gained £400 by this set-to, and his patron, Captain Barclay, £10,000; a baker, in the Borough, sported all his blunt, personal property, together with the lease of his house, etc., amounting to £1,700, upon the Champion. A curious bet was also made between two sporting characters, the winner to get a complete suit of clothes, shirt, cravat, etc., etc., with walking stick, gloves, and a guinea in the trousers pocket. Through the kind interference of Mr. Jackson, a collection of nearly £50 was made for Molineaux." We have already referred to the superior condition of Oribb in this second battle, and the present appears a fitting place to narrate a few circumstances relating to this remarkable instance of the first recorded results of the modern system of training. It is extracted from a little work on "Pedestrianism and Training," published in 1816, "revised" by Captain Barclay himself.

"The Champion arrived at Ury on the 7th of July of that year. He weighed sixteen stone; and from his mode of living in London, and the confinement of a crowded city, he had become corpulent, big-bellied, full of gross humours, and short-breathed; and it was with difficulty he could walk ten miles. He first went through a course of physic, which consisted of three doses; but for two weeks he walked about as he pleased, and generally traversed the woods and plantations with a fowling-piece in his hand; the reports of his gun resounded every where through the groves and the hollows of that delightful place, to the great terror of the magpies and wood pigeons.

"After amusing himself in this way for about a fortnight, he then commenced his regular walking exercise, which at first was about ten or twelve miles a day. It was soon after increased to eighteen or twenty; and he ran regularly, morning and evening, a quarter of a mile at the top of his speed. In consequence of his physic and exercise, his weight was reduced, in the course of five weeks, from sixteen stone to fourteen and nine pounds. At this period he commenced his sweats, and took three during the month he remained at Ury afterwards; and his weight was gradually reduced to thirteen stone and five pounds, which was ascertained to be his pitch of condition, as he would not reduce farther without weakening.

"During the course of his training, the Champion went twice to the Highlands, and took strong exercise. He walked to Mar Lodge, which is about sixty miles distant from Ury, where he arrived to dinner on the second day, being now able to go thirty miles a day with ease, and probably he could have walked twice as far if it had been necessary. He remained in the Highlands about a week each time, and amused himself with shooting. The

principal advantage which he derived from these expeditions was the severe exercise he was obliged to undergo in following Captain Barclay. He improved more in strength and wind by his journeys to the Highlands than by any other part of the training process.

"His diet and drink were the same as used in the pedestrian regimen, and in other respects, the rules previously laid down were generally applied to him. That he was brought to his ultimate pitch of condition was evident, from the high state of health and strength in which he appeared when he mounted the stage to contend with Molineaux, who has since confessed that when he saw his fine condition, he totally despaired of gaining the battle.

"Cribb was altogether about eleven weeks under training, but he remained only nine weeks at Ury. Besides his regular exercise, he was occasionally employed in sparring at Stonehaven, where he gave lessons in the pugilistic art. He was not allowed much rest, but was constantly occupied in some active employment. He enjoyed good spirits, being at the time fully convinced that he should beat his antagonist. He was managed, however, with great address, and the result corresponded with the wishes of his friends.

"It would be perhaps improper, while speaking of Cribb, to omit mentioning that, during his residence in the north of Scotland, he conducted himself in all respects with much propriety. He showed traits of a feeling, humane, and charitable disposition, on various occasions. While walking along Union Street in Aberdeen, he was accosted by a woman apparently in great distress. Her story affected him, and the emotions of his heart became evident in the muscles of his face. He gave her all the silver he had in his pocket. 'God bless your honour,' she said, 'ye'are surely not an or'nary mon!' This circumstance is mentioned with the more pleasure, as it affords one instance, at least, in opposition to the mistaken opinion that professional pugilists are ferocious, and totally destitute of the better propensities of mankind. The illustrious Mr. Windham entertained juster sentiments of the pugilistic art, as evinced by a print he presented to Mr Jackson as a mark of his esteem. In one compartment an Italian, darting his stiletto at his victim, is represented; and in the other, the combat of two Englishmen in the ring. For this celebrated genius was always of opinion, that nothing tended more to preserve among the English peasantry those sentiments of good faith and honour, which have ever distinguished them from the natives of Italy and Spain, than the frequent practice of fair and open boxing."

Shortly after Cribb's final triumph, in honour of his hard-earned victories, a splendid dinner was given at Gregson's (the Castle, Holborn), by a large

party of the Champion's admirers and patrons. Cribb was unanimously called to the chair. His conduct as president was unassuming and pleasant, receiving the approbation of the patrons of distinction by whom he was surrounded. Harmony prevailed, and several excellent songs written for the occasion, full of point, were most rapturously received, particularly one of Bob Gregson's, which was applauded to the echo, and loudly encored. The company did not depart till they unanimously voted the Champion a silver cup, valued 50 guineas, as a memorial of the high opinion which the sporting world held of his uniform courage in his pugilistic combats; also for his having voluntarily entered the ring (after positively declining pugilism in general), on the score of nationality, his own individual fame, and to prevent a foreigner from triumphing over the heroes of England.

The subscriptions for this purpose proving ample, the sum was increased, and a silver cup of 80 guineas value was presented to the Champion at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Monday, the 2nd of December, 1811, at a dinner appointed for that purpose, Tom Cribb in the chair, supported by one of the most numerous and respectable assemblages of the "fancy" ever witnessed. After the cloth was removed, and the usual loyal toasts given, Mr. Emery (of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden), who had at a previous meeting been unanimously voted to present the plate, was now called upon to fulfil the wishes of the company. The cup was produced, the son of Thespis rose, and after drinking to "Cribb, the Champion of England!" addressed the chairman to the following effect:—

"Thomas Cribb, I have the honour this day of being the representative of a numerous and respectable body of your friends; and though I am by no means qualified to attempt the undertaking which has devolved on me by a vote of the subscribers, yet the cause will, I am confident, prove a sufficient excuse for my want of ability. You are requested to accept this cup as a tribute of respect, for the uniform valour and integrity you have shown in your several combats, but most particularly for the additional proofs of native skill and manly intrepidity displayed by your last memorable battle, when the cause rested, not merely upon individual fame, but for the pugilistic reputation of your country, in contending with a formidable foreign antagonist. In that combat you gave proof that the hand of a foreigner, when lifted against a son of Britannia, must not only be aided by the strength of a lion, but the heart also.

"The fame you have so well earned has been by manly and upright conduct; and such conduct, I have no doubt, will ever mark your very creditable retirement from the ring, or stage of pugilism. However intoxicated

the cup or its contents may at any future period make you, I am sufficiently persuaded the gentlemen present, and the sons of John Bull in general, will never consider you have a cup too much."

The cup, filled with wine, having gone round, the Champion thus briefly addressed his patrons:—"Gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in presenting this cup, I most respectfully beg of you to accept my warmest thanks."

Harmony reigned throughout, and the Champion, impressed with gratitude to his leading patrons, Sir Henry Smyth, Bart., Captain Barclay, Thirlwall Harrison, Esq., etc., drank their healths with marked animation and respect; and the cup, in being put round, upon its arrival into the hands of Mr. Jackson, Gully, Gregson, and the veteran Joe Ward (who acted as vice), the company, as a mark of esteem for their past services, loudly cheered those heroes of the fist.

After an unsuccessful venture as a coal-merchant, at Hungerford Wharf, Cribb underwent the usual metamorphosis from a pugilist to a publican, and opened a house at the Golden Lion in the Borough; but finding his position too far eastward for his numerous aristocratic patrons, "honest Tom" moved his quarters to the King's Arms,* the corner of Duke Street and King Street, St. James's, and subsequently to the Union Arms, at the corner of Panton Street and Oxendon Street, Haymarket.

With one interruption, presently to be noticed, our hero's life was henceforth of a peaceful character. In 1814, upon the conclusion of the gigantic European struggle with the first Napoleon, Cribb had the honour of sparring before the monarchs, princes, and marshals, who visited the Prince Regent in honour of the pacification of Europe. On Wednesday, June 15, 1814, the Emperor of Russia, the Hetman Platoff, Marshal Blucher, and an illustrious party, assembled at the house of Lord Lowther, in Pall Mall, to an elegant *déjeuner*, when boxing, as a peculiar trait of the brave nation of England, was introduced. "The distinguished visitors were so much gratified with this generous mode of settling quarrels, and the scientific mode of attack and defence exhibited, that they requested of Lord Lowther that another trial of

* "On the Champion's quitting his trade of coal-merchant for that of victualler, at the sign of the King's Arms.

"Black Diamonds adieu! Tom's now took to the bar,
The fancy to serve with new charms—
For a 'chop' or a glass, to mill or to spar,
They'll be at home to a peg at the Arms!
The lovers of truth, without crime, may here sit,
On the pleasures of sporting can sing;
Then ye swells give a turn to gallant TOM CRIBB,
That he may ne'er quit the 'Arms of his King.'"

skill might take place on the Friday following, when, in addition to the visitors, the King of Prussia, the Prince Royal of Prussia, Princes Frederick and William of Prussia, the Prince of Mecklenburg, General D'Yorck, etc., honoured the meeting with their presence. Some elegant specimens of the pugilistic art were displayed between Messrs. Jackson, Belcher, Cribb, Richmond, Painter, Oliver, etc. The set-to's in general were excellent; but the sparring of Jackson was particularly admired. The Champion of England (Cribb) occasioned a general stare among the spectators, and the veteran Blucher eyed him with more than common attention. The royal guests expressed their satisfaction at the treat they had experienced; and upon taking their departure, complimented his lordship as the patron of so manly and characteristic a trait of his country."

About this period, and for several years, Tom's character and doings seem to have been a favourite theme with "penny-a-liners" and paragraph writers, and the papers of the time, furnish a crop of anecdotes, good, bad, and indifferent, many of which are scattered up and down Pierce Egan's volumes. We give a few of them on his authority.

TOM CRIBB AND THE PIG.—During the time Tom was in training, previous to his match with Gregson, as he was taking his morning's exercise through a country village, accompanied by his friend Gully, dressed in long smock frocks, they observed an overgrown fellow beating a pig in a very cruel manner. Upon inquiry, they found the animal belonged to a neighbour, and civilly begged him to desist from such cruelty. The fellow abused them for their interfering, and, relying on his strength, threatened to give them both a good hiding, assisted by three or four hawbucks, who had joined the squabble. Without farther ceremony the fellow put himself in an offensive attitude, and made a violent blow at Cribb, which the latter stopped with the utmost *sang-froid*, not forgetting to put in his one-two tremendously, the effects of which floored this unfeeling brute in a twinkling. His nob was materially shook, and the claret tapped in a masterly style. This small taste of Cribb's quality had the desired effect. The fight was instantly taken out of the chaw-bacon, who went off, growling to himself, from the scene of his cruelty and impertinence; but not, however, before receiving an admonition from the Champion to be more temperate in his language and humane in his conduct in future. Gully, smiling to himself, now wished another of these Johnny Raws, who had been also very busy and impudent, to try what he could do with him, observing, that he might have better luck than his fellow servant. But in vain, the milling specimen exhibited by Cribb had completely terrified all their boasted valour into submission. It

was soon afterwards learned in the village that the row in question had been with Gully and Cribb.

CRIBB AND THE NAVVY.—A navigator, from Lancashire, as big and as rough an article as can be imagined, prompted, it is supposed, by the great pugilistic success of Carter, took a turn, on Thursday evening, November 7, 1816, in the neighbourhood of Westminster, and suddenly pounced on the Champion of England and Tom Oliver, in the friendly act of blowing a cloud together. Without waiting for the formality of an introduction to those heroes of the fist, he boasted of his milling pretensions, and *sans cérémonie*, challenged Oliver for a turn-up. The coat of Oliver was half way off to resent this unprovoked attack upon his prowess, but Cribb forbade it, observing that the navigator was too heavy, and that he should be more fitted to accommodate this hasty customer, having no doubt but that he should quickly alter his opinion of his own capabilities. The parties retired to a large shed at the back of the house, when a turn-up commenced without further delay. The navigator run in like a bull, head foremost, and endeavoured to bring the Champion down after the Lancashire method, by seizing hold of his thighs; but he failed in his attempts most woefully, for in five minutes he was so punished that he cried out, "I yeald." Cribb left him to reflect on his folly, but in the course of a few minutes he came in and again insisted upon having another set-to with "the stout 'un." This was agreed to, but the navigator soon adopted his former phrase of "I yeald!" Cribb now retired, supposing he had given complete satisfaction; but it was not long before he was compelled to renew the combat for the third time with this dissatisfied brute. The navigator resorted to purring, and endeavoured to effect a conquest by hugging; but Cribb clareted him in all directions, and marked his body so severely, that he now could scarcely articulate the provincial, "I yeald!" The only regret expressed by the Champion was that, during an attack of twenty minutes, he could not put in a straight blow, as the navigator never stood up like a man, merely attempting by foul means to throw or disable his man. Cribb returned home without a scratch, while the map of mud received an important lesson on the advantages of science.

THE CHAMPION AND THE JEW.—The placid and forbearing character of Cribb is strikingly illustrated in the following incident. Cribb, in passing through Fore Street, Cripplegate, was most grossly insulted by a Jew of the name of Simmonds, who, valuing himself upon his manhood, and not knowing whom he was in contact with, endeavoured to give our hero a facer. The Champion, with the utmost composure, seized hold of this mere apology for a boxer (in his hands), yet disdained to inflict that sort of punishment which, had

he given way to passion, from his well-known strength and science, must in all probability nearly annihilated this presuming Israelite. Instead of this, however, Tom instantly compelled Mordecai to go before the Lord Mayor to answer for the assault. His Lordship, on hearing the case, was struck with the magnanimity displayed by Cribb on this occasion, and highly praised him for his manliness of temper, at the same time reprimanding the Jew severely for his improper behaviour. The Jew was, however, discharged on paying the costs, upon the Champion good-naturedly interposing to prevent a fine."

CRIBB AND MASSA KENDRICK —A sable hero, well known in the fancy circles as Massa Kendrick, was brought before Mr. Birnie, at Bow Street, on a Bench warrant, for an assault on the Champion of England. The African kicked most confoundedly at finding himself in the grasp of the law. When told by the magistrate that he must find good and sufficient bail, he exclaimed, "Bail! what 'casion for bail? Massa Cribb the most quarrelsomest man in all England. He's a fighting man, and I'm a fighting man, and if I gibs him punch ob the head, and he gib me another, what that to anumbody else? What the use ob talking about bail?" In reply to this tirade the Champion calmly observed, "If I was not to take such a step as this now and then, I could not carry on my business, or even live in my own house, for these swaggering blackguards." He then explained to the magistrate that the defendant was noisy and riotous in his house, and in consequence he insisted on his leaving; but, instead of doing so, he seized the Champion by the cravat, and attempted to extinguish his glories by strangulation, at the same time placing his hand under his thigh, apparently with the intention of throwing him. "But," said the Champion, "that was all my eye, for I put him down." Kendrick was about to retort, but the magistrate stopped his mouth, by ordering him to find the required bail.

THE CHAMPION AND HIS DWARF.—To these proofs of courage and forbearance we will append a sample or two of his humanity, an unfailing accompaniment of true valour.

Our hero made his bow before the magistrate on Wednesday, December 18, 1822, as the friend and protector of the helpless, in the person of a German dwarf, named John-Hauptman. This little fellow, whose extreme altitude was forty inches, obtained a living during many years by hiring himself out as an exhibition to itinerant showmen. But his day had gone by—other and more youthful dwarfs had superseded him in the public favour, and poverty was pressing heavily on his head, when, in the midst of his destitution, accident led him to the hospitable fireside of Tom Cribb. The Champion

listened to his tale of poverty; cheered his frame with the comforts of his bar and his larder, and told him he was welcome to stay at the Union Arms till he could find a better shelter, and he resided there as a sort of assistant waiter.

A drunken hackney-coach master, named Beckett, during the champion's absence, on the previous Monday, not only insulted the little fellow, but encouraged his son, a lad of about ten years old, to beat him, and for this outrage on his protégé, the Champion now sought redress.

The burly-built hero of the ring entered the office, leading his tiny friend by the hand; and he and the lad having been placed side by side on a stool before the bench, the Champion stated what he had heard of the transaction, adding, "The poor little fellow has no friend in the world but me, your worship, and hang me if I would not rather have been beat myself."

"That would not have been so easy a matter, Mr. Cribb," observed his worship, and directed the dwarf to be sworn.

The little fellow then gave a very humble and modest account of the affair. He said, in tolerable English, that he was very sorry anybody should be troubled on his account, but Mr. Beckett would not be satisfied unless he would fight with the boy, and because he would not fight, he urged the boy on, till he knocked him down by "a blow on de mout, which cut him vor mush, and hurt him a mush deal."

The lad pulled out his torn shirt-frill in reply, and the father delivered his defence thus:—"It was the brandy and water that did it, your worship; I'll tell the truth: it was the brandy and water sure enough. I have known Mr. Cribb many years." "That's the reason you ought not to have taken advantage of my absence, to insult a poor little fellow you know I cared so much for," observed the kind-hearted Champion.

The magistrate, after having warmly commended the conduct of the Champion, directed the hackneyman to find bail for the assault. Upon retiring to settle the row, the dragsman made it "all right" with Cribb, by making the dwarf a present of a sovereign.

At the Fives Court, on the occasion of Scroggins's benefit, March 23, 1817, Jack Carter, who then aspired to the championship, which for nearly eight years had remained undisputed in the hands of Cribb, made his appearance upon the stage, and a glove being thrown up as a defiance, the Champion of England presented himself, to answer the challenge. However, upon Gregson ascending the platform to spar, Cribb was about to retire, when "Cribb, Cribb!" was vociferated from all parts of the court. The anxiety was so great, that the disturbance was hardly appeased until Cribb appeared ready

for the combat. Cribb looked well and kept his position like a rock. He could neither be drawn nor stopped in upon, and the skirmishing tactics of the Lancashire hero could make no impression on the veteran of the ring. At in-fighting Cribb also decidedly took the lead. Carter put in one or two facers with much dexterity; but upon the milling system the Black Diamond proved that he was still a diamond, and instead of losing any of his former brilliancy, he shone with increased lustre and effect.

"From this period," says "Boxiana," "Carter seems to have 'fancied' a shy at Cribb, and on his return from Ireland on Tuesday, February 1, 1820, he challenged the man of colour, Sutton, for 100 guineas a-side. While this match was on, Carter called in at a sporting house, at the west end of the town; and, in consequence of his not being admitted into a private party, then assembled, he intemperately addressed a note to the chairman as 'Mr. Swell.' He was, however, admitted, when he had the bad taste to begin flourishing about his repeated conquests over the dark part of the creation. He also sneered at the Champion, saying, he had left off fighting, because fighting had left him off; but he (Carter) had come to fight somebody, and indeed he would fight 'onybody!' This sort of chaffing was attempted to be checked by a person present, when the Lancashire brute, *sans ceremonie*, threw the contents of a glass of wine in his face, part of which alighted on Tom Cribb. This insult was not to be borne, and the champion of England exclaimed "it was wrong!" Carter hereon defied him. Little parley ensued, ere the lion of the ring, although rather worse for the juice of the grape, grappled his enemy. He held up the Lancashire hero with the utmost ease, with one hand, in the Randall style, and Carter's frontispiece received such repeated quiltings from the fist of Cribb that it was like a fashionable footman paying away at a knocker. It was close quarters—in fact, yard-arm to yard-arm; but the heavy shot of the first rate, although long laid up in ordinary, and nearly invalided, told heavily on the mug of his opponent. It was an up-and-down contest, and the Champion made such good use of his time, that his opponent was quite satisfied he had enough, and begged, in a piteous manner, that some person would take Cribb away from him, or else he should be killed! This entreaty was at length complied with; and upon the fallen hero getting upon his pins, the lads of the Fancy declared, from his altered appearance, that it was meeting an old friend with a new face. This severe thrashing scarcely occupied Cribb one minute! He did not receive a hurt in the slightest degree. Carter upon feeling his mouth, declared that part of his railings had departed."

Until his formal retirement, Cribb never allowed his title of Champion to

be questioned; and at the conclusion of the set-to between Harmer and Lancaster, at the Fives Court, on August 7th, 1820, the Champion rushed in, almost out of wind, made his way through the audience in a twinkling, ascended the stage with great rapidity, and threw up his hat. With his other hand he snatched out his pocket-book, and, with great animation and good emphasis, spoke to the following effect—keeping in mind our immortal bard's advice to the actors, to

“Suit the action to the word.”

“Gentlemen,—I will fight Neate for 1000 guineas, or for 500 a-side (bravo). I have been just told, while I was taking a few whiffs over some cold brandy and water, that Neate had publicly challenged me. I therefore lost no time to show myself before you. Gentlemen, I do not like this chaffing behind a man's back. I won't have it. I am an Englishman; and I will behave like one. An Englishman never refuses a challenge (thunders of applause from all parts of the court). Neate is my countryman, but what of that? If he refuses to meet me, I will fight any man in Bristol for 1,000 guineas, and stake £100 directly. Here's the blunt! My countrymen used me ill when I was last at Bristol; and Neate behaved rude to me (hear! and 'Tom's quite an orator; he must certainly have taken lessons from Thelwall.') Perhaps 'the old fool' may be licked; but I will give any of them some trouble first before they do it ('There is no one on the list can do it, Tom.') I will tell you, gentlemen, they say Neate shall fight my boy, Spring, because they know he is unwell. This conduct isn't right; my boy's in a consumption (loud laughter), therefore I will fight Neate instead of him (bravo). My boy Spring has not got belly enough for him, but I have (clapping his hand upon his rotundity of abdomen.) 'You have too much of it.' Never mind, then, I am right enough about my bottom (great applause and laughter). I will fight; and blow my dickey (striking his fist very hard on the rails of the stage), but I will give any of them that fight me pepper (tumultuous cheering, and 'To a certainty you will, Tom.')

This challenge of Neate, however, soon assumed a palpable form, for on Thursday evening, January 4, 1821, the Champion having called in at the Castle Tavern, to take a glass with his friend Tom Belcher, a swell from Bristol, and an admirer of Neate, without ceremony proposed the battle. The challenge was immediately taken up by Mr. James Soares, who felt for the pride of the metropolitan prize ring, and offered to stake £100 if the champion would consent to fight for the sum mentioned. Cribb answered, that he had said he would not fight for less than £500 a-side, in consequence

of his business, but there had been so much chaffing about it, that he would fight Neate for £200 (loud cheers). The articles were immediately drawn up, and signed by the respective parties :—

“CASTLE TAVERN, HOLBORN, January 4, 1821.

“Mr. James Soares, on the part of Thomas Cribb, puts down £10; and Mr. J. E., on the part of William Neate, also puts down £10; to fight for £200 a-side, between Bath and London, on Wednesday, the 9th of May, 1821. To be a fair stand-up fight; half a minute time; in a twenty-four feet ring. The above £20 are placed in the hands of Mr. Belcher. The whole of the stakes are to be deposited in the hands of Mr. Belcher, and who is appointed to name the place of fighting. The sum of £100 a-side to be made good, at the said Mr. Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 24th of January, 1821. An umpire to be chosen by each party, and Mr. Jackson to name referees. The whole of the money to be made good, £200 a-side, on the 9th of April, 1821, at Mr. Cribb's, the Union Arms, corner of Pantons and Oxendon Streets, Haymarket, between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the evening. In case of either party not making the £100 good, the above deposit, £20, to be forfeited.

“Witnessed, P. E.

“Thomas Belcher.”

“Signed,

“J. E.

“J. E.”

A screw, it seems, had been loose between Neate and the Champion of England for some time past, which was now to be decided by the fist. Several wagers were immediately offered that the stakes were not made good; more especially as Neate was to be consulted upon the subject. It was, however, well known that Neate a short time ago offered to fight Cribb for £200 a-side. The Champion was much too heavy, but the good effects of training, it was thought, would put that all to rights. The sporting world were all upon the alert, to see the ‘ould one’ once more take the field. The Champion's last memorable contest was with Molineaux, on September 28, 1811; nearly ten years having elapsed without receiving a challenge; Cribb ought not to fight—it was giving a chance away—so said the knowing ones.

At ten o'clock on the night mentioned (24th January), the articles were called for and read; and the backer of Cribb (the President of the Daffy Club), said his £100 was ready, but no person appearing on the part of Neate, the deposit money, £10 a-side, was given up to the Champion. The chairman then gave the health of Cribb. The Champion in returning thanks for the honour he had received, said he “was much more capable—nay, he would sooner fight than make a speech.”

The chairman, in an appropriate speech, thought the sporting world ought not to permit the Champion to accept any more challenges. It was upwards of nine years and a half since he had entered the ring. He was growing old, had young kids to provide for, and the gout now and then paid him a visit. He had beaten all his opponents in the highest style of courage, but it could not be expected that he would “get the best” of the infirmities of human nature. Yet the Champion was too game to say “No” to any challenge.

He thought Cribb ought to retain his championship till he was flogged by Old Time.*

Several first-rate amateurs, in short but pithy speeches, addressed the meeting on the subject, and all of them concurred in the opinion of the chairman: but, as to fighting, in future the Champion must "tie it up."

On the day of the Coronation, July 19, 1821, his Majesty, in passing down the Hall, during the procession to the Abbey, cast a pleasing glance upon the person of Mr. Jackson, by way of recognition, which convinced the Commander-in-Chief of the P.R., that he still lived in the memory of his beloved sovereign and once great patron. Tom Cribb and Tom Spring were also habited as pages, guarding the entrance of Westminster Hall. The manly appearance of the two "big ones" attracted the notice of most of the great folks who were present at the gorgeous ceremony.

The following letters of thanks were individually received by those pugilists who assisted to keep the peace, and protect the persons of the visitors at the Coronation:—

"WHITEHALL, 21st July, 1821.

"MY LORD,—I am commanded by His Majesty, to express to your Lordship His Majesty's high approbation of the arrangements made by your Lordship in the department of the Great Chamberlain of England, for the august ceremony of His Majesty's coronation, and of the correctness and regularity with which they were carried into effect.

"To the exemplary manner in which these duties were performed by your Lordship, and by those officers who acted under your Lordship's authority, His Majesty is graciously pleased to consider that the order and dignity, which so peculiarly distinguished the ceremony, are in a great degree to be ascribed; and I have to request that your Lordship will communicate to the persons referred to the sense which His Majesty has condescended to express of their services.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,
"SIDMOUTH."

"The Lord Gwydyr,
Deputy Great Chamberlain of England,
etc., etc., etc."

* This speech was thus poetically paraphrased in a weekly journal, from which we quote a few of the lines:—

"THE CHAMPION'S RETIREMENT.

"'Every puny whipster gets my sword.'—SHAKESPEARE.

"No so with our champion of Britain's proud throng,
He still rears his crest for the fight or the song;
'Bout friendship or fighting he can't make a speech,
O' the latter he'd much rather practise than preach.
A lapse of ten years or more soon roll'd away,
Since Afric's brave bully proclaim'd it Tom's day;
He then, like a game cock, retired with his pickings,
In peace to provide for his old hen and chickens;
When, lo! a cock crowd on his walk in the west,
Supposing 'Old Tom' of Old Tom had the best;
But Tom left his 'Hodges,' gout, crutches, behind,
Reducing his belly, increasing his wind:—
The fight was proclaim'd, and some money put down,
To see who'd best claim to their country's renown.
Cribb came to the scratch, like a hero, to meet
His man, but he back'd out:—now wasn't that NEAT?
"AN OLD MILLER."

"GREAT CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE, July the 22^d, 1821.

SIR,—Having received His Majesty's commands, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department, to communicate to you, sir, His Majesty's gracious approbation of the manner in which you discharged your duty on the 19th of July, I know no way so effectual of executing these most gratifying instructions, as by inclosing you a copy of the original document. Permit me at the same time to add, how sensible I am of your attention to the very imperfect directions I was enabled to furnish you with, and that the arrangements, which have been with so much condescension noticed by your King, are in a great degree to be attributed to the loyalty, judgment, and temper, exhibited by you at His Majesty's coronation.

"I remain, sir,
"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"GWYDYR."

"To Mr. Thomas Cribb, &c."

Lord Gwydyr, presented one of the gold coronation medals, which he had received from the hands of his Majesty King George the Fourth, to the boxers who gave their assistance at Westminster Hall. His lordship also provided a most excellent dinner for all the pugilists, at Tom Cribb's, upon the occasion. After the cloth was removed, and the health of the king drank with four times four; the gold medal was raffled for, by the whole of the boxers, when Tom Belcher proved the lucky man, and held the trophy until his death.

We now come to our hero's formal retirement; an event which excited considerable interest throughout the circles of the fancy. On Saturday, May 18, 1822, the Champion of England made his bow to the amateurs, at the Fives Court. Tom had to boast of a Corinthian attendance, and St. Martin's Street was filled with carriages. The sets-to were generally good. The champion of England and Spring ascended the stage, amidst loud approbation. Cribb was decorated with the belt. It was an excellent combat; and, although Tom had a touch of the gout, he displayed great activity. But the awful moment had now arrived for poor Tom to say, farewell! He scratched his nob—looked about him—his heart full of gratitude—at a loss what to say—and his tongue almost forsook its office. After a struggle to give vent to his feelings, he at length delivered himself of the following words:—"Gentlemen, I return you thanks for your kindness this day. (A short pause.) Indeed, gentlemen, I sincerely thank you for all the favours you have conferred on me—I do indeed. (A long pause, as if Tom had stuck fast.) Gentlemen, may your health and purses never fail you." Cribb now retired, amid long and loud plaudits, accompanied with, "It will be a long time before we shall look upon your like again in the prize ring."

Spring now mounted the stage, and thus addressed the spectators:—"Gentlemen, I once more present myself to your notice; but as my old dad has retired from the stage and the prize ring altogether, and as I have stood next to him for some time past, I mean now to stand in his place, till I am beat out of it!" An amateur and Spring went up to Tom Belcher, and

informed him that Spring was ready to fight Neate for £300. "Very well," replied the hero of the Castle; "now I know what you mean, we will talk about it. I shall name it to Neate." The result of this challenge will be fully recorded in the *Life of TOM SPRING*, opening the next period.

From this time Tom led the life of a retired veteran, but his house was the rendezvous of sporting men. Cribb, however, occasionally figured in the public prints, for then, as now, noisy, troublesome, and drunken fellows annoyed licensed victuallers in their business. The *Morning Herald* thus reports a "Morning at Bow Street."

"CRIBB AND HIS CUSTOMER.—The Champion brought a little shrivelled tailor before Sir Robert Baker, on Tuesday, December 12, 1820, at Bow Street, and charged the ninth part of a man with calling him, the said Champion, 'a great big fighting cove;' with exclaiming, 'Oh, that I was but big enough to whop you!' and with frequenting his house, the Union Arms Tavern, Panton Street, for the purpose of abusing him and annoying his company. In reply to this, the little remnant of shreds and patches looked up in the champion's face, and humbly begged his pardon, promising most solemnly, before his worship, never to offend in the like manner again. Cribb's placability is well known; he, who has so often stood unshaken before the stoutest hearts in the ring, could not stand this pathetic appeal from a forlorn little tailor, and, relaxing his features into a smile, he confessed himself appeased, but trusted Master Snip would get rid of his bad habits in future, and never more measure his way to the Union Arms: or else if he did, Cribb said he would cut his cloth in a way that he would not like. The hero of the needle was in consequence discharged. The magistrate observed that he had heard the various houses kept by the champion to have always been conducted with the utmost propriety. Cribb moved his castor and retired."

Here is another of Tom's magisterial interviews.

"THE THREE TAILORS.—Three natty tailors were charged, at Marlborough Street Police Office, in September, 1826, with creating a disturbance, and assaulting Thomas Cribb, the ex-champion of England. The defendants went into Cribb's house, where they partook of some liquor. After a few minutes they commenced a disturbance, and he requested them to be quiet; but they swore at him, and challenged him to fight. One of them being pot-valiant, struck him. The example was followed by the others, who insisted on his having a turn with them. A person said, "No, Cribb, don't strike the three tailors, who are only the third part of a man!" The astonished tailors, on hearing his name mentioned, took up their clothes and

ran quickly out of the house; but Cribb, determining to teach them better, pursued and lodged them in the hands of the watchman. Sir George Farrant: 'Did they beat you?' Cribb, smiling: 'No, their blows were something like themselves—of little importance.' Sir George Farrant: 'Did you return the blow?' Cribb: 'No, sir, I was afraid of hurting 'em; I should not like to do that.' The tailors in their defence, said they were sorry for what had occurred; at the same time, they were not aware that the person whom they had challenged to fight was the Champion: on finding their mistake they instantly left his house. Sir George Farrant: 'Aye, you thought you had better try the lightness of your heels than the weight of his fists.' Cribb declined making any charge against them, and they were discharged on paying their fees."

"CRIBB AND THE COBBLER.—In the same month the ex-champion again made his bow before the beak; but, on this occasion, Bow Street was honoured with his portly presence, where he charged a cobbler with causing a disturbance in his house. Cribb said that the prisoner was, about two years ago, very annoying, and he ordered him never to enter his house again. A few days ago he renewed his visit; and on Wednesday night he was most riotous and abusive. He (Cribb) did not care much for his abuse; but he could not contain himself when the cobbler had the impudence to begin abusing the king: he seized him under the arms, and dropped him gently in the street. The magistrate told Cribb that he had on this, as on all other occasions, evinced great forbearance, and directed the warrant to stand over; and, if the prisoner annoyed him again, he would be committed to prison."

Cribb's declining years, however, were disturbed by domestic troubles and severe pecuniary losses; and after a long struggle against adverse circumstances, produced by lending money and becoming responsible for a relative, he was forced to give up the Union Arms to his creditors. His last appearance was on November 12, 1840, when under the auspices of the Pugilistic Association, he took a benefit at the National Baths, Westminster Road. At this time, and for some years previously, Cribb had resided at the house of his son, a baker, in the High Street, Woolwich, where he died on the 11th of May, 1848, aged 67.

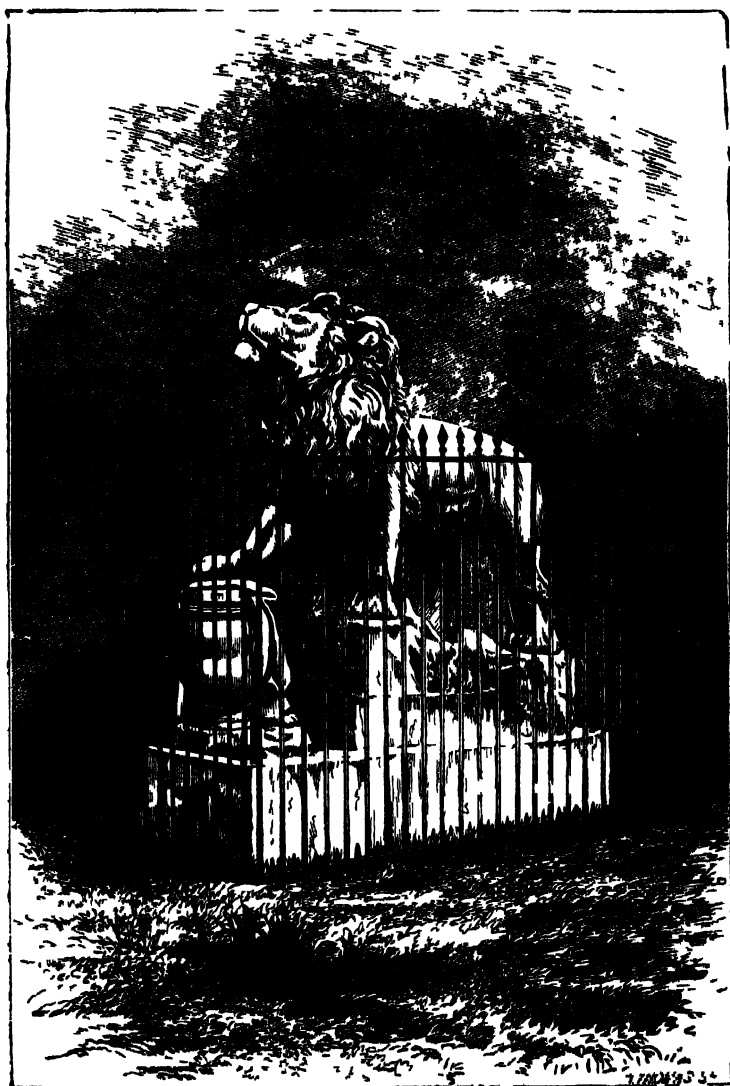
CRIBB'S MONUMENT.

The editor of *Bell's Life* (Vincent G. Dowling, Esq.), and some friends and admirers of the champion, having resolved to erect a monument to his memory, the matter was thus spoken of in the columns of the leading sporting paper of England, in the beginning of 1851.

"Among the interesting incidents connected with the approaching season of the Great Exhibition, we have much pleasure in announcing the completion of the long promised monument to the memory of Tom Cribb, one of the most justly esteemed champions of the pugilistic school of England. As a professor of his art he was matchless, and as a demonstrator of fair play, in principle and in practice, he was never excelled. He had still a higher virtue, displayed in sustaining throughout his gallant career, independent of indomitable courage—a reputation for unimpeachable integrity and unquestionable humanity. His hand was ever open to the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and whether they befell friend or foe, he promptly, by relieving them, exhibited the influence of the charitable and kindly impulses of a truly benevolent heart—an example well worthy of imitation, and justly entitling him to the present distinction, which, while it cherishes his memory, will show to others of his class, who follow in his steps, that their good deeds will live beyond the grave.

"It will be remembered that poor Cribb, after enjoying the sunshine of good fortune for a series of years, respected by all classes, from the prince to the peasant, o'erstepped the bounds of prudence and self-consideration, fell into distress, and retired to the house of his son, at Woolwich, where after a lingering illness, he died on the 11th May, 1848. Happily, through the sympathy of those who felt as we felt, his last moments were soothed by the enjoyment of every comfort, and he departed in peace, deeply grateful to those whose kindness he had experienced. The last sad duty of consigning his remains to their final resting place was performed in Woolwich churchyard, his ashes mingling with those of naval and military heroes honourably distinguished in their respective vocations. We took care that every expense connected with his illness and death was defrayed, but we still felt that such a man should not depart from among us without some lasting token of the estimation in which the noble qualities by which he had been distinguished were held, and therefore suggested the erection of a monument to his memory—such a monument as would honour and preserve it. This suggestion received a ready response. Our work is now nearly accomplished, and we would fain hope it will be found to fulfil our desire, that of shewing to our expected foreign visitors, as well as to our countrymen, that, however humble our heroes, where valour is accompanied by sterling honesty and humanity, we have paid in commemorating their deeds and their virtues. . . .

"The grave over which this monument is to be erected has long since been bricked and covered with a suitable slab. Upon this will be placed a plinth, also of solid Portland stone, about two feet in height, to receive the



CRIBB'S MONUMENT IN WOOLWICH CHURCHYARD.

statue. On the edge of the plinth will be engraved this impressive sentence, 'Respect the ashes of the brave.' The grave being on an elevated bank close to the path leading to the church from the town of Woolwich, the whole will command the attention of all persons entering the burial ground from London, or passing along that thoroughfare immediately in front, which at all hours of the day is thronged with soldiers, sailors, dockyard men, and civilians.

"We hardly doubt that this monument, from the moral it is calculated to enforce, will be without its beneficial effects on the minds of all those by whom it is seen, and we trust it may be gratifying to those strangers who on their visits to the Arsenal will have an opportunity of witnessing the veneration in which Englishmen hold the memory of those who, although not 'licensed' warriors, are yet honest types of our national principles and character."

On the eve of the first of May, 1854, the monument, of which we here give an engraving, was placed in the position it now occupies in Woolwich Churchyard, and its first view by the public was coincident with the first opening of the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. We again quote *Bell's Life*:—"Far be it from us to connect this simple occurrence further than in point of time with the Exhibition in question; but the coincidence is fortunate, and the object creditable to those by whom it has been carried out—that object being to testify the respect entertained for the memory of a man who, in his position, entitled himself to universal respect for his unimpeachable honesty, indomitable courage, and unquestionable humanity. Exception may be taken to the sphere in which those qualities were exhibited, but those acquainted with English feeling, English character, and English habits must hold in estimation the memory of a man who, in his own person and by his own acts, impressed on thousands, we might say millions, those principles of fair play, combined with gallant bearing, which have been the distinguishing features of our countrymen, soldiers, sailors, or civilians, in whatever circumstances placed. From these feelings sprung a desire to erect the present monument, for the double purpose of perpetuating the memory of the most distinguished of his class, and of impressing on those who followed in his footsteps the sense entertained of the virtues he so prominently displayed. A subscription was commenced, at the head of which were the names of noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank, swollen by more humble contributors. The work has been accomplished, thanks to the unceasing assiduity and generous devotion of Mr. Timothy Butler, the sculptor, who has performed his task in a manner that must increase his

reputation, and entitle him to a distinguished position in the profession of which he is so bright an ornament. The design is simple yet grand in its conception. It represents a British lion grieving over the ashes of a British hero; for, putting aside all prejudice, Cribb was a hero of whom his country might well be proud. The drawing affords a correct idea of the monument, but falls short of the effect of the original; for we do not believe there is in existence a more beautiful specimen of animal sculpture, whether we regard the exquisite proportions of the figure, or the deep impression of sorrow expressed on the countenance. The paw of the lion, it will be seen, rests on an urn supposed to contain the ashes of the dead, over which is lightly thrown the belt which was presented to Cribb as 'the Champion of England.' For obvious reasons—principally the close proximity to the House of Peace—all allusion to the circumstances which have led to this distinction is avoided, and the inscription is simply this:—'Sacred to the Memory of Thomas Cribb, born July 8, 1781, died May 11, 1848.' On the plinth beneath are the words—'Respect the ashes of the brave'—an inscription which, it is hoped, will prevent those encroachments in which idle visitors to a churchyard but too often indulge. The lion, of colossal size, stands on a rock, and the whole was sculptured from a solid block of Portland stone weighing twenty tons, from which some idea may be formed of the labour and perseverance with which such a *chef d'œuvre* has been accomplished and removed without accident from the studio of the artist in Middlesex Place, New Road, to its present position. The monument stands on a plinth which elevates it among surrounding tombs, rendering it visible even from the river Thames; while from the footpath, in front of the churchyard, it invites immediate attention as well as admiration—a sentiment which has been unequivocally expressed by thousands.

"It is fit we should state that there are some fastidious persons in Woolwich, the town in which poor Cribb breathed his last, who find fault with the erection of such a monument in such a place. It is due to the rector of Woolwich, to state, that although he may in some respects participate in the feelings of the parishioners, his objections were removed by the statement of the fact, that before the monument was commenced, the drawing of the design was submitted to his predecessor, by whom it was so heartily approved that he regretted it could not be surrounded by an iron railing, to protect it from trespassers, who are but too apt to treat with indifference the most exquisite specimens of art.* There were, however, some words in the inscription to which the rector did object, and which at his request have been omitted.

* This has since been done, as is shown in our engraving.

Respect for this gentleman's impressions has induced us to omit the following not inappropriate epitaph :—

“ ‘ When some proud earl or rich patrician dies,
Unmoved we mark the storied marble rise,
Unmoved we read the praises blazoned forth,
And doubt the meed if giv'n to wealth or worth ;
But truth shall guide this record, and proclaim
Who raised himself without a crime to fame ;
Whose heart was tender as his arm was strong ;
Who still upheld the right, abhorred the wrong ;
Who stood unconquered champion in that field,
Where hardy heroes nature's weapons wield—
“ ‘ Was poor Tom Cribb—beneath his ashes lie :
Peace to his spirit's immortality ! ” ”



CHAPTER II.

THOMAS MOLINEAUX (THE COLOURED COMPETITOR FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP)—1810-1815.

THOMAS MOLINEAUX, the hardy, determined and dangerous opponent of Cribb, under whose memoir we have already given the details of the two championship contests, next deserves a niche in the temple of fistic fame. Unnoticed, unheralded, unfriended, and unknown, this sable gladiator made his way to London. His skill and strength had been tried in several combats in his native country, Virginia. Confident in his own capabilities, no sooner did he arrive in the world's metropolis, than, proceeding to the best known sporting houses, he offered himself as a candidate for pugilistic honours. He was not long before he attracted the notice of the patrons of those gymnastic sports, which, from their practice and support, instil the principles of endurance and courage into the hardy sons of England, and have not only given greatness but added stability to the national character.

Molineaux deserves credit for his bold challenge of the highest prize of pugilism; his merits were certainly of no mean order, and his defeat adds to the honours of the conqueror of such a formidable antagonist.

Molineaux's trial set-to was with an anonymous Bristol man, on Tuesday, July 14th, 1810. The papers inform us, "the newly come American black is a formidable fellow; in height five feet nine inches, his weight between thirteen and fourteen stone, his age twenty-six years. He was introduced under the auspices of his coloured countryman, Bill Richmond, who seconded him. Tom Cribb, waiting upon the Bristol man, who was a robust but rather clumsy fellow of six feet in height, weight not stated. The scene of action was Tothill Fields. The Bristol boxer was strong and game; but, beyond these qualities he was a poor specimen of the west country school. The black kept himself close, but seemed to have little idea of delivering at distance. He merely 'flipped' or hit at half-arm, and when he struck kept his elbows close to his body. His style of in-fighting, however, was



THOMAS MOLINEAUX.

From a Drawing by GEORGE SHARPLES.

peculiar, and he caught his big antagonist so heavily and frequently in the body as to knock the wind out of him, and then began to practise upon his head so dexterously that at the end of an hour of desperate up-hill fighting the Bristol man was compelled to give in, scarcely a feature in his face being distinguishable. The two seconds, Cribb and Richmond, had a quarrel concerning an alleged foul blow, and had a short sharp turn-up by way of a second course. There was but one round, but that quite satisfied Richmond, who is too good a judge to take a thrashing 'for love,' which he might soon have had. Although not the most expert boxer that ever offered himself for pugilistic fame, Molineaux was considered a promising 'Chicken,' and was immediately matched for 100 guineas with Tom Blake, better known by the title of Tom Tough, who was at this time forty years of age, and whose battles are related in the Appendix, *ante*, p. 236.

"Tuesday, August 21, 1810, was the day fixed, and the spot where Richmond and Maddox last contended agreed upon, on the coast about four miles from Margate, and two from Reculvers. At an early hour every vehicle was in motion to gain the goal of sport, and at one o'clock Blake came in dashing style, seated in an honourable baronet's barouche, with his seconds, Tom Cribb and Bill Gibbons. A ring was formed, and at half past one Molineaux was modestly introduced by his humble, but perhaps more firm, supporter Richmond. After the usual ceremony the combatants set to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—There was considerable curiosity among the "swell" division to see the new specimen in ebony, on whose merits Massa Richmond was so eloquent to all visitors to the Horse and Dolphin. There was some cautious sparring for about a minute, in which Molineaux showed he had taken lessons and improved by them. Soon, however, Blake* seized an opening, put in two smart hits right and left, and stopped Molineaux's return. The men closed and fought at half-arm. Blake slipped from Molineaux, but while in the act received a tremendous chopping blow on the back of his neck, which Molineaux repeated with his right hand over the head, and brought him down. (Betting even.)

2.—Blake again made play, but soon found that two or three hits, although well planted, were not sufficient to throw Molineaux off his legs. He received the hits

with great *sang froid*, and at length beat down his opponent's guard with his left hand, and with a degree of quickness and dexterity, which in Dutch Sam or Tom Belcher would have been considered an astonishing effort of science, brought Blake down by a most severe blow with the right. (Six to four on the Black.)

3.—Blake evinced great distress in his wind. Molineaux ran in to take advantage, but was received with a clattering jaw hit. They rallied, and both fell, Molineaux uppermost.

4.—A hard round, and such a one as convinced the judges that Blake had trained off. Molineaux rendered his guard perfectly useless, as by strength of hitting he broke through it, and although Blake planted many good blows, they had not an equal effect to those of his opponent, as his face sufficiently exemplified. The round lasted

* This fight is omitted from "Jistiana," and the name of Burrows given as Molineaux's first opponent.

two minutes, obstinate ruffianing fighting, and Blake, after putting in a good body hit, was knocked down. (Odds rose five to two in favour of Molineaux.)

5.—Blake bled copiously, but with great courage rushed to a rally, in which Molineaux got his left arm round his neck, and holding his head up, fished him so dreadfully that Blake fell exhausted.

6.—Molineaux now thought it time to beat his man off hand. He rushed in, chopped down his opponent's guard with his left hand, and knocked him completely off his legs with his right, by a tremendous hit. (Any odds in favour of Molineaux.)

7.—Blake in this round rallied determinedly; he exchanged some good hits dexterously, but was too weak for this work, and fell.

8.—This was the last round. Molineaux

began as furiously as in the sixth. Blake retreated, but was forced to rally, to extricate himself from the iron grasp of his adversary. He put in a successful hit on Molineaux's cheek, but it was returned so forcibly on the head, that it laid him asleep for some time.

The time having expired, Blake was still insensible, and accordingly Molineaux was acknowledged the victor.

REMARKS.—In this battle Molineaux evinced great improvement in the science of pugilism, particularly in the art of giving, while nature seemed to have endowed him abundantly with the gift of taking, his body being almost callous to fistic punishment. It was generally considered that should he be able to combine an equal degree of skill with his gluttony, he would mill the whole race of modern pugilists."

Encouraged by his friend and countryman Richmond, and patronised by some leading amateurs, the aspiring nigger now avowed his aim was no less than the championship. Molineaux, with the vanity so remarkably characteristic of his race, never ceased amusing his visitors and patrons with grotesque illustrations of how he would serve out "Massa Cribb," for he possessed, mixed with a considerable amount of ferocity, the *vis comica* of the negro race. This could not go on long, and a match was made for 200 guineas, to come off December 18th, 1810. How this event was decided at Copthorn, near East Grinstead, Essex, may be read in the *Life of Cribb, ante*, p. 254.

Notwithstanding this defeat, Molineaux felt that he was entitled to another chance, and accordingly sent a challenge three days after the battle, which letter will be found in its proper place, at p. 255, under Cribb's second victory.

About this time Bob Gregson, who was fond of match-making, had at his hostelry a young Lancashire man of the name of Rimmer, twenty-two years of age, and considered by his countrymen a second Jem Belcher. His friends were anxious to get him on with Molineaux, now defeated, and issued a challenge for 100 guineas, which was directly answered on the part of Molineaux. The day was fixed for May 21, 1811, and accordingly at the well-trodden hurst of Moulsey, at one o'clock on the appointed day, Rimmer threw his hat into a twenty-five feet roped ring, pitched by the commissary-general Bill Gibbons, who, moreover, in company with Richmond, performed the duty of second to Molineaux. The like office to Rimmer was delegated to Power and Tom Jones. The betting on starting was three to one on Molineaux.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—A couple of minutes were spent in sparring, in which neither man displayed much grace, though both looked formidable. Rimmer then let go both hands, but was short; he got away without a return. More sparring; at length Molineaux put in a left-handed blow on his adversary's neck with great force; Rimmer returned, but slightly, and fell. (Four to one on Molineaux.)

2.—Rimmer again made play, and another effort to hit right and left, but the distance was again ill-judged, and he got away. Molineaux waited very patiently for him; they rallied, and Molineaux made some excellent stops. They broke away and got together again, when Molineaux brought down his opponent by two hits, right and left, of most astonishing force and quickness. (Odds four to one in favour of Molineaux.)

3.—Molineaux appeared much elated with his success, smiled significantly at his opponent, and sparred low, evidently to show he disregarded any effort he might attempt. He waited until Rimmer made play, when he hit him, and following him up, repeated his blows until Rimmer fell, but apparently from no other cause than to avoid a repetition of the tremendous hits he had received.

4.—Rimmer's head was covered with blood, and he was, in fact, stupefied for a time, in consequence of a blow on the temple in the last round. Molineaux again put in two successful hits right and left, over his guard, on the head and neck, and Rimmer fell as if shot. Every one now sympathised with the dreadful situation of the novice, and odds rose to any amount in favour of Molineaux, but no takers.

5.—Rimmer evinced great alertness, made a long hit at double distance, and fell.

6.—Rimmer again hit short, and fell, evidently very weak.

7.—For the first time Rimmer had the best of fighting in this round; he put in a good blow with his left hand, and rallied with great courage, but fell at length over his opponent's legs.

8.—Both hit over, and Rimmer fell.

9.—Rimmer exerted every effort to gain the superiority, rallied well, and threw Molineaux.

10.—Molineaux appeared almost ferocious, and went in determined to repay him for past favours. He followed Rimmer, milling him to every part of the ring, and at length felled him.

11.—Rimmer rallied, and showed pluck. Some good hits exchanged, but Rimmer hit widely, without judging distance, and gave his head doubled in his chest, which stopped several blows, and he at length came down.

12.—Rimmer made a body hit, which again fell short, and almost in a state of frenzy he ran in, caught Molineaux up by the thighs, and threw him in the Lancashire style. Many cried "Foul," others "Fair," but the fight went on.

13.—Rimmer struck Molineaux over the mouth, when the Black ran in and threw him.

14.—A rally. Rimmer closed, and a complete trial of strength ensued. Both fell, Rimmer bringing down his man by Lancashire ingenuity.

15.—Rimmer retreated round the ring, Molineaux following, and at length by a severe blow in the wind, brought him down, when he was indisputably "dead beat."

At this time the ring was broken; peers, ploughmen, fighting men, chimney-sweepers, costermongers, were all in one tumultuous uproar, which continued for at least twenty minutes, without any reason being assignable. At length, however, by the exertions of Cribb and others, the ring was restored, and the combatants, who had neither left the ring, were again set-to. Six more rounds were fought, but greatly to the discomfiture of Rimmer, who could hardly stand. During this time he received about ten more tremendous blows, and then gave in. Rimmer displayed great courage; he has an unfortunate knack of giving his head when he hits, and appears to be timid of advancing towards his adversary, by which errors many blows fall short.

Such is the contemporary report: the slang version may be found in "Boxiana," vol. i., pp. 365, 366. Of the formidable powers of Molineaux at this time, of which some writers who recorded his later career have expressed themselves sceptical, this battle and that with Blake must be convincing proof. No pugilist from this time offered a challenge to Molineaux, nor could he get a battle on until Tom Cribb, who had publicly announced his retirement from the ring, was called upon to "prevent the championship of England from being held by a foreigner," or as Pierce Egan oddly calls the American nigger 'a Moor'. Poor Pierce's geography was sadly con-

fused, and the term "the Moor" occurs—perhaps from some jumbled reminiscences of *Othello*, in his stage readings—in a hundred places in his work as a favourite epithet for the States' black whose ring career we are now tracing. Molineaux had now once again to enter the lists with the Champion, which he did on the 28th September, 1811, at Thistleton Gap, Leicestershire, where, after a desperate battle of less than twenty minutes, he fell before the conquering arm of Cribb. See p. 256, *ante*.

The losers who have, according to the proverb, "leave to grumble," were loud, in speech and in the press, upon the depressing influences of prejudice, jealousy, envy, and "apprehension" lest "a black should win the championship." Very natural is all this, and would be so again; but nothing unfair was ever substantiated. Pierce Egan thus sums up (vol. i., pp. 367-370), which we condense in quotation.

"It was this prejudice, a disheartening one to bear up against, that Molineaux, by never even approaching to unfairness, and by the exercise of a manly forbearance in critical situations, was called on to remove; he could not help seeing the applause and cheering were decidedly on the part of the Champion; in fact, the man of colour experienced from the bulk of the spectators a very different reception, occasioned by the extreme anxiety of the friends of Cribb for the safety of his honour and renown; for his sable opponent was truly formidable. These observations, nevertheless do not pluck a single leaf from his well-merited laurels; but impartiality must supersede every other consideration. It would be absurd to say that Molineaux underwent anything like a regular training; on the contrary, he indulged himself to excess—without a patron, he had to range from town to town, to support himself by exhibitions of sparring, and entering into all the glorious confusion of larks and sprees that might present themselves; while far different was the position of the Champion. Placed under the immediate direction of Captain Barclay, and secluded from the world at the estate of that gentleman in far Scotland, his condition was in the finest possible tone, his mind cheerful, and he felt confident that every chance was in favour of his success. Molineaux, in spite of his undoubted high courage, laboured under considerable depression; wherever he went he was unpopular; which circumstance was considerably heightened upon his public appearance to face his antagonist. His constitution, too, was by no means so good as in the former contest: but his efforts were tremendous and terrible, and for the first few rounds of the battle the flash side trembled for the result."

Molineaux about this period entered upon a downward course: the *facilis descensus* was fully exemplified. He quarrelled with all his best friends,

scorned advice, and declared himself on all occasions, especially when maddened with liquor, an ill-used man. A street fight with Power, in which Molineaux had the best for seventeen minutes' roughing, is recorded in "Boxiana." However his fame and name were a passport to money-getting, and he started on a provincial tour, to gather the silver of gaping rustics, who would pay willingly to see the man who fought the Champion twice.

Molineaux was also a pretty good wrestler, and displayed great activity and powers at the Exeter meeting of July 27, 1812, where he entered himself for the public prize of ten guineas, but received a dreadful fall from John Snow, of Moreton.

We find the following paragraph in the *Leicester Mercury*, of Feb. 3rd, 1813 :

"Jay, the pugilist, has challenged Molineaux to fight at any notice he may please, but Blackee remains both deaf and dumb to this challenge, as he did to Cribb's immediate acceptance of a vaunting challenge to him. The champion promises him a love-dressing for his bounce, if he could be prevailed on to come to London."

To which Molineaux replied,—

LEICESTER, *February 10th*, 1813.

"I, the said Molineaux, do declare that I never received any challenge, but through the medium of your print; but I am ready to fight Jay at any place within the county of Leicester, for a sum not exceeding £200, if accepted within one month of the above date. In opposition to that part of the paragraph which relates to Cribb, I do declare that I sent him a challenge within two months, but I have received no answer; my friends being mentioned in the challenge, who would back me to any amount; and that I have never received any challenge from Cribb since I last fought him.

"N.B. Letters left at the Post Office, Leicester, will be duly attended to.

"The mark of X THOS. MOLINEAUX."

We will now refer back to the all-important and absorbing event of our hero's second contest with Cribb, from which eighteen months elapsed before Molineaux met with a competitor in Carter, a Lancashire man, though he repeatedly challenged all England. This match, however, went off for a time, owing to Richmond, his erewhile patron, "guide, philosopher, and friend," issuing a writ against him and taking him to a sponging house upon a *ca. sa*. This is now a bit of antiquated law for which our fathers smarted, and for which the young "Templars" may refer to their "Reader," while we congratulate *our* reader that John Roe and Richard Doe are defunct, and no more "seize the body until the debt is satisfied."

Richmond was now at war to the knife with Molineaux, and made a match for Carter to fight his late protégé for 100 guineas, on Friday, the 2nd April, 1813, when the men met at Remington, Gloucestershire, six miles from Banbury, at the junction of four counties. That there was a doubt about the honesty of this fight, the subjoined extracts from contemporary papers will

show:—"Previous to the battle, the articles were read over to the combatants, in which it was stated that the winner was to have a purse of 100 guineas—when Carter stepped up, inquiring what the 'loser was to have!!!' Richmond, who was his second, gnashed his teeth and shrugged up his shoulders; Bob Gregson, his friend and patron, tremblingly alive as to the event of the contest, and flattering himself that Lancashire would prove proudly triumphant on this occasion, animatedly exclaimed, 'Jack, never talk of losing, boy—thee must win, the chance is all in thy favour!'"

As we have already said Richmond seconded Carter, with Cooper as his junior counsel; Joe Ward and Bill Gibbons held briefs for Molineaux. Six to four, and in some instances three to one, were betted on the black. We regret to say that the only report we can discover of this battle is that by Pierce Egan, which, with some necessary pruning of slang and corrections of ungrammatical phrases must serve, *faute de mieux* :—

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—It was the opinion of the most experienced pugilists that such a set-to was never before witnessed; one "was afraid, and the other dared not," and two minutes were trifled away in this sort of caricaturing, when Carter touched Molineaux on the mouth, who gently returned it. They closed, and the man of colour was thrown. It would be absurd to detail by way of rounds any more of this worst of fights, though we readily admit that Carter was the best man after the battle began, and continued so throughout the fight. Molineaux was wretched in the extreme, and at one time bolted from his second, and had it not been for Colonel and Captain Barclay, he would never have returned to the scratch, he wished so much to get away. At another period he was down on one knee, and with both hands laid fast hold of the ropes, and being hit in this situation, he roared out lustily "Foul!" but he was given to understand that, by the laws of boxing, no one is considered down "without having both knees on the ground, with either one or both hands also." In the fifteenth round he was so terrified that, upon being driven to one corner of the ring, he cried out lamentably, "Oh dear! oh dear! murder!" a little previous to which, he declared Carter "had bit him in the neck!" and soon afterwards he repeated, "there, he has bit me again!" and it was with great difficulty Joe Ward could persuade him that it was the knuckles of Carter, and not his mouth. This the once brave competitor of the champion! impossible! Could he have thus degenerated? Twenty-five rounds occurred, in which coaxing, persuading, drugging, and threatening, were resorted to, in order to make the man

of colour perform something like fighting. But to the great astonishment of all the spectators, when Molineaux was dead beat, Carter fainted, and dropped his head as he sat on the knee of his second. With all the exertions of Richmond, it seems, he could not arouse Carter from his lethargic state, and he thus lost the battle in not coming to time. His fame, it is urged, was not only tarnished from this circumstance, but even his integrity called into question. The above battle created universal dissatisfaction.

Poor Bob Gregson, agitated beyond description at seeing Lancashire (as he considered) thus trampled on with disgrace, went up to Carter, exclaiming, "Jack, Jack, what be'st thee at? get up and fight, man!" But Bob might as well have sung psalms to a dead horse. Carter, some little time afterwards raised his head, feebly observing, "Stop a bit! stop a bit!" And whether by accident, design, or with an intent to conclude this farce in style we are not in the secret to unfold, but a disciple of Esculapius stepped up, and in the twinkling of an eye pulled out his lancet, and bled Carter, to the great astonishment of his friends and the spectators in general; thus preventing, even had any inclination remained on the side of Carter to have renewed the fight. The latter's clothes had hitherto been preserved, during the fight, in the chariot of a man of distinction, but who, it is said, was so disgusted with the scene before him, that he instantly ordered them to be thrown out with disdain and contempt. In once more taking a slight view of the man of colour, whatever certainty there might have been of Molineaux being a sound man at the

core, it is strongly urged that if his heart had been a good one, he must have won the first battle with the champion; however, be that as it may, since that period he has been dissipated to excess, completely gone off in

constitution, and broken winded. One improvement appeared to have taken place: he was more temperate in setting-to, but he did not like to face his man, and it required no small ingenuity to get him into the ring.

POETIC RETORT

Between a "Town" and "Country Amateur" at Oxford; or, in the phrase of the day,
Between a "Johnny Raw" and a "Knowing One!"

*On witnessing Carter faint away when he had won the battle, but who contrived to lose the purse,
in his contest with Molineaux.*

Says Jack to Bob, "Look, poor Carter's hipp'd!"

"Hipp'd, be d——d!" cries Bob, "the R——'s tipp'd!"

"No, no," quoth Jack, "they put in too hard pats:"

"Put in," echoes Bob, "they've put in—the flats!"

With this specimen of "the historian's" style we dismiss the affair of Carter and Molineaux. We shall hear more of the so-called "Lancaashire hero," when we come to the life of Tom SPRING in the next Period.

Molineaux once more started on a tour, extending it this time to Scotland, where he exhibited sparring in the principal towns. The black, like most of his race, had a childish propensity for gaiety, and a strong passion for dress, was amorously inclined, and devoted himself by turns to Bacchus and Venus. Of course the Black Samson met with many mercenary Dalilahs, and—

"Plung'd
In general riot, melted down his youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before him."

With dress of the best quality and fashion, the man of colour soon appeared a swell of the first magnitude. Maintaining, then, the highest secondary rank as a boxer, he dashed about regardless of future consequences to his milling fame. Pleasure was the order of the day with him, and the stews tended not only to ease him of his cash, but soon undermined that overwhelming power and pluck so conspicuously displayed in his terrible combats with the mighty Cribb. The consequences of such a line of conduct need be scarcely dwelt on; the iron-frame of the black soon seriously felt the dilapidating effects of intemperance. Yet, notwithstanding this visible falling off, Molineaux with all the drawbacks of enervating excess, was not to be beaten off hand, and none but a boxer of more than common skill and strength seemed likely to accomplish this task.

Fuller, a clever and well-informed man, who had beaten Bill Jay, and whose character for science and game entitled him to every consideration, fancied he was able to contend with this renowned milling hero, and the amateurs of Scotland, in order to facilitate a match between them, entered into a subscription purse of 100 guineas, to be fought in a forty feet ring.

Early in the morning, on the day appointed for the above trial of skill to be decided, Friday, the 27th May, 1814, at Bishopstorf, Paisley, Ayrshire, the fancy were in motion. Numerous vehicles of all descriptions were seen rattling along the road to the scene of action, and scampering pedestrians out of number, to witness the novelty of a prize-mill in Scotland. Some thousands of spectators formed the ring, and upwards of one hundred carriages belonging to gentlemen were upon the ground. Molineaux was seconded by Carter, and Fuller had the veteran Joe Ward and George Cooper. Five to four on the black. At one o'clock the ceremony of shaking hands was performed, and the men set-to. Both the combatants displayed good science, but the blows of Fuller, although he put in several with much dexterity, appeared more showy than effective. However, on Fuller's planting a desperate ribber, Joe Ward ironically observed, that "if he continued to hit his man so hard, they should all be baulked, and the fight be over too soon." The battle had continued only eight minutes, when the sheriff of Renfrewshire, attended by constables, entered the ring, and put a stop to it in the fourth round. Both the combatants appeared much chagrined, particularly Molineaux, who vauntingly declared, "had he foreseen such an interruption, he would have finished off his opponent before the arrival of the sheriff." The man of colour, it seems, was so confident of victory, that previous to the fight, he betted five to two he drew first blood—this bet he won; and also two to one he floored Fuller first—the latter was not decided. Fuller expressed himself ready to settle the matter the next day, but Molineaux insisted the fight should not take place till the following Tuesday.

The above arrangement was agreed to, and on Tuesday, May 31, they again met at Auchincux, twelve miles from Glasgow. Fuller was attended by Ward and Cooper, Molineaux by an Irish sergeant, of the name of Hailward, assisted by a private. The umpires were Captain Cadogan and Mr. George Stirling, and in case of any dispute, Mr. Graham, of Guntmaux, as the referee. This battle is without parallel. There is nothing like it in the annals of pugilism. It is thus described by the veteran Joe Ward, from whom the account given in "Boxiana" was gathered, and which we here reprint:—

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Fuller displayed some good positions, and convinced the spectators that he was a scientific boxer. His guard was firm and imposing, and he seemed confident of success. They sparred a considerable time, with good skill, before any punishment

was exhibited; at length Fuller, by a tremendous hit, drew the cork of his antagonist. Molineaux, upon the claret making its appearance, became rather impetuous, and attacked Fuller fiercely; but the latter stopped with much adroitness, and gave

some heavy nobbing returns. A desperate rally now took place, during which severe milling was dealt out on both sides; the men broke away, and again resorted to sparring. Fuller's nose was much peppered, and the crimson flowed abundantly. In short, this unprecedented round was filled with rallies, recoveries, retreating, following each other alternately round the ring, stopping and hitting with various success, and both exhausted by turns, till at length Molineaux was levelled by a tremendous blow, and the round finished after a lacer of twenty-eight minutes.

2.—To describe anything like the various changes which occurred during this set-to would fill the space of an ordinary report of a whole fight. Suffice it to observe, that almost every "dodge" of the milling art was resorted to, from beginning to end. The skill, practice, and experience of both the combatants were made use of to the best advantage. Fuller proved himself a boxer of more than ordinary science and game. Molineaux was convinced he had got a troublesome customer to deal with, who required serving out in a masterly style before he could be satisfied. In fact, the strength of the man of colour seemed materially deteriorated as compared with his former exhibitions, when he used to hit his men away from him, and levelled his opponent with the most perfect *sang froid*. The severe blows of Fuller, who stuck close to Molineaux, made him wince again. The Black

appeared much exhausted from the great portion required to give, and heartily tired of what he had to take. The claret was liberally tapped on both sides, and as regarded Fuller, stauncher game was never displayed by any pugilist whatever. Upon the whole, it was a truly singular fight, and the people of Scotland witnessed the most unique specimen of English prize-fighting. In sixty-eight minutes two rounds only had taken place.

The contest terminated in rather a singular manner. Molineaux asserted that "Joe Ward had behaved foul, in pulling Fuller down, when he was much distressed, and had been beaten all over the ring in a rally; and that this prevented him from putting in a decisive blow." The umpires decided it was so, and the purse was accordingly awarded to Molineaux. The latter did not appear anything like the once tremendous competitor of Cribb; on the contrary, instead of going boldly up to his man, he was always shy, and tried to win by tiring out his man. Molineaux fought at the head, Fuller at the body. Notwithstanding the supposed falling off of the man of colour, it was considered great temerity on the part of Fuller to enter the lists with Molineaux. The conduct of Fuller in this fight gave such general satisfaction, that a purse of 50 guineas, which had been subscribed for at the match between Cooper and Carter, in consequence of that battle not taking place, was presented to Fuller.

Molineaux now attracted great attention in Scotland, and a match was at length made between him and George Cooper, a boxer of superior talent. On the 11th of March, 1815, these first-rate heroes of the fist met at Corset Hill, in Lanarkshire. In twenty minutes Molineaux was defeated. (See life of GEORGE COOPER, *post*, Chapter IV).

Intemperance was the ruin of Molineaux; and, it would seem, that within a brief period his fame had become so tarnished, that every strong commoner entertained an idea that he could serve out the once formidable man of colour, as the following anecdote will evince. During Molineaux's provincial tour of 1813, he visited Derby, to give the natives an exhibition of his milling accomplishments. The competitor of Cribb was well attended, and several Johnny Raws had the temerity to have a taste with the Black; but these, possessing little more than strength and courage, soon found themselves inadequate to contend against the science of Molineaux, and therefore wisely laid down the gloves. Not so a country pugilist of the name of Abraham Denston, possessing Herculean strength, and the stature of a giant, added to which his fame was well abroad in these parts for milling, in which none dared to oppose him. Abraham had rather "crept into favour with him-

self," and entertained an idea that, with the mufflers, he should be able to serve out the nigger in style, and increase his renown as a miller. Great things were expected from the countryman; and considerable interest was excited among the spectators on their setting-to. But, unfortunately for Abraham, he had calculated somewhat too hastily upon his great size and strength, and two rallies with the Black were quite enough to convince him of his error. Molineaux punished the chaw-bacon most severely for his self-conceit, and, with one of his favourite left-handed lunges, gave him such a remembrancer under his left eye, that the claret flew in all directions, and the big 'un found his way to the ground, saluting it roughly with his seat of honour. The conceit of Abraham now evaporated, and he hastily retired amidst the laughter of the audience.

From Scotland, Molineaux went on a sparring tour into Ireland; and at the latter end of the year 1817, he was travelling over the northern parts of that country, teaching the stick fighting natives the use of their fists; an accomplishment which might save many a jury the trouble of a trial ending in a verdict of manslaughter or even of murder. But the sun of his prosperity was set; and according to an obituary sketch (given in the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. ii., p. 230, 1818), he was dependent for bare existence on the humanity of two coloured compatriots, serving in the 77th regiment then quartered at Galway. He expired in the band-room of that regiment, on the 4th of August, 1818, a wasted skeleton, the mere shadow of his former self. For the last four years he strolled about the country. Intemperance, and its sure follower disease, brought down the once formidable gladiator to a mere anatomy, and he latterly declined to fight the oft-defeated and gone-by Dan Dogherty. Molineaux was illiterate and ostentatious, but good tempered, liberal, and generous to a fault. Fond of gay life, fine clothes, and amorous to the extreme, he deluded himself with the idea that his strength of constitution was proof against excesses. Alas! poor Molineaux found out the vanity of his conceited boast, and repented, but too late, his folly. Peace be to his manes! he was a brave but reckless and inconsiderate man, on whose integrity and straightforwardness none who knew him ever cast a slur; nevertheless he was the worst of fools, inasmuch as he sacrificed fame, fortune, and life; excusing himself by the absurd plea, that "he was a fool to no one but himself."

CHAPTER III.

BILL RICHMOND—1804—1818.

QUOD the biography of this clever man of colour, we may safely follow "Boxiana," seeing that he was a contemporary of Pierce Egan, who took his accounts, for better or for worse, of what happened outside the circle of his knowledge from one or other of the men whose memoirs are scattered fragmentarily up and down the five volumes of his "Sketches."

Richmond was born at a place called Richmond, otherwise Cockold's Town, on Staaten Island,* New York, on August 5th, 1763. His mother was owned by a reverend divine of the name of Charlton, to whose worldly wealth young Bill was of course an accession. When the English troops, in 1777, held New York during the War of Independence, General Earl Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, finding Bill to possess good capacity took him under his protection, and he served him for some time till he came to England, whither he brought the sable youth with him, and considerably put him to school in Yorkshire. Nor did the English nobleman stop here. He apprenticed him to a cabinet maker in York, where he worked at his trade with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers. Richmond, however, had the childish and nigger propensity for fine clothes and the service of a "gran' massa," and as black servants were the fashion of the day, he became what in the prevailing slang was called a "knight of the rainbow," taking service with that very "fast" nobleman Lord Camelford, as Pierce Egan incidentally informs us.

The first display in the pugilistic art which brought Bill into notice was with one George Moore, a soldier in the 19th regiment, known by the name of Docky Moore, who insulted Richmond upon the course at York, during the time of the races. This Docky before his enlistment had been known as "the hero of Sheffield." He was well proportioned, possessing considerable

* Pierce Egan makes it "Sturton" Island in this and other places.

strength, and the necessary requisites for milling; in height five feet nine inches and a half, and weighing fourteen stone. The friends of Richmond persuaded him from attempting to fight with such a man, Bill only weighing ten stone twelve pounds; but he was not to be deterred, and the event proved his judgment, for in the course of twenty-five minutes, our hero punished Docky so completely that he gave in, and was taken out of the ring.

On the same course, not long after the above affair, in a quarrel arising out of the former exploit, Richmond beat two soldiers, one after the other, belonging to the Inniskillen dragoons.

Richmond's milling qualities getting noised abroad, a few of the Yorkshire lads who had a bit of fight in their composition, envied his success. One in particular, a blacksmith weighing thirteen stone, and in height about five feet ten inches, took the following method of provoking Bill to have a brush. Richmond was noticed in York for going smart, and appearing clean after he had done his work. Bill met this hammer-man one evening, as he was taking a walk, who openly insulted him with opprobrious epithets. Our hero remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his behaviour, and told the blacksmith that if he wanted to fight him he should be accommodated at the Groves the next morning, on which they agreed to meet, when the son of Vulcan was quickly satisfied, and acknowledged Richmond the best man.

Richmond, in passing through the streets of York one evening, with a female under his protection, was accosted by one Frank Myers, with the epithets of "black devil," etc, who otherwise insulted the young woman for being in company of a man of colour. Bill, with a becoming spirit of indignation, requested him to desist for the present, but to meet him at the Groves on the next Monday morning, when they would settle this difference (this circumstance happening on a Saturday night), to which Myers agreed. This affair of honour being buzzed about, a great concourse of people assembled early the next day to witness the conflict. Richmond was there at the appointed hour, but after a considerable time, Myers not making his appearance, the spectators became impatient, and it was judged expedient that Richmond and his friends should repair to the house of Myers to remind him of his engagement. Myers returned with them, and the battle commenced, and raged with fury for some time, Myers getting the worst of it, and eventually Richmond taught him to acknowledge that it was wrong, and beneath the character of an Englishman, to insult any individual on account of his country or his colour. Myers received a complete milling.

Richmond's first public set-to in London was with a whip-maker of the name of Green, in the fields near White Conduit House. Phips Me!



BILL RICHMOND.

From a Portrait by HILLMAN, 1812.

seconded Richmond, who got the whip-hand of Green in such good style, that in ten minutes he cried—enough!

Thus far Pierce Egan, whose apocrypha we will now quit.

After the battle between Pearce (the Game Chicken) and Joe Berks, on Wimbledon Common, Jan. 2³rd, 1804 (see life of PEARCE, *ante*, p. 170), George Maddox having disposed of Seabrook in three rounds (see the account of this cross in life of MADDOX, *ante*, p. 208), our sable hero expressed to his master (Lord Camelford) his opinion that he could polish off "the veteran." A stake, amount not mentioned, was immediately posted. "Old George, nothing loth, declared his readiness. But the new black turned out a 'duffer,' George hitting him down the third time with a crack under the left eye, which so completely queered his ogle that he gave out."*

On Tuesday, May 21, 1805, Tom Cribb, having beaten the ponderous Israelite "Ikey Pig," the tribes were in desolation and mourning. At this juncture a Jew known as fighting Youssof (Joseph), came forward, like another Maccabeus, to do battle in honour of his peoplesh, but not with the same success, and "See the conquering hero comes," was not sung that night by the Israelitish virgins of Rosemary Lane or Duke's Plashe. Here is the report: "The ring being cleared, one Youssof, a Jew, who turned out to be more ready than able, stepped forward to redeem the valourous character of his fraternity, when a match was proposed for him in Bill Richmond, the American black, for which a purse of ten guineas was soon collected. The Jew accepted his opponent; they stripped, shook hands, and set-to without loss of time.

"The battle was well contested, neither man flinching from his work, or falling without a knock-down. For the first and second rounds Youssof showed off his dexterity, and this superiority he particularly displayed in the third round, when he stopped Richmond neatly and followed him up till he drove him nearly out of the ring. He did not, however, seem to mark or hurt his man. In the fourth round Richmond improved, and following up his opponent in turn gave him several desperate blows in the face, sadly to the disfigurement of the Mosaic countenance. Youssof gave way altogether, and at the close of the sixth round declared, like Ikey Pig, 'He'd have no more of it.' Richmond accordingly was proclaimed the conqueror, and pocketed the stakes."

This battle raised Richmond's credit as a pugilist, and he soon received a

* This is the newspaper report. Pierce Egan, in his diffuse life of Richmond, passes it over entirely, until he comes to Richmond's victory (in August, 1809) over Maddox, when he alludes to it as "turn-up five years previously."

challenge from "Jack Holmes," the coachman,* who on the 30th of January, in the preceding year, had been conquered by Tom Blake (Tom Tough), see *ante*, p. 235. Here is the report:—

"Mr. Fletcher Reid, the firm supporter of pugilism, backed Richmond for 50 guineas, Mr. Peter Ward patronised old Jack Holmes. They met at Cricklewood Green, a short distance from Kilburn Wells, where a twenty-one foot ring had been roped out, on Monday, July 8th [1805]. Paddington Jones seconded the black, and Tom Blake picked up his old antagonist the coachman. About twelve o'clock the men stripped and began the set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Holmes stood up well, and appeared in excellent condition for an old 'un. Much sparring, no good hits.

2.—Both rallied smartly, but no falling.

3.—Richmond put in a good hit, but fell. (Odds two to one in favour of Holmes.)

4, 5, and 6.—Nothing interesting in these three rounds.

7.—An excellent round. Richmond was very gay and full of fight; some good blows exchanged.

8.—Holmes began to puff, and appeared distressed in his wind. (Bets, nevertheless, three to two on Holmes.)

9.—Some sparring. Richmond put in a severe blow, and cut his opponent under his right eye, and Holmes fell.

10.—No fighting; the men closed, and both fell. (Betting had now become even.)

11.—The best round during the battle; both fought well and rallied. Richmond terminated it by bringing down his opponent heavily.

15.—Very poorly contested. Holmes could hardly puff wind enough to support himself, and he also appeared weak.

16.—No fighting. The men closed and fell, Richmond uppermost. (Odds had now changed three to one in favour of Richmond.)

To the 24th—All hugging rounds, Holmes upon the saving system.

25.—Richmond appeared in high spirits, fought well, and evidently had the advantage.

26.—Decisive. Richmond stepped in and immediately knocked Holmes down, and, although with great reluctance, he was obliged to give in.

The contest lasted thirty-nine minutes.

Among the amateurs and professors there were Mr. Fletcher Reid, Hon. Berkeley Craven, Thomas Sheridan, Esq., Mr. Upton, John Gully, Jem and Tom Belcher, Bill Ryan, Fuss the Jew, Tom Cribb, Jack Ward, and Dan Mendoza.

On the 8th October, 1805, at Hailsham, Sussex, Richmond met Tom Cribb, for a stake of 25 guineas. He never dared to face his man, and after a wretched merry-andrew burlesque of an hour and a half gave in, see TOM CRIBB, *ante*, p. 246.† This affair seems to have taken the conceit out of Mr. Richmond, for he only appears as a ring attendant and follower until 1808, a period of nearly three years, when we have an account (on April 14, 1809),‡ of his beating "a countryman named Carter from Nuneaton, near Birmingham, on Epsom Downs." As this is given on no other authority, that we can discover, than that of Pierce Egan, we quote him *ipsisimis verbis*:—

* Jack Holmes was for many years a well known public character. In "Fistiana" he is described as beaten by Tom (Paddington) Jones in 1786. This was another Holmes, not "the Coachman." The latter's only recorded battles are, that with Tom Tough (Blake), and that with Richmond reported above.

† "Boxiana" says, in an undated and unplaced line and a half, "Richmond now entered into an unequal contest with Tom Cribb."

‡ This is a blunder in "Boxiana" (if ever the battle did take place), for 1808, and is so corrected in "Fistiana."

"Carter was much the strongest and a heavier man than Richmond; and who in a turn-up with those heroes of the fist, Jem Belcher and Jack Gully, had convinced them both that he was no trifter; and now having expressed his fancy for a mill with Mr. Richmond, Bill without hesitation informed Carter that he should be accommodated with a trial of skill. Paddington Jones and Bob Clarke seconded Richmond. Upon setting-to the odds were seven to one against the man of colour, and in the fourth round the odds ran so high against Richmond, that twenty to one was sported that Carter won the battle, and ten to one that Bill did not come again. This great odds was occasioned by a severe blow that Richmond received on the side of his head, that rendered him nearly senseless; but Bill soon recovering from this momentary disadvantage, showed off his science in such good style, that in the course of twenty-five minutes, Carter was so punished as to resign the contest. Immediately upon this being declared, Richmond jumped over the ropes, and caught hold of a man denominated China-eyed Brown, threatening to serve him out (if he had not been prevented), as it appeared that Brown had loudly vociferated, during the time Richmond was suffering from the effects of the above blow, that Bill had got a white feather in his tail! Richmond was patronised upon the above occasion by Sir Clement Brigg, Bart."

We next have upon the same authority, "In seconding a baker a few months after the above circumstance, near Wilsden Green, a man of the same trade, weighing close upon seventeen stone, challenged Richmond on the spot, when a turn-up commenced, and in about two minutes the baker's dough was so well kneaded, that he would have no more of it at that time; offering to fight Richmond for £50 in a month, which was agreed to by Bill, and two guineas put down to make the bets good before that period; but the baker, it appeared, preferred losing his two quid than submitting his overgrown carcass to the punishment of Richmond.

"Bill fought a man of the name of Atkinson, from Banbury, at Golder's Green, near Hendon, a bargeman, for a subscription purse; it was a good fight, but in the course of twenty minutes Atkinson was perfectly satisfied the chance was against him, and acknowledged that he was beaten." "*Boxiana*," vol. i. 443-5.

It does not appear from Richmond's next legitimate match after his defeat by Tom Cribb, that our sable friend's prowess was in very high esteem, for his next battle, Tuesday, April 11, 1809, was fought for ten guineas, at Coombe Wood, near Kingston, with "one Isaac Wood, a waterman," who has no other chronicle in the chronologies but this black defeat. However,

Pierce answers negatively for his "not being unacquainted with science," and his "determined spirit." The contemporary report is as follows:—

"At one o'clock the combatants arrived in post-chaises; a twenty-five feet ring was immediately formed, and at half past one the heroes entered, and set-to; Richmond seconded by Jones and Bob Clarke, and Wood by Tom Cribb and Cropley.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—A little sparring. Richmond threw in a left-handed hit on his opponent's jaw. Wood rallied, but was thrown. (Odds seven to four on Richmond.)

2.—Wood hit; Richmond parried, and returned right and left. The men closed, and both fell.

3.—A good round. Wood rallied; some good hits exchanged. Richmond displayed great superiority in science, and again throw his opponent. (Odds two to one in his favour.)

4.—Richmond made play, and successfully planted a right-handed hit. Wood attempted to rally, but Richmond parried both right and left, when Wood was so much abroad, that he was milled round the ring, and thrown over the ropes. (Odds four to one on Richmond.)

5.—Wood made play, and rallied courageously. Hits exchanged at half-arm for half a minute, to the advantage of Richmond, who closed, and threw Wood again.

6.—Wood's head now appeared dreadfully disfigured. Richmond rallied, but Wood evinced great weakness and fell.

7.—Both rallied, and Richmond throw Wood.

8.—Somewhat in favour of Wood. Rich-

mond made a false hit. Wood struck twice, and then threw him.

9.—Richmond, in making play, slept.

10.—Both stood up manfully, and hit at full length until both fell.

11.—In this round Wood displayed good bottom, but no science. An excellent rally. The men closed, and Richmond fished Wood until he was covered with blood, and both fell weak.

12.—Wood appeared as though he had exerted his last effort in the last round. Richmond threw in three successive blows in the face, rallying him to the ropes, when he gave a somersault over him.

14.—In this round Richmond threw his opponent.

15.—This round, although not the last, was decisive. Richmond again put in three successive hits on the head. Wood attempted, but was evidently unable to return, and Richmond threw him. Wood with great courage, but evident disadvantage, stood up to the

23rd.—When Richmond again brought him down, and he was unable to come to time. Richmond was very little hurt.

Another battle was fought between Frere and Power, which in twenty-five minutes was decided in favour of the latter, who possessed the greatest science.

Richmond had always suffered in reputation from his first display with "the veteran" Maddox, and anxious to retrieve his credit, he was continually carping at the "old 'un," and proposing matches. George, who was brave as a lion, at last agreed to risk his established reputation, and 100 guineas of his backer's money, to accommodate his old antagonist, and on the 9th of August, 1809, in his 54th year, was defeated as hereafter reported. The battle was fought at Pope's Head Watchhouse, on the coast between Margate and Reculvers.

"A twenty-seven feet ring was formed with ropes, and the heroes, without loss of time, entered and set-to; Maddox seconded by Gully and Bill Gibbons, and Richmond by Bob Clarke and Jack Ward. At setting-to odds six to four on Maddox.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Maddox went in as usual with great gaiety; Richmond stopped him, and planting two successful blows on the neck, brought him down.

2.—Maddox rallied, and threw his opponent over the ropes.

3.—An excellently contested round, in which Richmond displayed great superiority, both in science and strength, and after good fighting threw his aged adversary with a force which astonished every spectator.

10.—Maddox evidently fought at great disadvantage, but stood up courageously. (Odds were now changed in favour of Richmond four to one.)

The bravery of Maddox, however, spun

out the battle for fifty-two minutes, and he displayed as much game as, perhaps, ever was seen. Within a few minutes of the termination of the contest, when quite blind, he was on his knees, and by a sudden effort he sprung up, and holding Richmond round the neck with one hand, continued to deal out some tremendous hits with the other, but nature was at length exhausted, and he fell.

George was liberally rewarded for his prowess by a subscription. This was the battle which the Right Hon. William Windham eulogised in a speech in Parliament, which we have quoted already at pp. 90, 91.

Richmond, having thus “fed fat his ancient grudge,” appears merely as a second in several leading events. Having quarrelled with Power, when seconding “Uncle Ben” (Burn) against Dogherty (see BEN BURN in Appendix), the following turn-up took place, of which we find the record in “Pancratia,” p. 334-5. We extract it as a specimen of the state of society, which, with all our advocacy of legitimate pugilism and a fight in its proper time and place, or when necessity and self-defence compel it, we should be sorry to see restored.

“On May 1st, 1810, a large party of amateurs and pugilists, amongst whom were Gully, Jackson, Richmond, Dogherty, Cribb, and Tom Belcher, dined at the Castle (then called Bob’s Chophouse), in Holborn. After the cloth was cleared, several sporting theatricals being present some capital songs were sung, and the bottle circled freely. Some excellent sparring was then exhibited by some of the first professors, and at length it was agreed that a subscription purse of £20 should be made by the company present, and immediately fought for by young Cribb and Dogherty. Tom Cribb seconded his brother, and Richmond, who is handy on all occasions, seconded Dogherty; betting even. Cribb displayed great gluttony, threw in some excellent hits successfully, and often rallied and beat away the superior science of his opponent; but at the end of an hour, being quite exhausted, gave in, when Dogherty was declared the conqueror. Both combatants were several times hit off their legs.

“By the termination of this battle, Power, who was originally intended to have contested with Dogherty, but could no where be found, came in, and another purse was subscribed to the same amount for him and Richmond. An honourable baronet and Cribb seconded Richmond, and an amateur Colonel and Bill Gibbons, Power.

Richmond having seconded the preceding battle for an hour, set-to with great disadvantage, and for the first round had the worst of it, but, as every amateur might have expected, his science gave him the best of the remainder. Richmond excels in hitting and getting away; and Power, who is a resolute fighter, was continually boring in upon his opponent, and this sort of game always gets a man the worst of the battle with such an opponent as the black. By this system Power was completely beat in a quarter of an hour. He was frequently hit twice in the face in a second, and frequently brought down by a favourite left-handed hit of Richmond's, who, on the other hand, received no other injury throughout the battle than a slight blow in the face. Forty shillings out of the purse consoled Power for his bad fate; and Richmond sat down to his wine £18 richer, and with the amateurs toasted fighters and fighting till three o'clock in the morning."

Richmond now became a publican, at the Horse and Dolphin, in St. Martin's Street, and as he was a shrewd fellow, his house was well frequented.

Richmond acquired considerable notoriety from his patronage of Molineaux; and, so far as we can learn, his generous behaviour to that pugilist, who came to him an entire stranger, destitute of friends or money, received an ungrateful return. It is certain Molineaux was indebted for that patronage and attention which he afterwards received from persons of distinction, to his introduction by Richmond.

Richmond, after the contest between Molineaux and Carter, April 2, 1813, challenged either of them for £100.

Five years had nearly elapsed since Richmond had exhibited in the P.R., when, to the astonishment of many, he declared his intention of contending for the first purse of 50 guineas, given by the Pugilistic Club, at Coombe Wood, on Tuesday, May 3, 1814. Everything was conducted with appropriate attention congenial to the patronage bestowed upon the occasion, which was much more conspicuous than hitherto. The members of the club were dressed in their uniform (blue and buff); and those persons who were appointed to clear the outer ring wore dark blue ribbons in their hats, to designate their appointment, tending to prevent any sort of confusion, because, at other times, men so acting have been challenged with officiousness. The stakes and ropes were entirely new, and upon the former the initials of the club (P.C.) were painted. Three ropes went round the ring, which was twenty-four feet. Davis, a fine, tall, powerful, young, athletic navigator, had thumped his way into notice, by serving seven or eight customers with tolerable ease; his weight was twelve stone ten pounds, and

his age twenty-four years. The veteran man of colour, who dared him to the conflict was twelve stone two pounds, and in his fifty-second year! Davis entered first; he threw up his hat, bowed to the spectators and was well received. Richmond soon followed, paid the like attention and was equally applauded. Their seconds now began to perform their office, Joe Ward and Dick Whale for Davis, and Tom Belcher and Bill Gibbons for Richmond. It was a sunny day, and the toss for the shady side was won for Richmond. A few minutes after one the set-to commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—From the well known science of Richmond, and his peculiar forte of hitting and getting away, considerable interest was excited. Davis being under the guidance of the veteran Joe Ward, it was presumed by the fancy that the navigator would be made aware to the dangerous mode of his antagonist, and be on the alert not to be cut up and spoiled before his powers could be fairly brought into action. Davis did not want for confidence; he made a good hit with his left, which was stopped by Richmond, who also returned right and left, but without material effect. Davis, anxious to make a beginning, and full of vigour, followed up his man, and planted a smart hit on Richmond's temple with his right, which knocked him down instantly. (Betting took a lift, and seven to four was loudly vociferated upon Davis.)

2.—Spirited exchanges, and some heavy blows passed. Richmond drew the cork of his antagonist; nevertheless, the man of colour was again levelled. (Two to one was sported upon Davis, in the exultation of the moment, by his friends.)

3.—Richmond began to show off the mastery of the art; milling the nob of his antagonist severely, and getting away; Davis, with much resolution, bored in, when, after closing, both went down, Richmond undermost.

4.—Richmond rallied in fine style, and with his left hand put in a most tremendous blow, which irritated Davis so much, that he suffered his passion to get uppermost, and rushed in furiously, but, his distance being short, Richmond went down from a slight touch of the mouth. Davis bled profusely.

5.—The skill of Richmond in this round burst forth so conspicuously, that the doubtful were satisfied of his superiority. Confident in himself, and with science and courage united, he nobly opposed a rally, and got away with uncommon dexterity, punishing the head of Davis most terribly at every retreating step. The navigator, in pursuing, threw nearly all his blows away, when Richmond, quite unexpectedly stopped short, and planted so severe a teaser on the

mouth of Davis that sent him quickly on the grass. (Even betting.)

6.—Davis, from the severity of the last hit, was unable to gain any advantage over Richmond, who again took the lead in high style, milling and dropping his antagonist.

7.—The manner of Davis was much altered, and he appeared distressed. His temper forsook him, and he still kept boring after Richmond, who milled him in every direction, and at length put in so tremendous a blow upon his jaw, that, in his confusion, he made blows without any sort of direction, till he hit himself down under the ropes.

8.—Davis, in a rally, hit Richmond slightly on the mouth; the latter kept punishing his adversary severely, and getting away. In closing, Richmond went down.

9.—The inferiority of Davis was apparent. In science he was by no means competent, and his strength was much reduced by the skill of his opponent. Richmond continued his retreating system with great success, and put in so weighty a blow under the ear of Davis, that he was instantly down.

10.—This round was of little importance; the men closed and fell, but Richmond undermost.

11.—Richmond completely spoiled his antagonist. Davis was going in to smash the Black in haste, but met with such a stopper right in the wind that completely changed his course: he reeled again. Davis now closed, and endeavoured to throw Richmond, which he accomplished, fell upon his latter end, his head rolling towards the ground, distressed beyond measure.

12.—Had Davis possessed the strength of a giant, it must have been exhausted by the mode in which he fought. Notwithstanding the severe remembrancers he had received in the preceding rounds, he had gained no experience from them, but still kept following Richmond all over the ring, hitting wide and losing himself. The Black kept punishing, but received nothing; retreating, retreating, and retreating again, and at almost every step made woeful havoc on the nob of his adversary, completely showing the spectators what might be accomplished by science.

tific movements. At length he suddenly made a stand, and, his distance proving correct, with his right hand hit the mouth of Davis with such uncommon severity, that he went down like a log of wood. (Numerous betters, but no takers.)

13.—It was plain that Davis was nearly finished; he appeared stupid, and his efforts were feeble. Richmond put an end to the combat by sending him partly under the ropes. Davis could not come again.

Upon Richmond's being declared the conqueror, he leaped over the ropes, which were nearly five feet in height, with the agility of a tumbler. He received little hurt, except a blow on the temple, and a slight touch on the mouth. On the contrary, Davis was so dreadfully punished that he was supported off the ground. The battle continued twenty minutes. Richmond remained on the ground during the sports of the day, without inconvenience from this conflict.

It was scarcely imagined, from the advanced age of Richmond, that he would ever fight any more prize battles; and upon a battle being announced between the man of colour and the navigator, Tom Shelton, great surprise was manifested by the amateurs at the vast disparagement between them; the latter pugilist being little more than half the age of Richmond, and possessing all the advantages of youth, strength, and science. It, however, created so great an interest in the sporting circles, that on Tuesday, the 1st of August, 1815, upwards of ten thousand persons assembled on Moulsey Hurst to witness the trial of skill. Oliver and Painter seconded the veteran nigger, and Cribb and Clarke waited upon Shelton. It appears this battle originated in a quarrel between the combatants; and so strongly did it operate on the feelings of Shelton, that he positively refused to comply with the usual custom of shaking hands with his opponent previous to their setting-to. But upon the champion's declaring he would instantly quit the ring if he did not, Shelton laid hold of Richmond's hand, and the fight commenced, the odds being six and seven to four on the man of colour.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Shelton, from his eagerness to be at work, missed his adversary in making a blow, and Richmond also hit short; but the man of colour soon planted a severe blow with his left hand, when Shelton, with great readiness, damaged one of Richmond's poppers so sharply that the claret was seen trickling down his face. Shelton, full of resolution, fought his way into a rally, which was well contested, and the navigator was thought to have the best of it. Richmond went down from a hit. (The betting immediately changed, and even was the order of the day.)

2.—Richmond, anxious to return the favour he had received, planted a hit so clean and dexterously upon Shelton's mouth, that the claret followed, like drawing the cork of a bottle. Shelton positively appeared electrified, and went down like a log. (Two to one offered upon the man of colour.)

3.—The right eye of Richmond was terri-

bly puffed. Shelton had the best of the rally, and his aged opponent went down.

4.—The veteran was all alive, Shelton showed good science, but seemed determined that nothing less than downright milling should go on; he made a good right-handed blow. Richmond missed a desperately aimed hit at his adversary's ear, which was attributed to the bad state of his own eye, and in closing, got down in an easy style.

5.—The navigator got into work successfully, and felt for Richmond's head and body not very delicately; but the man of colour again touched him on the sore place of his mouth. The advantage of this round was evidently with Shelton, and he sent his opponent down. (The odds now rapidly changed, and two to one was loudly offered upon the navigator.)

6.—Richmond found that no time was to be lost, and to win in anything like his usual style the fight must soon be taken out of his

adversary. He, with much judgment, planted a tremendous blow with his right hand upon Shelton's nob, who instantly went down.

7.—Both combatants on their mettle, and reciprocal punishment. The man of colour went down. It was altogether a good round, and a sharp rally took place.

8.—The passion of the navigator at length prevailed over his judgment, and he went in furiously, regardless of the consequences. This conduct rendered victory almost certain to Richmond, who planted so desperate a blow on his opponent's throat that he went down almost senseless.

9.—Richmond set-to with increased confidence from the success of the last round, but, after a short rally, in closing, both down.

10.—Shelton, full of pluck, attacked his opponent with much gaiety, when Richmond got down from a slight blow.

11.—Richmond appeared the fresher man of the two; but little execution on either side. (The odds, however, were upon Richmond.)

12.—Shelton slipped on setting-to, and went down.

13.—The man of colour seemed well assured of his own superiority. He hit Shelton right and left so tremendously, that he went down in a twinkling. The partisans of Richmond thought it quite safe, and offered, without hesitation, two to one upon him.

14.—The discretion of Shelton was now at an end, and he was furious in the extreme. He completely bored Richmond off his legs.

15.—Richmond, in making a hit, overreached himself, and went down.

16.—Richmond was again on the grass.

17.—This round was decidedly in favour of Richmond, who not only milled, but threw his adversary.

18.—It was distressing to see the punish-

ment Shelton brought upon himself, from the rushing system he pursued. The right hand of the man of colour was at work like a sledge hammer.

19.—The combatants soon fought their way into a sharp rally, when Richmond made some good hits and got down.

20.—Richmond went down rather unsatisfactorily, and some marks of disapprobation were expressed; but the umpires did not deem it worthy of attention.

21.—The man of colour now completely satisfied the spectators of the advantages of hitting and getting away; and this destructive system, to an adversary who will suffer himself to be decoyed by it, was completely exemplified by the dreadful punishment Shelton received. Some murmurings occurred about a foul blow; but the umpires did not stop the battle. (Any odds upon Richmond.)

22.—It was plain that Shelton could not last much longer; he went down from a heavy blow upon one of his eyes.

23 and last.—Richmond now had it all his own way, and, with the utmost *sang froid*, planted so tremendous a hit upon Shelton's temple, that he went down. The effects were so severe that he appeared quite stunned, and when "time" was announced, could not quit the knees of his second. The battle continued twenty-nine minutes and a half. Richmond, elated with the success of victory, jumped out of the ring.

By this victory the man of colour added another laurel to his wreath; and although he did not escape without some punishment, he won the battle in good style. Shelton's impetuous passion completely ruined him; and it was observed by a noble lord that Richmond was "a most extraordinary man, for the older he grew the better he fought!"

This was Richmond's last regular appearance in the P. R., yet his rooms in Whitcomb Street, Haymarket, were highly patronised by the nobility and gentry; and about this period Lord Byron became acquainted with him, as may be seen in his lordship's *Life and Journals* edited by Thomas Moore. His athletic form, though fast approaching threescore years of age, his civility, self-control, and temperate habits, compelled the respect of all who knew him; and that "still beneath the snow of age slept the fire of youth" was well proven by a casual affair, in which the veteran man of colour was involved by the violent conduct of Jack Carter, then known as the "Lancashire Hero," and aspiring to the championship of England.

The latter pugilist had lately returned from the Continent, intoxicated by the applause he had received at Aix-la-Chapelle, and he had "crept so much into favour with himself," that he annoyed several companies he went into with

his vast prowess, and his challenge to fight any man in the world. This conduct he carried to such excess on Thursday evening, November 12, 1818, at a respectable tavern in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, that the company rose in a body and put him out of the room by force. The degradation of being thus ousted, raised his choler that he roared out, "Is there any one among you dare face Jack Carter?" Richmond, who was present, answered that he did not fear him, whereon Carter defied him to a bout, and a turn-up commenced, *sans ceremonie*, in the yard belonging to the house, where three bustling rounds took place. The report is from "Boxiana."

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Science was not much in request. A few random hits, however, were exchanged. In closing, Carter endeavoured to weave the man of colour, and, in going down, Richmond had the worst of the fall. Carter held Richmond so fast, that his friends were obliged to pull the man of colour away; in the struggle the buttons of Richmond's coat were floored. Upon the Lancashire hero getting up, the claret was seen trickling over his mouth.

2.—This round was full of bustle; in fact, it was pummelling and hugging each other; but Richmond was not idle, and had the best of it till they went down.

3 and last.—This was the quietus; and the man of colour was not long in putting in the *coup de grace*. Carter seemed confused, when Richmond planted one of his desperate right-handed hits (for which he was so distinguished in the ring) upon Carter's upper works, that not only loosened his ivories, but produced the claret, and floored the late hero of Aix-la-Chapelle like a shot. He laid stunned for a short period, when, once more feeling the use of his legs, he exclaimed, "I've been finely served out this evening."

Thus ended the skirmish, and Carter retired, weeping over the stupidity of the fracas and folly of intemperance. "Oh that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

Richmond returned to his company to finish the evening with the utmost nonchalance over his sober heavy wet, with no other damage but knocking up his right hand a little.

Richmond was an active, excellent second, and, from his temperate mode of living, preferring exercise to wasting his time or injuring his constitution by a too frequent repetition of the charms of the bottle, obtained the character of being a good and steady trainer, and, notwithstanding the defect in one of his knees, excelled as a cricketer.

In concluding this sketch, we cannot omit stating of our hero that in private life Richmond was intelligent, communicative, and well-behaved; and, however actively engaged in promulgating the principles of milling, never so completely absorbed with fighting as to be incapable of discoursing upon any other subject; in fact, he was rather facetious over a glass of noyeau, his favourite wet with a swell, and endeavoured to gain his point by

attempting to prove that there is more certainty in his preservation of bodies (in allusion to his method of training) than either the cobbler or parson have in their taking care of the "soles!" He had much more to say than many who style themselves "amateurs," but was never known to be so deficient in eloquence as when Molineaux experienced defeat. His experience in life taught him to be awake to the tricks of it, and there were few subjects upon which Richmond was not capable of conversing. It could never be denied that he "wore a head;" and although its colour did not prepossess the million in its favour, yet the liberal part of mankind will acquiesce with Desdemona, that "the visage" may be often best "seen in the mind!"

Richmond may be pointed to as one of the men who never lost sight of the situation in which he was placed in society. In the elevation of the moment, he always bore in mind that, however the Corinthian fancier may connect himself with milling, there are times when he has a different character to support, and must not be intruded upon. Would that many of our white-faced boxers would take a hint on this point from Bill Richmond, the Black.

Thus respected and supported lived Bill Richmond, till the universal visitor, grim Death, gave him his final summons, on the 28th of December, 1829, at the house now occupied by Owen Swift (the Horse-shoe Tavern), Titchbourne Street, Haymarket, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.



CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE COOPER—1812-1825.

THE pugilistic position of George Cooper at one period placed him in the very first rank. He was a pupil of Paddington Jones, and afterwards a particular favourite with Bill Richmond, who declared him "the best natural fighter" he had ever met with.

Cooper was a native of Stone, in Staffordshire. His height, five feet ten inches; his weight, twelve stone. On the other hand, his constitution did not come up to his other qualifications. He trained badly; and, being a temperate man, seemed really better in his *physique* when left alone than when subject to systematic diet and discipline. In fact, George Cooper, as Captain Barclay most expressively termed it, "trained off," instead of "on."

Cooper's first appearance in the prize-ring ropes was on the 15th of December, 1812, at Combe Warren, with Harry Lancaster, for a subscription purse of 85 guineas. On this occasion George was seconded by his tutors, Paddington Jones and Bill Richmond; Lancaster was waited upon by Jack Lancaster and Cropley. From the superior boxing capabilities of Cooper, the contest was over in seventeen minutes and a half. Lancaster had, however, not only the length of his opponent, and equal weight, but possessed the advantage of standing over him. Lancaster commenced milling with much gaiety, and endeavoured to nob Cooper in a sharp rally, but the latter stopped his onset with great neatness, and ultimately floored him. In short, throughout the fight, Harry had but little chance of success, although he planted several severe blows on Cooper's head. The steadiness of Cooper, the excellent use he made of both hands, the science he pourtrayed in stopping, and the quickness and severity of his returns, were the admiration of all present. Lancaster could not once take the lead, and retired from the ring with heavy marks of punishment.

Cooper derived considerable fame from this first attempt, and he was next matched as a competent competitor for Tom Oliver, for a subscription purse,



GEORGE COOPER.

at Moulsey Hurst, on May 15, 1813. It was a truly determined battle (see life of TOM OLIVER, Period V.), and at one period of the fight, his superiority was so great, that it was thought almost impossible for Cooper to lose it; however, one tremendous blow defeated him. The victory seemed as it stolen from Cooper, so nearly did it appear within his grasp.

Cooper now entered the lists with Jay, on the termination of the battle between Painter and Oliver, at Shepperton Range, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, 1814, for a purse of 25 guineas, given by the Pugilistic Club.

On the first appearance of Jay, at Rickmansworth, when he defeated Fuller, it was thought that he bade fair to obtain a high position on the roll of pugilistic fame. His unquestionable strength, firmness of position, and severity of hitting, were great traits in his favour; and, even in his second contest with Fuller, when he experienced a reverse of fortune, and was compelled to yield to superior science, he claimed respect for his great gameness. In the hands of Cooper, however, Jay appeared a mere commoner, and few traces of his former milling were visible. In the short space of eight minutes he was punished out of all conceit of himself and the purse, declaring he had had enough, while Cooper retired from the ring with scarcely a scratch on his face. The spectators were completely astonished at the finishing qualities of Cooper. It should, however, in fairness, be stated that Jay felt so much depression at his defeat by Fuller, that he took no care of himself, and was never afterwards in anything like condition to enter the prize ring.

Shortly after the above battle Cooper went to Scotland, where he opened a school for teaching the art of self-defence. At Edinburgh, in particular, his conduct was much praised: it not only gained him many patrons and backers, but his school was well attended.

A match was proposed between Cooper and Carter for £100 a-side, both being at Edinburgh; but it went off in consequence of the bad state of health of the former. It was generally supposed that this would have proved a fight of great equality.

The patrons of pugilism, anxious to witness a prize-battle in Scotland, entered into a subscription purse for that purpose, to be fought for by Cooper and Molineaux. This mill took place at Corsethill, Lanarkshire, March 10, 1815. Early in the morning the fancy were on the alert, and not a drag or a nag was to be had in Edinburgh by nine o'clock. Thousands pedestrianised it before daylight, so as to arrive in time, and numbers, it seems, went on a wrong scent and sailed for Inchkeith. At half-past twelve Cooper and Molineaux appeared in the ring, and at fourteen minutes before one, shook

hands and set-to. Oliver and a Yorkshireman seconded Cooper; and Joe Ward and Richmond picked up Molineaux. Six to four on the black.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Silence prevailed, and the Caledonians appeared anxiously interested to witness the opening attack. Considerable sparring took place, both being aware of the milling talents possessed by the other. Molineaux commenced offensive operations right and left, and Cooper, in return, put in a sharp bodier, but, in slipping, received a hit which sent him under the ropes.

2.—Milling without ceremony, and both the combatants on their mettle. Molineaux planted a sharp nobber, but received for this favour two tremendous rib-roasters, that made him wince again and gasp for breath. Some blows were exchanged; in closing, both down.

3.—Molineaux, with the most determined spirit, kept fighting at his opponent's head; while Cooper directed most of his blows at the body. Some heavy hits passed, and, in a desperate rally against the ropes, the claret was first observed upon Cooper; however, the round was finished to his advantage, for he hit the man of colour through the ropes. (Seven to four upon Cooper.)

4.—Molineaux appeared at the scratch rather distressed from the last round. Cooper, full of gaiety, took the lead, and floored Molineaux in grand style. (Two to one on Cooper.)

5.—The superiority of Cooper was conspicuous. He stopped the fury of the Black with skill, nobbed him at will, and again hit the man of colour down. (Any odds on Cooper.)

6.—Molineaux was growing weak. Cooper having the best of him, eventually put in a tremendous fauer, which floored the Black like a shot.

7 to 9.—In all these rounds the best of the fighting was decidedly on the part of

Cooper. Molineaux was hit down every round.

10.—The Black, still determined, rallied Cooper against the ropes, and some hard fighting followed; but Cooper planted so desperate a blow on his opponent's body, that he went down quite rolled up, his head falling against the stake.

11.—Molineaux, despite his defects and falling off, astonished the ring from the gallant manner he fought this round. Some terrible exchanges of blows were witnessed, when the Black again rallied Cooper to the ropes. In closing, Molineaux was severely fibbed, but broke from his antagonist cleverly, and ultimately floored Cooper by a heavy blow upon his face. From great exertion, however, Molineaux fell exhausted. This rather reduced the odds.

12.—Cooper appeared at the scratch eager to finish the Black, whom he nobbed repeatedly, and completely hit off his legs. The man of colour was sick, and brandy was given him to recruit his declining spirits. (Any odds, but no takers.)

13.—Molineaux was sent down as soon as he toed the scratch.

14 and last.—The Black could scarcely leave the knee of his second, and, upon meeting his man, he was again floored. The battle was thus at an end, twenty minutes only having elapsed.

From the superior style of Cooper in this battle, he rose high in the opinion of the Scotch fancy, and, on this occasion, he entered the ring in good condition. Molineaux trusted principally to his weight and length, neglecting any preparatory care of his health, so that the right-handed body blows of Cooper proved irresistible. The tourney was well conducted, and afforded a high treat to the northern admirers of boxing.

A few months after the above battle, while on a sparring tour in Ireland, a match was made between Cooper and Dan Donnelly, the champion of Ireland, which took place on the Curragh of Kildare, on the 13th December, 1815, as noticed in the memoir of Donnelly. Cooper, after a desperate struggle, was defeated. The advantages of size and weight were much on the side of Donnelly.

In June, 1816, Cooper returned to England, when it was expected a match would have been made between him and Harry Harmer, but, in consequence of not meeting with a customer of any description, he once more directed his steps towards his patrons in Scotland, where he was again well received and

liberally patronised. He was at length matched with Robinson (a man of colour) who had gained considerable notoriety from two contests with the Lancashire hero, Carter—particularly the latter one, a match against time (half an hour)—although defeated in both instances. The Caledonian fanciers, like the metropolitan high-bred swells, were all in motion at an early period to witness this black and white game, and an unusually strong muster of amateurs of all pedigrees, from the laird of broad acres to the more humble “bonnie chiel,” were seen “trotting along the road,” so great was the anxiety to view these heroes of the “London ring” exhibit their acquirements in self-defence. Considerable betting took place previous to the fight; but whatever opinions might have been entertained by the patrons of pugilism in Scotland respecting the milling qualities of Robinson, it should seem the more experienced ones in England viewed the match in question as a certainty, and booked it Cooper must win in style. They asserted that Robinson had no peculiar boxing trait to rely upon, nor even a shadow of chance, except from superior strength. Anticipation, in this instance, was justified by the event; for Robinson was beaten off-hand, with the same ease that Cooper disposed of Jay.

On Monday, the 24th of February, 1817, the men entered the ring, at one o'clock, attended by their respective seconds, in a twenty feet ring, at Costerton Houghhead, about fourteen miles from Edinburgh, for a purse of fifty guineas

The style of Cooper proved a perfect treat to the Scotch admirers of boxing. His superiority was evident upon lifting up his hands, and putting himself in attitude; before the first round was finished all the spectators were perfectly satisfied what must be the result of the battle. It would be superfluous to detail the minutæ of the rounds, short even as they proved, being only seven in number. Robinson, in the hands of Cooper, appeared no more than a fresh-caught novice,—indeed, George treated the capabilities of the man of colour with the most mortifying contempt; punished him severely in all directions, put in hits on every part he aimed at, and concluded every round so finishingly as to receive loud and repeated applause. Poor Robinson could only stop his opponent's blows with his head or carcase, and only in one instance did he make anything like a successful return. He was floored every round; and it was universally admitted, that if Cooper had possessed that primary requisite for a fighting man, sound stamina, he would have been an equal competitor for anything either upon the Scotch or English list. From this elegant display of Cooper, the gentlemen composing the fancy, both south and north of Carlisle, felt anxious to back him against

any one of his weight. It was remarked as somewhat curious, that Oliver beat Cooper, and Carter defeated Oliver; and again, Cooper conquered Molineaux, and Molineaux proved the victor in his contest with Carter.

Cooper, from the union of his superior practical knowledge of the art of self-defence and civil deportment, rendered himself an object of attraction in Scotland. As a teacher, he was well patronised; and, in consequence, fixed his residence for a time in that part of the kingdom.

Cooper, not meeting with any professional adversaries in Scotland or England, thought he might as well endeavour to pick up a little blunt in foreign parts; but whether George received his mission from the Champion, Tom Cribb, who took the chair* at the meeting to take into consideration the propriety of sending representatives of the fancy to "Congress," we have not been able to ascertain.

" 'Gemmen,' says he—Tom's words you know,
Come, like his hitting, strong but slow—
'Seeing as how those swells that made
Old Honey quit the hammering trade
(All prime ones in their own conceit),
Will shortly at the Congress meet—
(Some place that's like the Finish, lads,
Where all your high pedestrian pads
That have been up and out all night,
Running their rigs among the rattlers,
At morning meet, and, honour bright,
Agreed to share the blunt and tatters!)
Seeing as how, I say, these swells
Are soon to meet, by special summons,
To chime together, like 'hell bells,'
And laugh at all mankind as rum ones,
I see no reason, when such things
Are going on among these kings,
Why we, who're of the fancy lay,
As dead hands at a mill as they,
And quite as ready after it,
To share the spoil and grab the bit,
Should not be there to join the chat—
To see at least what fun they're at—
And help their Majesties to find
New modes of punishing mankind.
What say you, lads, is any spark
Among you ready for a lark
To this same Congress?—Caleb, Joe,
Bill, Bob, what say you?—yes, or no?"

Of course we have a right to suppose that Cooper, Carter, and Gregson, were among the "Ayes," on this motion of the Champion's, as appears from the following account:—

"In the Great Hall, at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cooper, Carter, and Gregson, in the month of October, 1818, exhibited before Prince Metternich, Prince Charles of Prussia, the Prince de Solms, and a number of Russian and

* See Tom Moore's Poem, "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress."

Prussian general officers and foreign noblemen, who repeatedly cheered the 'assaults' between Carter and Cooper, and Gregson and Carter." These heroes also went to Liege, in their way to Cambray and Valenciennes, and thence to Paris.

The following is a literal translation of their advertisement, which appeared in a French paper, published at Aix-la-Chapelle :—

"MM. Carter (Champion of England), Cooper, and Gregson, the first English boxers, being now at Aix-la-Chapelle, have the honour of informing the public that, on Wednesday, the 7th of October, 1818, at eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon, and on Thursday, at the same hours, they will exhibit two grand sets-to, in boxing, in the Hall of Vieille-Redoute, rue Compesbad, in this city.

"They have had the honour of exhibiting themselves before the first personages in Europe.

"Price of admission 5 francs each.

"N.B.—Messrs. Carter and Gregson at the same time offer their services to those amateurs who wish to be instructed in their art. Terms: 5 francs per lesson, 20 francs entrance."

THE ORIGINAL IN FRENCH.

"MM. Carter (Champion d'Angleterre), Cooper, et Gregson, premiers boxeurs Anglais, se trouvant à Aix-la-Chapelle, ont l'honneur d'informer le public qu'ils donneront, le Mercredi, 7 Octobre, 1818, à 11 heures du matin et à 3 de l'après-midi, et Jeudi, aux mêmes heures,

"Deux grands Assauts de Boxe,

dans la salle de la Vieille-Redoute, rue Compesbad, en cette ville.

"Ils ont eu l'honneur de représenter devant les premiers personnages de l'Europe.

"Prix d'entrée cinq francs personne.

"N.B.—Messieurs Carter et Gregson offrent en même temps leurs services aux amateurs qui voudraient se faire instruire dans leur art, à raison de cinq francs par leçon, sauf à payer 20 francs l'entrée."

The editors of continental papers, then, as now, knew very little of the principles on which British pugilistic contests are conducted. In one of the Paris journals the following description of the pugilists at Aix-la-Chapelle, is given :—

"AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Oct. 8.—Yesterday there was a grand exhibition made by the English boxers. This hideous spectacle attracted but few spectators. The two champions, built like Hercules, and naked to their waists, entered the lists, their hands guarded by huge wadded gloves. One might imagine that he beheld the ancient athletic games of Greece and Rome. After a severe contest, one of the boxers, more adroit than his rival, struck him so violent a blow on the breast that he fell, and victory was thus decided."

On Cooper's return to London, a benefit was given him at the Fives Court, but no customer offering to enter the lists with him, he left the metropolis for Edinburgh. The heroes of the ring viewed Cooper with considerable jealousy, and murmured much at his having the court granted to him, observing that he went about sparring, and such a privilege as a benefit at the Fives Court should only be granted to fighting men. In reply to this ill-natured assertion, Cooper urged that no one would fight him.

A few months after the above-named benefit Cooper again visited the metropolis, when he quite unexpectedly had a tremendous turn-up with a new black, under the following circumstances, to which the remarks already made on the affair between Richmond and Power are equally applicable. We condense from "Boxiana:"

For the purpose of making a match between Oliver and Dan Donnelly, a sporting dinner was got up, among a select few, at Tom Oliver's house, in Peter Street, Westminster, on Tuesday May 11, 1819. The head of the table was graced by warriors. both naval and military, whose country had felt and has acknowledged their services. At the bottom, the gay little Scroggins was placed in the chair, supported on his right by Spring, Donnelly, and Cooper; on his left appeared Turner, Oliver, and Carter. The latter was in mourning for his recent defeat by Tom Spring, at Crawley Down. On the removal of the cloth, the "gaily circling glass" was passed round with bumpers; and the patrons of pugilism and pugilists, were toasted with due spirit. Things were going on in this pleasant manner, when Oliver entered, and informed the chairman that a gemman of colour was below, and wished to be introduced to the company; but having "no card," to send up in due form, he begged it might be announced that "Massa Kendrick, of St. Kitt's, by way of dessert, offered his services to any of the milling heroes present." The chairman, with the concurrence of his friends, agreed he should be accommodated, and ordered him to wait, and hold himself in readiness. Donnelly was asked if he would take the job in hand for ten guineas, but he seemed to think that the first essay of the Champion of Ireland ought not to be hid in a room, and that the prize ring only would satisfy the amateurs at large, and prove suitable to his own character. This objection was considered valid. Carter said he could "lick all the blacks," and was anxious to put the blunt into his pocket, but it was thought somewhat too early for him to have another combat. A noble lord requested Cooper to give them a "taste of his high quality," but the latter did not wish to soil his mawleys for less than a purse of 25 guineas. Scroggins now begged to be heard, saying "as how, if Cooper fought this here black, he being such a good fighter, it would not last five minutes; whereas he would do it for the ten quid, and with him and Massa it must prove a sporting fight" (bravo! and laughter). In the true sportsmen's style, a handicap purse was made, and the £26 5s. of soft, etc., was produced on the table in a twinkling. The purse being ready, tables, glasses, decanters, and the good things of this life, were removed with the celerity of a pantomime transformation, and a clear stage and fair play announced. Everything being

ready, Massa Kendrick was introduced. He grinned with delight at the thought of the 25 guinea prize. He was a tall, bony, athletic chap, possessed a furious nob, young and strong, about 13 stone weight, and by no means deficient in pluck. He proved to be the same man who threatened, at Randall's benefit, to mill all the "big ones," at the door of the Fives Court, and attacked Richmond in the street. He was told if he won he would have 21 guineas, and if he lost, four. "Berry well," replied the sable champion, "see how him'll win it." The man of colour was seconded by Carter and West Country Dick; Oliver and Donnelly attended upon Cooper. Betting now commenced in this little circle of first-rates, and ten to five was offered upon Cooper. A gentleman, whose conduct upon all sporting occasions has been the theme of panegyric, held the watch. The fight commenced about eleven o'clock, p.m.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On setting to the Black looked formidable; but, in the opinion of the amateurs, from the well known excellence and finishing qualities of Cooper, it was thought a few rounds would completely satisfy the ambitious spirit of Massa. The Black, however, rushed in and hit Cooper, and in closing, had the latter down, and undermost.

2.—Massa made play, and hit Cooper hang in the head. In closing, some slight milling occurred, and both down, Massa undermost.

3 to 8.—The Black got some ugly props, but he would not be denied, and rushed in; both down every round.

9 to 11.—In the last named round, Cooper put in a rare stopper on the head, and had Massa undermost.

12 to 14.—Massa hit Cooper down in the first and last of these rounds. "It's not so safe," was the cry; the courage of Massa excited some interest, and procured him friends.

15 to 26.—In all these rounds the Black appeared a troublesome customer, and the narrowness of the room gave him the advantages of rushing in and getting Cooper down. The latter put in some good hits, but the courage and fighting of the Black were not reduced, in fact, six to five was offered upon Massa.

27 to 30.—It was evident the powers of Cooper were under the influence of wine. His fine science was not seen; his heretofore desperate hitting not witnessed; and the rushing blows of the Black, at times nobbing him, Cooper went down very weak.

31 to 34.—The right hand of Massa was continually at work, and he punished Cooper considerably about the head. This last round was severely contested. Cooper could not get his distance to make a hit, the Black

bored so much upon him. The claret was now running down Cooper's face; he, however, got a turn, and sent Massa down.

35.—Cooper made some hits; but the Black sent him down.

36 to 40.—In some of these rounds Cooper planted a few hits, but they were not effective. The Black disregarded them and took the bottle to drink. Cooper fell from a blow much exhausted. Some long faces were to be seen; indeed, so confident were some of the amateurs present, that Cooper was backed at odds that he won it in a quarter of an hour, but these bets had long been decided. The Black was now taken, that Cooper did not beat him in fifty minutes.

41.—The Black put in a tremendous smasher on Cooper's nose, the claret appeared, and he went down distressed.

42 to 50.—Massa was yet strong; and the encouragement of "Bravo!" and "The Black must win it," and "I'll have the Black for £100," gave him greater confidence; and he not only continued rushing, but had the best of it. He hit Cooper down severely.

51 to 53.—These were sharp rounds, but Cooper could not turn the chance against him, and great alarm was felt by his friends that the man of colour would ultimately triumph. Both down.

54.—The Black was severely thrown.

55.—Massa confidently went up to his opponent and paid away with his right hand. Some sharp exchanges followed; but Cooper received so severe a nobber, that he fell down and turned on his face. The Black was now decidedly the favourite.

56.—Cooper had scarcely been seated on the knee of his bottle-holder ten seconds, when a gentleman who had backed Massa,

called out, "Time, time." The umpire, with much animation, demanded to know his reason for so doing, as well as pointing out to him the impropriety of such conduct. It caused no further interruption. In closing, Cooper was down.

57 to 60.—In one of these rounds Cooper was heavily hit down. The cognoscenti were utterly astonished; and the pugilists present could scarcely believe that the scientific Cooper was fighting. A novice, completely unknown to the ring, was positively getting the best of him, and, to all appearance, winning the fight. "What are you about, Cooper?" was the cry.

61.—Cooper, it appeared, could not get away; but he now drew back, and with his right arm met Massa right in the middle of his canister as he was furiously coming in, and the Black was felled. "That's the way to win it, Cooper!"

62.—The fumes of the wine were slowly evaporating, and the film removing from Cooper's eyes. In fact, he appeared to recollect himself, and mentally to exclaim, "Cooper's himself again!" The last nobber seemed rather to have spoilt the Black's distance, and he now hit short. Cooper again canistered him, and the eyes of Massa rolled with astonishment. It was a small touch of electricity, and the Black was not proof against the shock. In closing, both down.

63 to 65.—Cooper's quality now began to peep out a little; and Massa appeared not quite so lively, from the severe hits he had received in these rounds. The Black did not relish this change in his fortune; and he indicated to his seconds something like "enough!" Both down.

66.—The Black made a miss, and napped a facer; he missed again and again, and his nob paid for it. The campaign had now

changed, and "Cooper for £100," was the cry.

67.—Massa was hit down.

68.—Cooper began now to recover the use of his arms, and he exerted them to some purpose. The Black was met at every point, and finally sent down.

69 and last.—The Black still showed fight; but got such a bodier, besides punishment upon his upper works, that when time was called he did not answer the sound, and victory was declared in favour of Cooper. Massa tried to leave his second's knee, but dropped exhausted. The Black did not show much punishment, except one of his eyes, which was rather damaged; but Cooper was heavily damaged about the head. It occupied an hour and five minutes.

REMARKS.—The Black was certainly a troublesome customer, and weighed above a stone heavier than his opponent. Indeed, the event was doubtful for a long time; but, in all probability, had the combat taken place in the ring, and with the advantages of training, Cooper would have made a short reckoning of it. It should be recollected, Massa came prepared, and Cooper was taken by surprise from the table, late in the evening, and primed with wine. Massa put on his clothes, received the four guineas, and walked home. The Black hit well with his right, and it was thought this turn up might have led to a regular match, Massa being rather fancied by some of the amateurs present, who urged that if he was sent out to nurse, his victualling office put into commission, with the advantages of patronage, and the improved effects resulting from training, he might then be capable of making a good stand against any one of his weight. The previous fame acquired by Cooper suffered considerably by this hasty combat.

The Black, although defeated, gained a few friends; and a purse of £50 was offered to be given to Cooper and Kendrick to have a ring fight; but the former, much to the surprise of the sporting world, declined it, observing, "It would be of no use to him; it being his wish and intention to fight a boxer of some note, defeating Kendrick would not add to his reputation." This answer was not well received, it being thought by the amateurs, that the £50 would be like a gift to George Cooper. At Shelton's benefit at the Fives Court, on Tuesday, June 22, 1819, the set-to between Cooper and the Gas Man, claimed universal attention. It was fine science against confidence and boring, or, in other words, sparring versus fighting. Cooper stopped almost every hit, and gave Gas some severe nobbers in return. His attitude and mode of setting-to were pronounced beautiful. The man of Gas gave in in consequence of "hurting his hand."

From the superior abilities displayed by Cooper in this glove bout, the

minds of the amateurs were made up decidedly in his favour. It was however, afterwards asserted that the Gas Man "gammoned it."

At the Minor theatre, on Tuesday, May 25, 1819, when Donnelly, Carter, and Cooper, took a benefit, the following circumstance tended to raise the scientific acquirements of the latter still more highly in the estimation of the public.

Upon Randall's appearing on the stage as a spectator, there was a general cry of "Randall, Randall;" and the Nonpareil immediately gratified the wishes of the audience by entering the lists with the accomplished scientific Cooper. From the well-known excellence of both the men, a great treat was expected, and most certainly an extraordinary trial of skill was exhibited. Cooper was extremely unwell; nevertheless, the elegance of his manner, the admirable stops he made, the peculiar style of bobbing his head aside to avoid the coming blow, his fine position, either to protect himself or to give the assault, and his formidable hitting at out-fighting, claimed the admiration and praise of every one present; and much astonishment was expressed how a novice (the Black) could have mauled him so much in their recent turn-up, without he had been "how came you so," indeed. This set-to was also a fine opportunity for Randall to show his pugilistic perfection. He was here opposed to first-rate talents, and he proved himself a Nonpareil indeed. In addition to the superior skill of Cooper, Randall had also weight and length against him. Randall, though not so showy and elegant as his opponent, proved equally effective; he stopped with much adroitness, hit with his antagonist, and put in a little one now and then with a nicety of eye that showed he suffered not the slightest opening to escape him. In the last round, Randall exhibited the severity of his peculiar style of in-fighting, with which the combat closed. Thunders of applause compensated the combatants for their exertions. Such an exhibition of the art of self-defence is not often witnessed; for it is only in placing men of similar talent against each other that interesting exhibitions can be made.

In July, 1819, Cooper, in his cards of address, informed the public that in consequence of his not being able to get a customer, to fill up his time he was giving practical illustrations on the art of self-defence, at his rooms, in Cateaton Street, for a short time, previous to his return to Edinburgh.

A match was now proposed, for £100 a-side, between Shelton and Cooper, but owing to some trifling obstacles it went off for that year, when Cooper, in company with Donnelly, set out on a sparring tour to Manchester, Liverpool, Ireland, Edinburgh, etc.

Early in the spring of 1820, George returned to London, and lost no time in communicating his intentions to the amateurs of once more entering the prize ring. Therefore, on Tuesday, March 7, Cooper appeared at the Fives Court, at Shelton's benefit, when he mounted the stage and thus addressed the audience:—"Gentlemen, I have come from Edinburgh to London, not for the sake of sparring, for I mean fighting, and nothing else (bravo!) I will fight Shelton for from £100 to £200, and give him his own time; and I will also fight any man of my own weight in the kingdom for £50 a-side in three weeks." Shelton immediately accepted the challenge.

This public declaration of Cooper's put him "all right" with the amateurs: and betting commenced briskly upon the event. The match for £100 a-side was made on the Friday evening following, at Shelton's house, the Bull's Head in Cow Lane, Smithfield, to come off on Tuesday, June 27, 1820, in a twenty-four feet ring; a deposit of £20 a-side being put down.

In consequence of Cooper's also giving a challenge to any man of his weight in the kingdom, to fight for £50 a-side in three weeks, a match was proposed to Hickman (the Gas Light Man) to enter the lists with Cooper. Both the combatants meeting at the Royal Tennis Court, at Cy. Davis's benefit, on Tuesday, March 14, Hickman said he had no objection to it, provided Cooper did not weigh more than he did. Upon reference to the scales, it appeared that the Gas Light Man was the heavier by a quarter of a pound. Mr. Jackson guaranteed a purse, the contest was decided upon, and both men went into training.

On Tuesday, the 28th of March, 1820, Hickman and Cooper fought at Farnham Royal, near Dawney Common, contiguous to Stowe House, Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, immediately after Martin and Cabbage had left the ring. The current betting was two to one upon Cooper on setting-to; but, to the astonishment of the good judges, Hickman proved the conqueror in the short space of fifteen minutes. This surprising contest will be found detailed in the memoir of HICKMAN, in Period V.

Notwithstanding this unexpected defeat Cooper satisfied the amateurs that his game was as good as his science; and, as a proof that he had not lost the patronage of the sporting world, his benefit at the Fives Court, only two days after the battle, was well attended. Cooper took the money at the door, his head tied up with a handkerchief, and exhibiting marks of tremendous punishment.

It was whispered about, that in consequence of this defeat the match would be off between Cooper and Shelton, and the £20 down forfeited; but as another proof that George had not lost the confidence of his backers, his

money, £100, was made good with the greatest alacrity. Shelton, however, was the favourite, at six and five to four, and unusual interest was excited throughout the sporting world.

On Tuesday, June 27, 1820, an intensely hot day, the ring-goers, great and small, again had a sporting day. The attraction to that delightful spot, Moulsey Hurst, to witness two such pugilistic stars as George Cooper and Tom Shelton was indeed great. The weather, it is well known, can never deter the thorough-bred admirers of pugilism and life; who among the fancy in those palmy days of the ring, could miss such a treat? or who could deny himself the sight of the bustling scene of life so graphically described in the lines appended?

"To see the Hurst with tents encamp'd on,
Look around Lawrence's at Hampton,
Join the flash crowd (the horse being led
Into the yard, and clean'd and fed);
Talk to Dav. Hudson and Cy. Davis,
(The last a fighting *rara avis*),
And, half in secret, scheme and plan
A trial for Gas Light Man.

"'Tis life to cross the laden ferry,
With boon companions, wild and merry,
And see the ring upon the Hurst,
With carts encircled—hear the burst,
At distance, of the eager crowd—
Oh, it is life to see a proud
And dauntless man step, full of hopes,
Up to the P. R. stakes and ropes,
Throw in his hat, and, with a spring,
Get gallantly within the ring;
Eye the wide crowd, and walk awhile,
Taking all cheerings with a smile:
To see him strip—his well train'd form,
White, glowing, muscular, and warm,
All beautiful, in conscious power
Relaxed and quiet, till the hour;
His glossy and transparent frame,
In radiant plight to strive for fame.
To look upon the clean shaped limb
In silk and flannel clothed trim;—
While round the waist the 'kerchief tied
Makes the flesh glow in richer pride.
'Tis more than life—to watch him hold
His hand forth, tremulous yet bold,
Over his second's, and so clasp
His rival's in a quiet grasp;
To watch the noble attitude
He takes—the crowd in breathless mood;
And then to see, with adamant start
The muscles set—and the great heart
Hurl a courageous splendid light
Into the eye—and then—the Fight!"*

Cooper, since his defeat by the Gas Light Man, had rather lost ground in the estimation of the amateurs; and Shelton was decidedly the favourite, at

* "The Fancy," a selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law.—Pseudonymous.

six and five to four. But the odds were reduced on the night previous to the battle, and the takers had the majority. The Hurst displayed a fine show of the Corinthians. At five minutes after one, Cooper, dressed in a smock frock, entered the ring, and threw up his hat, followed by his seconds Belcher and Harmer. Shortly afterwards Shelton also threw up his hat, he was attended by Randall and Spring. The betting was guineas to pounds.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, Shelton appeared in the highest condition; so careful and attentive had he been to the rules of training, that it was asserted a glass of spirits had not passed his lips for the previous four months. Cooper looked pale, and his backers wished that he had had the advantage of one more week's training; still it was observed that George was never in better fighting trim. On setting to both combatants appeared equally confident. After eyeing each other for about a half minute, and dodging to obtain a good opportunity to plant the first hit; Shelton tried to put in one, two, but without effect. He then followed Cooper close into the corner of the ring (in the style of the Gas Light Man, but without his execution), and after some exchanges, in appearance rather to the advantage of Shelton, both went down in a close, Cooper undermost. (Loud shouting, and "Go along Shelton; that's the way, my boy!")

2.—Cooper, with the utmost dexterity, put in a tremendous hit with his right hand on the ribs of his opponent, and broke away without getting any return. This blow was so terrific as to make Shelton bend like a bow. Cooper repeated the dose, and got away. Shelton now pursued Cooper, and made a hit; but in return received a flooring blow under his left eye, that not only produced the claret, but he turned and fell on one knee. (Cooper's partizans were roaring with delight, "You're sure to win it, George.")

3.—The fine science of Cooper now burst forth, and another ribber was the result, the agony of which was seen in Shelton's face. The latter, however, administered some severe punishment when in-fighting till both went down.

4.—Caution on both sides marked the commencement of this round. The hits were tremendous; but Shelton at in-fighting had the best of it; he also gave Cooper so severe a nobber, that he in turn went round and fell. ("Bravo, Shelton; it's all right.")

5.—Shelton could not protect his ribs, and another dreadful hit upon them was the consequence; he was again screwed up, as it were, and Cooper got away. Shelton,

however, in most courageous style, returned to the attack, and planted a tremendous blow on Cooper's face. Cooper staggered and went down. (Five to three on Shelton, and tumultuous applause.)

6.—The fighting on both sides was excellent, till the men got to the ropes in a close, when fibbing was resorted to by both in turn. Shelton kept punishing his opponent's nob; while Cooper was giving pepper to the body and ribs of Shelton. Cooper, by a desperate effort, jumped up and hit Shelton in the face. Both went down, their nobs exhibiting severe punishment.

7.—The superior fighting of Cooper in this round claimed the admiration, and obtained cheers from all parts of the ring. He not only ribbed his opponent heavily, and broke ground, but stopped Shelton (excellent fighter as the latter showed himself) in a style that astonished the oldest amateur. In closing, both down.

8.—To say that Shelton did not show game of the first quality, or that the bottom displayed by Cooper was not equal to anything ever exhibited in the prize ring, would not be doing these brave fellows common justice. The latter again hit, stopped, and got away cleverly; still Shelton stuck close to his opponent, and made many good stops. At the ropes more fibbing was attempted, when Cooper held Shelton's hands, till both went down. (Well done, both sides.)

9.—This round was truly singular. The counter hits were so dreadful and effective, that both of the combatants were beaten to a stand-still. They hit each other away for about two yards, and were so distressed that they kept their situations, looking at each other, without being able to move forward, or to make a blow. They at length recovered a little, being too manly to go down, and scrambled towards each other to the ropes, when both went down. (Great applause, and "They're out-and-outers," was the general cry.)

10.—This was also a fine manly round. Hit for hit was exchanged till both were quite exhausted, when Cooper went down. Shelton fell upon the latter, with his knees on his chest.

11.—Shelton, as if determined to spoil the fine science of his opponent, set-to so sharply

that he completely out-fought himself, and fell exhausted. ("He's going, George; you've got him." Fifteen minutes had now elapsed.)

13.—Cooper put in a tremendous facon, and got away. Shelton, anxious to lose no opportunity, followed his man, and exchanged some hard blows. Cooper slipped down, but in losing his balance, he gave Shelton a severe nobber. (The odds had now completely shifted, and Cooper was so decidedly the favourite, that two and three to one were offered with confidence.)

13.—It must be confessed that Shelton was a fine fighter; a good hitter with both his hands, and parried in a masterly style; and in this round he showed great knowledge of the pugilistic art. Cooper received a dreadful stomacher, that almost vociferated "Bellows to mend." The latter, however, sparred till he recovered himself. Shelton cleverly stopped a mischievous nobber, and a terrific rally ensued at the ropes; Shelton was so much exhausted, that he almost laid himself down. (Great applause, and "Cooper must win it.")

14.—This round was short, but decisive. Shelton went down like a shot from a blow on the head. The best judge in the fancy, and whose opinion is nearly law, concurred in the general sentiment, that "it was all over." (Three to one a begging, and no customers to be met with.)

15.—Shelton, in the most tottering, pitiable state, reached the scratch. "His face bespoke a heart full sore." The heat was at this time 90 degrees in the shade, and Sol's burning rays seemed positively to pour down liquid heat. Many of the spectators were compelled to quit the ring, to avoid fainting. Let the reader, then, picture to his imagination what must have been the distressed state of the combatants. Cooper was too languid to follow up his success, and the energies of Shelton were spent. A sort of pushing took place, when Cooper slipped down.

16.—Cooper came up to the scratch improved in strength, and had the best of the hitting; in going down, he fell with his whole weight upon his opponent. (The partisans of Cooper opened their mouths, and loudly offered four, and some six, to one, with nearly as much confidence as if the battle had been won.)

17.—Shelton, all but gone, went down quite exhausted.

18.—Cooper's nob exhibited severe punishment, and Shelton, upon commencing this round, appeared a little better. Two heavy counter hits on the head followed, and it was altogether a sharp round. Cooper was completely turned by a hit. In struggling, both down.

19.—After some sharp exchanges at the ropes, on which Shelton was hanging, Cooper might have finished the battle, but he held up his hands and walked away, and Shelton went down. ("Bravo! that's noble.

Who would not respect true courage, and admire the English character?" were the general observations of the ring.)

20.—Shelton recovering; both down in the corner of the ring, and Cooper undermost.

21.—This was a truly desperate round. The men again hit each other away—stood still for a few seconds, but could not proceed; both were too game to go down. Severe fibbing at the ropes finished the round, till both fell. Cooper had the worst of it.

22.—The nob of Cooper was clareted in profusion. He came to the scratch feeble; and, after two or three blows, nearly laid himself down. ("Here's a change!" was the cry, and Shelton again the favourite.)

23.—Cooper was soon down. Shelton, from the lead he had taken in the last three rounds, seemed quite an altered man. He took the bottle out of his second's hand, and drank some water, and, in a scrutinising manner, turned round to look at the distressed situation of Cooper; he seemed, from the smiling state of his countenance, to think that "it was all right."

24.—Sharp work; but Cooper down.

25.—The latter made some good hits, but was sent down.

26.—Cooper getting extremely weak, but his science never deserted him, and he made some hits tell before he got down upon the turf. (Four to one on Shelton.)

27.—This round was completely Shelton's own. Cooper received all the hits, one of which, in the mug, was enough to finish any man in such a languid state; he went down exhausted in the extreme. In consequence of Shelton's commencing this round rather quickly, in the Gas style, Bolcher called out to the umpires to observe that both of the men set-to from the scratch. The umpires immediately attended to the request, and cautioned Shelton. (Shelton for almost any odds, but five and six to one might be had in any part of the ring.)

28.—This round showed the advantages of science in perfection. Cooper was so far gone that he seemed not to have a hit in him. Shelton, like a good fighter, perceiving that the *coup de grace* was necessary, and no danger to be apprehended, from giving it, went boldly in to pepper his opponent, and put an end to his troubles; when, strange to say, the guard of Cooper was so fine, that he parried off all the force of his opponent's blows, till he fell from mere exhaustion. ("Bravo! Cooper; you're an excellent man.")

29.—Shelton made some good hits, but Cooper stopped "beautifully," till he again felt the turf. (Seven to one.)

30.—It was expected another round would finish it, from the exhausted state of Cooper. The latter fought like a hero, but received a fiercer, staggered, and fell. ("It's all up—he can't come again." Ten to one.)

81.—The intense heat of the sun still continuing, so added to the languor of Cooper, that it seemed almost impossible he could appear at the scratch. George, nevertheless, made some hits, and stopped with great skill; yet he got the worst of it, and was sent out of the ropes. (Any odds on Shelton, and "Take him away, he can't win it!")

82.—How fallible is often the judgment of the multitude! Cooper, to the astonishment of every one present, lifted up the ropes with his hand, and came into the ring with but little assistance; while on the knee of his second the "water of life" was administered to him, and produced the desired effect. This was a good round, and Cooper still showed fight and science. Shelton, however, made a right-handed hit on Cooper's face, and immediately afterwards repeated it with the back of the same hand. Cooper went down very weak. Ten pounds to half-a-crown was offered. While Cooper was lying on the ground, and he was ordered to remain in that state by Belcher, Oliver came to the latter, and begged of him to take Cooper away, as he had no chance whatever to win. "Blow my Dickey," replies Tom; "very pretty advice, indeed! What! take a winning man away? Oh, no! we'll leave it all to the cook!"

83.—Cooper showed fight, till both went down. (£100 to £5, and £100 to £3, were offered upon Shelton, so strongly did it appear to some old betting men that Shelton must win it.)

84 and last.—The conclusion of this round operated upon the spectators like a well executed conjuring trick. On setting-to, some little pushing took place, when Cooper appeared as if in the act of going down. Catching the upper rope with his right, he gathered himself well up, and making a firm stand, let fly with his left

hand so dreadfully upon Shelton's mouth, that he instantly fell (slightly touching the stake with his head) upon his side, like a lump of lead. The fight was all out of him. His seconds, Spring and Randall, with the greatest alacrity, dragged him up, as it were, for he had no movement in him. This was a most interesting moment. Cooper sat on Harmer's knee, and as Belcher was wiping him with the handkerchief, half turned round, watching the appearance of Shelton, and with a part of his eye directed towards the umpires and referees, who had all their stop-watches in their hands, waiting for the decisive moment to arrive. The anxiety of Belcher's face was a perfect study, and his fingers had almost involuntarily reached his topker, when "Time" was called; but the game, the gallant, and unfortunate Shelton heard not the sound, and victory was proclaimed for Cooper. It was indeed a proud moment for him. He lifted up his hands and waved one over his head, and left the ring, amidst the cheers of the spectators. The battle was over in thirty-four minutes.

REMARKS.—Cooper proved himself not only one of the finest fighters on the list, but as game a man as is to be found throughout the annals of pugilism. The intense heat of the sun was enough to annihilate the strength of a giant. Shelton also proved himself a first-rate pugilist, with courage of the highest quality. It was remarked that Shelton's two last fights were in the extremes—upon the coldest and hottest days in the season. Further comment is unnecessary, as it was admitted by all persons present to have been one of the greatest pugilistic treats witnessed for the previous twenty years. The amateurs were delighted beyond measure, and before Cooper left the ring, a gentleman offered to back him against the Gas Light Man for 100 guineas.

Cooper was severely punished; he, however, did not remain longer in London than was actually necessary to reinstate him in his health, when he returned to Edinburgh to take possession of the Britannia Tavern, in Leith Street.

Cooper's triumph over Shelton so far restored him in the esteem of his friends, that a second match with the tremendous Gas was loudly talked of in the sporting circles; and in the month of October, 1820, at a sporting dinner at the Castle, Tom Belcher posted a £5 note for a second battle, against the like amount of Hickman's, to fight for £100 a-side. Cooper at this time was in Edinburgh; but the money was forfeited on Cooper returning the following answer, per post:—"Owing to the distance of 400 miles, which must of necessity be traversed at an inclement season of the year" (less than a week would not then suffice, be it remembered), "his friends in the North had advised him to decline the offer at present; nevertheless, he

wished it to be understood that he would increase the sum to £200 a-side, and meet Hickman in April, 1821. If, however, his English backers desired him absolutely to come without delay, he would comply with their wishes, and travel southward immediately."

An amateur who was present at the reading of this letter observed, with very bad taste, "that Cooper did not dare to fight Hickman;" and Hickman, following suit, said, "that he would sooner have given 20 guineas himself, than such a disappointment should have occurred in the sporting world." Hickman made sure, according to his own expressions, that he could "beat Cooper in a canter."

In consequence of the backers of Cooper having forfeited to Hickman upon the second match, as above stated, the interest in the sporting world was much increased when the third match was made for 100 guineas a-side, in December, 1820, and the battle announced to take place on the ensuing 11th of April.

Cooper arrived in London, from Edinburgh (riding the whole of the 400 miles on horseback), on the 1st of March. From the circumstance of a man like Cooper, who had been defeated in the short space of fourteen minutes and a half, leaving a good business at the Britannia Tavern, Leith Street, Edinburgh, again to meet his opponent, subject to the general opinion of the fancy against him, he was justly pronounced to be one of the gamest men alive. The odds were six and seven to four against him. It was, however, thought by several of his friends, that his "fine fighting" would enable him to win it; and Cooper was confident in the extreme. During his training, at Riddlesdown, where he was taken great care of, he had a severe attack of illness, dyspepsia supervening, and boils breaking out upon his legs; a sufficient warning, we should think, that he was unfit for the hardy exercise imposed by training. The battle lasted but two rounds, and in three minutes our hero bit the dust a second time, from literally a chance shot under the ear! (See the details in the Life of HICKMAN, *post.*) The following remarks from a contemporary magazine, will show that there was more misfortune than disgrace in this second defeat:—

"It has created considerable surprise among the fancy, that no mark was left from a blow which effected such terrible execution; but that surprise must immediately cease, when it is explained anatomically. Had the blow come in contact with the angle of the jaw, a bruise might have been perceived; but even a slight hit on the jugular vein is capable of shaking the brain, suspending the circulation of the blood to and from the heart, and creating a sort of apoplexy. In like manner a heavy hit on the fleshy part

of the neck may not leave a mark. Had Cooper been in proper condition, in all probability it would not have taken so severe an effect. During his training, ten boils came out on one of his legs, which so crippled him for a week, that he was compelled to rest it on a chair; and when that leg got well, boils broke out on the other; in consequence of which an old trainer (old Joe Ward), advised Cooper to take 'three sweats'—the doctor also physicked him on the evening previous to the battle. If his leg had not been lanced he could not have walked to the ring; and on the morning of the battle his leg was also dressed half an hour before the fight." Cooper was anxious for another trial, and several gentlemen promised to back him. "If he did not fight Hickman," he said, "he would not fight any other person," as he did not feel himself satisfied, as Pat observed, until he got "the value of a good bating."

After the unexpected termination of this second encounter, Cooper seated himself beside the ring to witness the following battle between Collier and Evans. He was evidently more hurt in mind than body.

Cooper now lay by for nearly four years; he repaired to London in the spring of 1825, where, after a sparring bout, at the Fives Court, with Bill Eales, at Scroggins's benefit, on Tuesday, April 26th, he was challenged by Whiteheaded Bob (Ned Baldwin), and £50 was deposited, to be made £200 a-side, and to fight the first week in July. The constitutional warnings above noticed should have deterred Cooper from this contest with a game, fresh young man, but his spirit said no, and on the 5th of July, 1825, the scientific George Cooper closed his career in defeat. In this battle nature deserted him, and he broke the small bone of his right leg, in the 18th round, by a mere twist of the foot, consequent on the length of the spikes in his shoes; nevertheless, he came up three more rounds ere he surrendered.

This was Cooper's last appearance; he deserved and retained the respect of those who knew him best, until his death, which took place at Laughton Gate, near Liverpool, February 14, 1834, in the 43rd year of his age.



CHAPTER V.

TOM SHELTON, "THE NAVIGATOR"—1812-1825.

THIS stalwart "navigator,"* at one period bid fair for a higher position on the pugilistic roll than his latter contests assigned to him. He was born at Wrotham, in Kent, on the 1st of May, 1787, where, when Tom was in the fourth year of his age, the memorable battle of Tom Johnson and Big Ben (Brain), took place for the championship. Tom used to say that in his boyhood this great fight, with its incidents, and the appearance of the champions, was the frequent theme of rustic talk, and deeply interested his youthful mind; the spot, often pointed out, being a short half-mile from the cottage in which Shelton first saw the light.

At the age of three and twenty Tom found himself in London, and aspired to boxing fame. In height five feet ten inches, in weight twelve stone seven pounds, and inured to hard labour by his calling, Tom was "big enough and heavy enough" for anything. In August, 1812, having made the acquaintance of Caleb Baldwin, he was matched with Fitzgerald, an Irishman, of sixteen stone, and six feet and an inch. It was a sharp contest for the space of fifty-four minutes, when Shelton was declared the conqueror. The spectators who witnessed the efforts of the Navigator upon this occasion were astonished at the boxing requisites he displayed.

Two years, however, elapsed, during which Tom followed his calling, occasionally looking in at the Fives Court, where on the 31st May, 1814, at Cribb's benefit, he put on the gloves as a "novice," with Harry Harmer. In this affair Shelton showed so much courage and strength that many fancied him a match for that skilful professor. He was accordingly backed, after a long palaver of a twelvemonth, for 100 guineas, and on the 18th

* The term "navvy" or "navigator," taken from the language of the navvies employed in the construction of the embankments, and excavations of our railways, seems anomalous; it, however, was derived from the fact that the early canals, which these men dug, were called "navigations," not only in common speech, but in legal documents and Acts of Parliament. Those who worked on the "navigation" were called "navigators." The name has remained, though a viaduct has taken the place of an aqueduct.

April, 1815, on Hounslow Heath, was cleverly defeated, after a most heroic battle of thirty-five minutes, fighting from beginning to end. (See Life of **HARMER**, Appendix to Period IV).

A Suffolk farmer, of the name of Studd, of superior weight and strength, anxious to obtain the honours of the ring, was matched with Shelton, for a subscription purse of twenty-five guineas. The mill took place on Tuesday, the 27th of June, 1815, at Moulsey Hurst. Harmer and Oliver seconded Shelton; Studd was waited upon by Richmond and Painter. Shelton was the favourite, two to one.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The superiority of science was soon discovered to be on the side of Shelton. The farmer endeavoured to thrash his opponent straight forward, and succeeded in planting two hits, but was awkwardness itself. A rally took place, in which Studd got the worst of it, and went down from a severe blow upon one of his peepers. (The odds all upon Shelton.)

2.—The farmer had no pretensions to scientific boxing, and hored in without the slightest judgment. Shelton nobbed him with the utmost ease, and at length hit him down. (Four to one on Shelton.)

3.—The farmer could not tell what to make of it. The claret was trickling down his mug, from the repeated facers he had experienced, and he was floored from a right-handed blow.

4.—Studd was quite abroad, and was sent down with the utmost ease. (Twenty to one upon Shelton.)

5.—Shelton's work was all done, and victory was now certain. Studd, without discretion, rushed head foremost in; but the left hand of Shelton paid him dearly for his temerity, and he was again sent down.

6.—Studd, rather desperate, fought his

way into a rally, and made one or two hits at random; but Shelton, with the utmost ease, milled him down. (All betters, but no takers.)

7.—Shelton hit his opponent all over the ring, and sent him down as heretofore.

8.—On coming to the scratch, it was evident the countryman could not last long. He appeared to be much better acquainted with thrashing corn than entering the prize ring. This Johnny Raw, it would seem, had flattered himself that the possession of strength was the main qualification for making a win, but he paid dearly for his erroneous notions. The science of Shelton rendered him so much at ease, that he treated the attempts of Studd with the utmost contempt—he hit him all round the ropes, and then finished the round by planting a floorer.

9 and last.—The farmer was completely satisfied that he had no chance whatever, and resigned the contest. Shelton retired from the ring without a mark upon his face, or a blow of any consequence. Studd was much punished, and his optics in a damaged state. This combat did not exceed thirteen minutes and a half.

Owing to some private pique, a match was made between Shelton and Richmond, which was decided at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, the 1st of August, 1815, in which Shelton was defeated. Shelton, it seems, had received some instructions from Richmond. See page 298, *ante*.

Soon after this encounter, Shelton was visited by a severe illness, and so reduced in weight and strength that it was supposed he would never again enter the ring. He became a publican, by the aid of his friends, at the Bull's Head, Cow Lane (since West Street), Smithfield, but his gambling propensities caused his failure in this line. In March, 1819, however, the following battle, which took place on the spur of the moment, tended to raise Shelton's fame highly in the esteem of the amateurs. Shelton (who had been



TOM SHELTON.

From a Drawing by G. SHARPLES, 1821

seconding Hickman) was induced to fight a nephew of Ben Burn, the pugilist, a giant by comparison, weighing nearly, if not quite, sixteen stone, for a subscription purse of twenty guineas. Shelton was much out of condition, but on the match being proposed to him, he instantly accepted it; he however advised his friends to be careful about backing him. Spring and Richmond seconded Burn, and Oliver and Harmer picked up Shelton.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, the Yorkshireman proved indeed a giant; the comparison between Shelton and his opponent was nearly similar to the memorable contest between Perrins and Johnson.* Although the face of Burn had no terrific aspect, his bulk was truly formidable. The spectators expressed their fears for the result, and the general opinion was that Shelton had shown more pluck than judgment, and that he must soon be disposed of. Upon setting-to, this opinion was, in a great degree, strengthened. Burn bored in upon Shelton with confidence, and the former seemed quite overwhelmed by this mode of attack, and had no room to make a hit. The length of arm possessed by Burn gave him every advantage; he aimed a dreadful chopper at Shelton's nob, which told but slightly. The latter, in a most singular manner, in getting away turned round twice. He, however, planted a facer, but slipped down. ("It's all up," was the cry, and seven to four was offered upon the "big one," without hesitation.)

2.—Shelton's left cheek was slightly tinged. The Giant went to work, and his long arms did severe execution. Shelton put in two bellies with great science, and got away. Burn was awkward, but his length enabled him to plant a facer that seemed to stagger Shelton. At length hit for hit took place, and both went staggering away from the force of each other's blows. In closing, the struggle to obtain the throw was desperate; but Shelton got the "big one" undermost. The roar of applause was like the report of artillery; but still it was thought he could not stand up against such weight, and must ultimately be defeated.

3.—This was a terrific round; it was downright slaughtering. Shelton put in two bodiers, that seemed to puff the Giant's wind out of his mouth. Hit for hit again occurred, without intermission; and Shelton received such a teaser on his left eye, that his nob was like a spinning top. Burn was almost beat to a stand-still, and Shelton in no better plight. The friends of Shelton, however,

now ventured upon even betting, and took him for choice.

4.—Shelton took the lead in good fighting. He hit on the body again, and gave Burn such a rum one on the mouth as nearly deprived the latter of all his masticators. The Giant, however, gave Shelton a chopper on the top of his scound, that made chaos of his upper works. Still Shelton, undismayed, fought like a hero, and ultimately threw his opponent. By way of encouragement to the Navigator, it was loudly vociferated, "Shelton for £100." If staking had proved necessary, it might have turned out a mere flourish.

5.—The mugs of both the combatants bespoke their handiwork. This was a ding-dong round, and the men fought till they both fell.

6.—The strength of Shelton did not keep pace with his good milling; he was much distressed, and got to the ropes, Brobdignag following him with his long chopper; the punishment was terrific. One of the Giant's peepers was almost in darkness; he was also piping like a worn-out pair of bellows; but he kept fighting till they both went down.

7.—This round exceeded all that had gone before it in severity. The reciprocal facers were terrific, both of the combatants frequently going back from the effect of the blows. Shelton put in most hits, but was at length sent down.

8.—Shelton commenced with good science, and nearly floored his opponent's teeth. Brobdignag, however, was not idle in returning nobbers; Shelton, with much dexterity, after making a heavy hit, instantly gave a back-hander, that spoiled the shape of his opponent's nose. The applause was loud; but Shelton was sent down: the work he had to perform before victory was certain appeared too heavy for him to execute.

9.—Sparring and feints were out of the question; it was nothing but execution upon both sides. This round was equal to the seventh. Both the men stood up and hit till their strength was gone, when they closed

* This is Pierce Ngau's report. Shelton was 5 feet 10 inches; Burn (who is always by him called Burns) 6 feet 1 inch. Johnson was a trifle under 5 feet 9 inches, Perrins 6 feet inches in his stocking feet. See ante, p. 61.

and went down. Shelton appeared distressed, but Brobdignag was also very queer.

10.—Shelton, however, left his second's knee first, and appeared at the scratch. He put in two facers without return, and also a bodier near the mark; but the Giant, furious at such treatment, ran in and got Shelton down. It was thought he hit the latter unfairly, but it was purely accidental. "Foul!" "Fair!" etc., were loudly bawled on all sides; but the umpires did not notice it. Oliver, with much confidence, now offered £10 to £2 upon Shelton.

11.—It was by no means safe to Shelton, although he came gaily up to fight. Some sharp work occurred, and Shelton was hit down.

12 and last.—Little Gulliver seemed the giant in this round, for Brobdignag was hit to a stand-still. He was quite sick. He, however, milled as long as he was able, and Shelton received some heavy blows. In closing, both went down; but when time was called, the Giant could not answer the sound

of the trumpet, and victory was declared for Shelton. It occupied about sixteen minutes. Shelton gave a dreadful back-handed facer in this round.

REMARKS.—Shelton never took so much, nor fought better, if so well, throughout his pugilistic career. To say the least of it, if calculation or comparison can be admitted, it was a sort of "nothing venture, nothing win." It proved successful, and, with the many-headed, that is the only touchstone of all exploits. Shelton not only gained the purse by the event, but raised himself highly in public opinion. He won by nothing else but his good fighting. Burn knew little about scientific boxing, but acted like a determined man. Both men were heavily punished. It ought not to be forgotten that Shelton had been acting as second to the Gas-man, drinking porter, etc., and was called into action without any training, and under every disadvantage. A subscription was made upon the ground for Burn.

"Uncle Ben," was much disgusted at this defeat of "cousin Bob," and found a dozen excellent reasons why he ought not to have lost the fight, so that Bob was indulged with another "shy," the money staked, and the day fixed for Tuesday, June 1st, 1819. Moulsey Hurst was once more the campus martius, and early on the Tuesday morning aforesaid "the lads wot love to see a fight" were in motion. Scarcely, however, had the cavalcade reached Hampton when it was clear from the whisperings of groups, and the ghastly smile on the face of more than one publican, that a screw was loose. The only anxiety now was where the mill was likely to take place. The circumstance of the removal was in consequence of the person who rented the ferry refusing the London watermen permission to exercise their occupation in ferrying the passengers over at the last fight, and also in having several of them fined for so doing; they, in turn, vowed revenge, went to the magistrates, and laid an information respecting the fight between Burn and Shelton. This conduct spoiled Moulsey, and Hounslow Heath was immediately substituted. Considerable betting occurred at all the sporting houses the preceding evening, and the Giant was decidedly the favourite, 6 and 7 to 4. The ring being formed at a little after one o'clock, Shelton appeared, followed by Cribb and Randall, and threw up his hat; and Burn, with his relative Ben Burn, and Donnelly, entered the ring. Burn threw his topper into the roped square to answer the challenge, but the wind blew it out to some distance. This trifling event was considered an unfavourable omen to "Hercules." The odds now changed, and Shelton was the favourite, or rather it was even betting.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, Burn appeared in fine condition. Some sparring took place, and Shelton was rather cautious. The Giant at length let fly with his right on Shelton's body, but it was slight. The latter returned a bodier with his left sharply, and immediately planted a tremendous facer that was heard over the ring, repeated it still harder, and the Giant went down like a log. (Great shouting.)

2.—The big one appeared a little confused, and he received another nobber. He now became furious, and made some hits; but Shelton repeated the dose severely, and Burn fell upon his face. (Greater shouting than before, and five to one on Shelton was offered.)

3.—The Giant made a desperate hit on the body, and otherwise stuck to Shelton; but the nobbing system was again adopted by the latter with success. In closing, both down, Shelton uppermost.

4.—This was a tremendous round, and the hitting upon both sides was terrific. Shelton undermost.

5.—The superior two-handed fighting of Shelton astonished the ring. He put in five facers so sharply, that Burn ran in after his adversary, and, in falling, hung by the ropes till down.

6.—Sharp exchanges, till Shelton hit down Burn. It was nothing but downright milling.

7.—Shelton hit the big one staggering away; he would not be denied, but returned furiously to the attack, and sent Shelton down. ("Well done, Burn; Shelton will soon be on the go.")

8.—Shelton broke away in fine style, but in closing, the Giant fell upon him heavily.

9.—Shelton seemed at work at an anvil, and closed the left eye of his opponent. He was, however, undermost.

10.—Burn was hit almost to a stand-still; but he recovered, and hit Shelton down. It appeared almost impossible for Shelton to take the fight out of his opponent.

11.—Shelton had worked so hard that he seemed rather weak, and went down from a slight hit.

12.—The fine science of Shelton made the Giant quite foam again. He nobbed him and broke away with the utmost dexterity, while Gog kept passionately following Shelton, receiving at every step: the latter ultimately went down.

13.—This round rather alarmed the friends of Shelton; for, although the latter kept pegging away, he could not keep the Giant out. He seemed to defy punishment, and resolutely ran in; indeed, in closing, he not only fibbed Shelton severely, but, in struggling for the throw, positively lifted him half a foot from the ground, when, quite exhausted, both fell. ("Bravo! bravo!")

from all parts of the ring; and "This is something like fighting.")

14.—Gog plunged in to work, and Shelton was impelled forward and lung on the ropes; he, however, extricated himself, and the big one was undermost.

15 to 17.—The fighting was desperate in all these rounds; but Shelton, although getting weaker from his great exertions, kept the lead.

18.—The Giant ran in at Shelton, when the latter stopped him with such a nobber that he went down on his face.

19.—Burn was drunk from the nobbing he received, still he returned manfully to the charge, till both went down.

20.—Shelton's face exhibited heavy punishment, but Burn's head was terrific—it had been in chancery for the last ten minutes. The former ran himself down.

21.—The Giant went down from a hit like a shot. This blow was given in the body; the big one's eyes rolled again, and his tongue lolled out of his mouth.

22.—It was astonishing to see the Giant recover and come to the scratch. Shelton had the worst of this round, and received some dreadful punishment. The odds wavering a little as Shelton went down.

23.—Shelton again down. (Even betting; some fears expressed for Shelton's weakness.)

24 to 26.—Not safe to Shelton in all these rounds.

27.—A singular round. Both turned round and went down. (Two to one on Shelton.) In this round the latter was again lifted off his legs like a doll.

28.—This round was so well fought by Shelton, that Cribb roared out, "One hundred guineas to a farthing—it's all right."

29 and 30.—In favour of Shelton, but both distressed.

31.—Burn so hit that he dragged Shelton after him as he was falling.

32.—This was a well fought round; and notwithstanding the Giant was nobbed right away from his opponent, he recovered, and ran after Shelton, swinging his arms quite abroad, as it were, and accidentally hit his man down.

33.—Shelton got up angry, and was losing his temper, but his seconds warned him of his danger. He at length grew cool, became himself, fought scientifically, and by a tremendous facer floored his big opponent. (Great shouting; and "He'll not fight another round.")

34.—Notwithstanding the punishment the Giant had received, his peepers nearly darkened, his wind did not appear to be bad; and as for his game, he proved himself a glutton of the first mould. This was a sharp round and Shelton, to the astonishment of the ring, was hit down, although the Giant appeared quite done up the round before.

35.—The good fighting of Shelton now made it quite safe. He put in one, two, three so sharply on the mug of Burn, that he went down on his face in a state of stupor.

36.—The strength of Burn's seconds could scarcely drag him up to place him on their knees. It was now Elisha to a lame donkey; Gog was flogged in a twinkling.

37 and last.—Burn was hit down like a shot, and could not come again. It occupied thirty-two minutes and ten seconds.

Burn was so dreadfully beaten that it was some minutes before he was made sensible, and carried out of the ring.

REMARKS.—Shelton proved himself this day a superior fighter. He hit with both hands with a facility that astonished all the amateurs; and it was thought that not one on the list, of his weight, could cope with him. He evinced great game, and was in fine condition. Burn, too, behaved manfully in the extreme; more real courage was never witnessed.

Shelton was now matched against Benniworth, the Essex Champion, for fifty guineas a-side, at Southend, on Friday, June 25, 1819, to fight on that day six weeks. A deposit of £20 a-side was also put down. In consequence of an accident, which Shelton met with at a dinner given to Bob Gregson, at the Maid and Magpie, St. Catherine's, on Tuesday, June 29, it was thought he must not only have forfeited to Benniworth, but that he never would have been able to enter the Prize Ring again. The artery of his right arm was cut across with a rummer. Two surgeons immediately dressed the wound, and he recovered in a very short time; but the friends of Benniworth preferred forfeiting the deposit of £20, to risking the event of a contest.

A match of much interest was now made between Shelton and Tom Oliver (see OLIVER, Period V.), and Thursday, December 23, 1819, named for the battle, Copthorne, twenty-eight miles from London, being the rendezvous. The day proved a deluge, and when the half-drowned wayfarers had reached Blindlow Heath, twenty-three miles from town, they found that the ring had been made there. The backers of Shelton protested against the fight taking place on this spot, to Gibbons, the ring-maker, as being not only contrary to the order given, but that it was swampy, and surrounded with puddles of water; that they should proceed to Copthorne, where Shelton had been moved the day preceding, and they left a communication for the commander-in-chief to that effect.

On the arrival of the latter gentleman at Blindlow Heath, he sent an express to Copthorne (which, however, did not arrive till twenty minutes before two o'clock), for Shelton to return and meet Oliver at the former place. Shelton declared he was ready to fight anywhere; but his backers firmly insisted that Copthorne was the place named, and only at Copthorne should he fight. Upon the return of the messenger to Blindlow, Oliver threw up his hat in the ring for Shelton to come forward; a ring was also formed at Copthorne, where Shelton waited till three o'clock for the arrival of Oliver, but without effect. Thus, singularly enough, there were two rings, but no

fight. Kendrick and Sutton, a pair of "niggers," however, sported their sable skins, and Sutton was the victor.

To return to Oliver and Shelton. The men and their friends met at Riddlesdown, and it was formally agreed to meet at Sawbridgeworth, which they did on the 13th January, 1820, when, after a desperate battle, full of fluctuations, Shelton was defeated in fifty-one minutes (See OLIVER, *post*).

The particulars of Tom's match with George Cooper, and his defeat at Moulsey, June 27, 1820, will be found in the memoir of GEORGE COOPER, *ante*, p. 314.

On Tuesday, August 18, 1820, at a place called Kit's Cotty House, about three miles and a half from Maidstone, a purse of £20 was subscribed for a match between Shelton and a big navigator; but in consequence of the latter not appearing in the ring to "show fight" at the appointed time, £10 were given to Shelton.

Carter had been for a few months in Ireland, on a sparring tour, but, on his return, he did not seem much improved in purse or person by the trip. Finding himself in company with Shelton, at a sporting dinner, held at the Brown Bear, Bow Street, the Lancashire Champion spoke disparagingly of Shelton's capabilities; some discussion followed, and twenty pounds being posted, Shelton replied to the boasting challenge by accepting it instantor. The affair was short, but by no means sweet to Carter, for Shelton beat him to a stand-still in three rounds only. This was on the 10th of July, 1821.

The renowned Josh. Hudson was next matched with our hero, for £100 a-side; the battle was decided at Harpenden Common, near St. Alban's, on the 10th of December, 1822.

About a quarter before one, Josh. Hudson, stylishly dressed, with white silk hose, and his drawers on ready for action, threw his white topper into the ring with the confidence of a winning man, followed by his seconds, Randall and Tom Owen. He paced up and down the ring for a considerable time, when Shelton was called for, but he did not appear. At length Randall, rather out of temper, said, "It was an unmanly action to keep his man waiting so long in the cold; and if it was for his money he would take Hudson out of the ring." Tom Cribb soon after showed himself, when Shelton was discovered crossing a wagon, followed by Tom Belcher as his second. Shelton, in a very cool manner, threw his hat into the ring, and immediately went up and shook hands with his opponent. The colours, blue for Shelton, were tied to the stakes by Belcher; and green, for Hudson, were tied over Shelton's by Tom Owen. The odds had changed since the fight was made, and Hudson was decidedly the favourite.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, Hudson never appeared in finer condition; but the judges of training observed he was at least a stone heavier than he ought to be. Shelton was a complete star; in fact, he could not be better. His attitude on setting-to was equal to any boxer ever seen in the prize ring. Hudson did not, as was expected, "go to work" *sans ceremonie*, but viewed his opponent with much caution, and Shelton was equally circumspect. The latter, however, made a feint with his right hand, which fell short; but this was merely a *ruse de guerre* for Josh to commence fighting. Hudson slightly touched Shelton's ear, when he went in—a scramble occurred, but no blows took place. Both went down, and Shelton undermost. (Loud shouting from the East-enders, and six to four on Josh.)

2.—Shelton smiled, scratched his nob, and made himself well up for mischief; the result was, a little pepper on both sides on each other's mugs, till Josh, by a severe hit on the top of Shelton's nose, sent him off his balance, and he fell down on his left knee; but, with considerable game, he instantly jumped up to renew the charge. Hudson, however, thought he had done enough, and sat down on Randall's knee. ("It's safe as the bank," said Owen; and the East-enders offered to back their hero to any amount.)

3.—Hudson was endeavouring to come ditto, but Shelton's right hand stopped him. It was a severe round on both sides, till both went down, Hudson undermost.

4.—Shelton's lip bleeding, showed the first blood, and Josh's face was beginning to swell. The fine fighting of Shelton was conspicuous; but the youth and true courage of Hudson would not be denied; and although the latter napped dreadfully at every turn, he hit Shelton down. (There was a roar of roars from the Towerites, and two to one on Josh.)

5.—The fighting now was truly desperate on both sides; Shelton well-timed his opponent, and sent him staggering away by three repeated facers without any return; yet the goodness of Josh was so high that he finished the round in great style, and had Shelton again down.

6.—Josh's face was now out to pieces, and Shelton's in a bad plight; both piping. The

latter turned round from the severity of the hitting, but once more resumed fighting like a game cock till both down (Shouting for Hudson.)

7.—Both terribly distressed, but Shelton down.

8.—This was a short round, but terrific from the execution done. Shelton nobbed Josh at every turn, and milled him down.

9.—Josh, like a game cock, disputed every inch of ground till he went down distressed beyond representation. (Still his sanguine friends considered him winning, and offered two to one.)

10.—In this round it might be termed "anybody's battle;" but the courage on the one side, and the manliness on the other, exceeded all praise. Both down. (Five and six to one on Hudson.)

11. Josh commenced fighting; but his terrific points were gone, and he began to hit round. Shelton planted three or four tremendous facers, the claret following every hit. Still Josh was dangerous. Shelton going down, quite exhausted, had the worst of the ending of the round. (The friends of Josh were sanguine enough to offer ten to one.)

12.—Both in the greatest distress till down.

13.—Shelton had the best of the fighting, but fell on his face exhausted, and Josh went down quite as bad. Still Josh was the favourite.

14 and last.—The fine fighting of Shelton rather gave him the lead; and as Josh was going down in a distressed state, so as to make it doubtful whether he might come again to the scratch, Shelton put in a tremendous blow under Josh's ear, that rendered him insensible to the call of time. It was very doubtful if Shelton could have fought two more rounds. On the latter being placed on his second's knee, he fell on the ground. It was over in rather less than fifteen minutes.

REMARKS.—Such a manly battle had not been seen for several years. Hudson never fought half so well before. Had Hudson proved the conqueror, it was the intention of his friends to have backed him against the Gas Man for £500 a-side.

A second match with the John Bull Fighter ended in a forfeit, Hudson receiving £30.

It was declared by Shelton that he should never again appear in the P.R., and it would have been well for his pugilistic fame had he adhered to his resolution. Misfortunes, however, in business, had involved him, and at a meeting at the Ship, in Turnstile, a "big countryman" was mentioned, who

could be backed for a cool hundred against anything in London. Shelton immediately declared his readiness to try the metal of the stranger, and hence his match with Brown, of Bridgnorth, wherein he was defeated, though not disgraced, as will be seen when we come to the memoir of that boxer.

Shelton had, during the whole of his career, been observed to be occasionally something more than eccentric; indeed, in 1812, he was indicted for assaulting a police-officer, who attempted to prevent him from committing suicide. On this occasion his defence was, that "Any man had a perfect right to hang himself!" His gambling propensities were also uncontrollable, and to this his misery may be traced. His propensity to self-destruction received a final and melancholy illustration, in the fact of his destroying himself, on the 21st of June, 1830, at the Ship, in Montague Court, Bishopsgate Street, by taking a dose of prussic acid. He was in his 43rd year.



CHAPTER VI.

JACK RANDALL, "THE NONPAREIL."
1809-1821.

PERHAPS the prize ring in its palmiest day never exhibited a more accomplished boxer than Randall. Though claimed (*after* his signal successes), by the Hibernian portion of the ring press, it appears that his birthplace was the now-desolated "Holy Land," and that the 25th of the month of November, 1794, ushered Jack into the semi-darkness of the then foggy region of smoke, dirt, drabs, and drunkenness, hight "St Giles's." Jack, who was always called by Pierce Egan and Co, the "prime Irish lad," himself laughed, when primed with gin—he would not touch whisky—at his imputed Irish descent.

The Archery Ground, in the Long Fields, near where now stands Russell Square, was the scene of action whereon the youthful Randall exhibited his prowess. According to the authority of "Boxiana," young "Snuff," well known in boxing circles, was conquered three times by Randall in the above place; and at the age of fourteen, he fought a man of the name of Leonard in this ground, who was a stone heavier than himself, for three-quarters of an hour. Leonard was, at length, so terribly punished, that he was obliged to be led off the field. Size or weight, it seems, rarely operated as any drawback to the readiness of Randall; possessing courage of the first order, his pluck rose superior to the obstacles he had to encounter. Jack was unavoidably involved, in Marylebone Lane, with a man of the name of Henshaw; the latter was not only taller, but had the advantage of three stone in weight. Twenty-five minutes of hard fighting had occurred when the friends of both parties interfered and made a drawn battle of it. Notwithstanding the great difference between the combatants, from the superior style of fighting displayed by Randall, it was thought he must ultimately have proved the conqueror.

One Murphy, an Irish labourer, an athletic young man, attacked Randall



JACK RANDALL, "THE NONFAREIL."

From a Miniature by G. SHARPLES.

in Bainbridge-street, St. Giles's; but the latter, undismayed by his gigantic appearance, milled Murphy severely in the course of a few rounds. Randall's height was five feet six inches, his weight ten stone six pounds. His appearance when stripped indicated great bodily strength; his shoulders athletic, inclined to roundness, and his frame, altogether capable of great exertion, very compact.

The first recorded battle in which Randall is noticed was with Jack the butcher, in the Regent's Park, Marylebone. It originated in a dispute respecting some improper conduct in a fight, in which these heroes had acted in the capacity of seconds, and, being a point of honour, it was decided instantly. In the course of twenty minutes Randall was declared the conqueror.

Randall now aspired to higher honours among the pugilistic corps, and, in the same ring in which Scroggins and Eales had contended, at Coombe Wood, on August 26, 1815, he made his debut with Walton, denominated the Twickenham Youth, for a purse of five guineas. Randall astonished the amateurs with the gaiety of his style, and the decisive action he exhibited. Paddington Jones and Whale were his seconds upon this occasion; and, in the short space of ten minutes, the Twickenham Youth, who in other battles had showed some talent for milling, was so peppered that he left the ring.

After Carter and Robinson had exhibited at Moulsey Hurst the first time, Wednesday, April 24, 1816, Randall entered the ring with George Dodd, for a purse of five guineas. It was a well-contested battle, and twenty-five minutes elapsed before victory was decided in favour of our hero. West-Country Dick and Clark were his seconds.

On Wednesday, May 28, 1816, at Coombe Wood, Randall entered the lists with a Jew, denominated "Ugly Baruk," for a subscription purse of ten guineas, collected on the ground, towards a second fight. The amateurs were completely astonished at the milling capabilities displayed by Randall; more especially as his figure appeared so meagre and lank, that an opinion was generally entertained that "Young Paddy" must in the course of a few minutes be finished by this determined Israelite. But so opposite was the result that Baruk, "ugly" as his index had hitherto been declared, was now, owing to the sudden painting it underwent, not only rendered more "unlikely," but so utterly metamorphosed as scarcely to be recognisable. The decisive qualities of Randall were so conspicuous as to elicit the unqualified praise of the best judges of scientific pugilism. Randall did not give the Jew a single chance throughout the fight—he one-two'd him with surprising celerity, and felled him in almost every round. The battle only

continued twelve minutes; Randall was seconded by Tom Oliver and Clark. The abilities of Randall were now the theme of conversation among the amateurs; but, owing to a bad finger, and want of necessary time to generally improve his frame, he was not matched till Thursday, April 3, 1817 when he entered the lists with West-Country Dick, for twenty-five guineas a side.

A roped ring was prepared for the occasion, about a mile and a half from Twickenham, on the Common, and numerous vehicles of all sorts were placed round it, forming a capacious amphitheatre. Several marquees were also erected on the ground, filled with the good things of this life, to render the sports of the day pleasant and attractive to those lads who were "well breeched;" but such is the uncertain chance of war, that a gentleman who rode into the ring, having all the appearance of an amateur, unfortunately turned out to be a county magistrate. He very politely requested the official characters to remove the ring, and to disperse as soon as possible—a good deal of persuasion was tried to prevail on him to let the manly sport proceed; but he was good-naturedly inflexible, and observed, that he had been upon his horse ever since seven in the morning on the look-out, and that it was impossible the battle could take place in the county of Middlesex. This was enough; and, in less than half-an-hour, not a drag was left behind. Bill Gibbons, Richmond, Harmer, Scroggins, Cribb, etc., repaired to Hayes, followed by a great party of horsemen and carriages, and formed a ring, but this ultimately proved a hoax, to the no small chagrin of thousands. The better informed proceeded to Twickenham, where the subject was again discussed; and on a signal being given the carriage wheels went round like lightning, the water was crossed in a twinkling, and on the plains of Moulsey, in Surrey, about two o'clock, Randall entered the ring and threw up his hat, followed by Dick. Paddington Jones and Dick Whale seconded Randall; and Oliver and Clark were counsel for Dick. Two to one on Randall. Though both combatants were known to the ring, Randall was considered the better fighter. The spectators were of the first respectability, but not very numerous. A small delay occurred, owing, it is said, to Dick refusing to fight out of a roped ring.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On setting-to much caution was observed on both sides to obtain the first advantage, Randall, with great dexterity, put in a sharp facer. In returning, Dick hit short. Some few blows were exchanged in favour of Randall, who fought his way in to a close, and fished his adver-

sary till both went down. (Three to one on Randall, who had drawn Dick's cork.)

2.—Randall, full of fire, immediately took the lead, and nobbed Dick so successfully, that he turned round from his opponent. In closing, as before, he held Dick up and faced him till he went down. (Loud applause.)

3.—Dick set to with much gaiety, and put in a body hit, but he could make no successful impression upon Randall. The latter not only out-fought him, but again flogged him down.

4.—The superiority of milling was decidedly on the side of Randall, who drove Dick from him. In closing, Dick went down rather rapidly from the numerous blows he had received in this round, and it was thought a foul blow had been given him; much vociferation took place of "Foul!" "Fair!" etc.

5.—Randall's distances were well measured, and Dick's nob was again in contact with Jack's fist. At the ropes Dick made an ineffectual struggle to escape from the severe flogging which Randall was so liberally bestowing upon him. (Five to one; but no takers.)

6.—Randall commenced work after the manner of a hammer-man at a forge, and although Dick kept plunging with his favourite right-handed hits, yet in closing Randall held him up with the tightness of a vice, beating a tattoo upon his mug, till he felt disposed to send him down. (Loud shouting.)

7.—The left hand of Dick seemed of no use to him, and his right did not perform the severe execution it had displayed on former occasions. Randall, indeed, got away from it with much adroitness. Dick was again flogged down.

8.—Randall now satisfied the ring that he must win; he showed himself a scientific fighter; he worked well with both hands, and not only hit Dick away from him, but ultimately milled him down.

9.—Dick put in a facer. Randall, in returning, hit short and went round, but recovered himself; in closing, flogged Dick severely at the ropes, and then dropped him in style. (Six to one on Randall.)

10.—The nob of Dick was fast losing its shape from the severe hammering of Randall, who applied his fist rapidly on his opponent's mug. In closing, both down.

11.—A short round, which terminated in favour of Randall, as did also the 12th, 13th, and 14th rounds.

15.—Dick was desperately endeavouring to effect a change in his favour: he hit Randall on the face, put in a hard blow on

his shoulder, and had the best of this round. (Both down.)

16 to 20.—Randall seemed rather blown in these rounds, and at times got away from Dick's right hand. In fact he had not been idle for a moment, and the face of his opponent gave a strong specimen of his capabilities; he was flogged down upon every set-to. (Five to one.)

21.—A good deal of sparring occurred before a blow was exchanged, when Randall put in four facers without any return. Both down. (Any odds.)

22.—The arm of Randall appeared to have the activity of a fiddler playing a country dance; his hand was never out of his opponent's face.

23.—This round claimed much attention from its singularity. Dick put in two severe body hits, but in closing Randall flogged him severely with his left hand, then changed it with the most apparent ease, and punished Dick down. (Great applause.)

24 to 27.—In these rounds the spectators were surprised to see the successful manner that Randall held up Dick with one arm, and punished him with the other. His head was now completely in chancery, his left eye quite puffed up, and he had been down so often, as to get the appellation of "Tumble-down Dick."

28.—The battle was fast drawing to a close; the excellence of Randall was now acknowledged by all. Dick endeavoured to make some desperate hits; but Randall nobbed him at arm's length with the utmost coolness, and in closing did as he liked with him.

29 and last.—On setting-to, Randall, with much severity, put in a blow on the bread-basket, that not only puffed the wind out of Dick, but he went down and instantly rolled up like a bale of cloth. Such a blow is rarely witnessed. Time was called, and upon Dick's getting up to come to the scratch, he shook hands with Randall, and resigned the contest. Time thirty-three minutes and a half.

Randall, in the above contest, proved himself a good two-handed hitter, but was unusually successful with his left hand. Dick had not the slightest chance. Randall left the ring without a scratch upon his face.

The scientific qualities displayed by Harry Holt (See Holt, in Appendix), in a battle of an hour and a half's duration with Parish, the waterman, and in his more recent conquest of O'Donnell, at Arlington Corner, had much prepossessed the amateurs in his favour; and, notwithstanding the excellence of Randall, it was generally thought that Holt would turn out a worthy competitor. In consequence of this opinion, a match for twenty-five guineas a-side was made between the above pugilists. Considerable interest was felt

by the sporting world respecting its decision, which took place at Coombe Warren, on Tuesday, May 20, 1817, in a twenty-four feet roped ring.

The wet state of the weather in the early part of the morning prevented great numbers of the fancy from quitting the metropolis, and although it was extremely fine in the neighbourhood of Coombe Wood, there were not above six hundred persons present, among whom were Colonel Berkeley, Captain Barclay, Messrs. Jackson and Gully, Cribb, Carter, Oliver, Scroggins, Crockey, Ballard, Gibbons, etc. The combatants were nearly alike in weight, both under eleven stone.

It was upon the whole one of the most orderly conducted matches ever witnessed, excepting a slight fracas which occurred between Caleb Baldwin and the keepers of the gato. The latter, not immediately recognizing the veteran of the ring, refused his vehicle admittance, without the usual tip; but Caleb, finding arguing the topic would not do—instead of paying them in sterling coin, dealt out another sort of currency, which, although without the Mint impress, had such an effect upon the Johnny Raws that the gate flew open and Caleb rode through in triumph. At a little after one, Holt appeared in the ring and threw up his hat; Randall immediately followed. Paddington Jones and Whale seconded the latter, and Painter and Clark for Holt.

The usual ceremony of shaking hands having been performed, every eye was on the stretch, looking out for the first advantage. Seven to four generally on Randall, but two to one in many instances.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The combatants had scarcely placed themselves in attitude, when Randall's left hand, with much severity, caught Holt on his mouth. He repeated it as quick as lightning, and was endeavouring to plant a third, but Holt stopped him. Randall again put in another desperate facer; a few blows were exchanged, when Randall went in with his usual sort of hook to fib, but Holt caught hold of his arm, and a sharp struggle took place for the throw. Randall showed the most strength, and Holt was undermost. (Three to one upon Randall.)

2.—On coming to the scratch in this very early stage of the fight Holt's mug showed the painter had been busy. Randall's left hand again successfully nobbed his adversary. Considerable science was now displayed on both sides; Holt stopped many blows in good style, and also planted a sharp blow on Randall's cheek. Several hits were exchanged, but materially to the advantage of Randall, who, in finishing this round of

three minutes, caught hold of Holt's ribs in rather a singular manner, and threw him. (Three and four to one loudly offered upon Randall.)

3.—Randall, with the utmost coolness, again beat the tattoo upon Holt's nob. It was altogether a long round; but the science exhibited by Holt was that of stopping instead of giving, and the spectators were astonished at the little execution he performed. Randall put in upwards of six facers, damaging the peepers of his opponent, and claretting his face all over, and sent him down from a tremendous hit on the side of his head. (Five to one.)

4.—Holt came to the scratch undismayed, but he had no sooner set to than the left hand of Randall dealt out tremendous punishment. It was never out of his opponent's face. Holt, it was now evident, had been deceived respecting the quality of his adversary; yet he contended in the most manly style, and planted so desperate a hit

under the left ear of Randall that the latter bled prodigiously. The science of Randall was pre-eminent; he put in six faces almost successively; and when Holt at length stopped him on this boring suit, he used his right hand with nearly equal success till Holt went down.

5.—Randall was compelled to fight extremely different from the mode he had adopted with West Country Dick. Holt was not to be fibbed, and Randall convinced the admirers of scientific pugilism that he was a most effective out-fighter. His hits were tremendous, and Holt's face was completely vermilioned. In this round, notwithstanding the damaged peepers of Holt, he put in so sharp a blow on the bridge of Randall's nose that it pinked his index in an instant. The quickest eye could scarcely keep pace with the execution performed by Randall's left hand in this round, and he repeatedly hit Holt from him till he went down. (All better, and no offers accepted.)

6.—Randall appeared to suffer much inconvenience from the violent bleeding of his ear; his mouth was so overcharged that he could scarcely get rid of it. Had not Holt possessed excellent science, he must have been smashed in the very outset of the battle. He stopped a great number of blows; but it may be truly said that he only stood up as a mark to be hit at. It was curious to observe that, whenever the left hand of Randall was denied, he used his right with great facility, and put in some terrible ribbers. Randall closed this round by a terrible blow in the middle piece, that sent his adversary down in a twinkling. (Ten to one was offered upon Randall.)

7.—It was useless for Holt to contend; but his game and courageous nature prompted him, if possible, to rise superior to defeat. It was all up: Randall did as he pleased, and Holt was again down. (Any odds.)

8 and last.—Holt was emulous for conquest; the blunt, it seems, he did not value, but the fame of victory was dear to him; nothing else could have induced him again to meet his opponent. Randall worked sharply with both his hands, and with his right planted a tremendous hit on Holt's nob, that instantly felled him. He was

beaten out of time, but was anxious to renew the combat. He observed, "I am ready to fight;" but, in endeavouring to rise from his second's knee, fell down from exhaustion. Holt's friends were perfectly satisfied he could not win, and he was instantly carried out of the ring by Parish and Painter, put into a chaise, and proper attention paid to him. The battle lasted twenty-five minutes.

REMARKS.—This contest firmly established Randall's character as a first-rate scientific pugilist. He possesses the mastery of the art in an eminent degree, divests his actions of sameness with the most perfect ease, and promptly changes his mode of fighting as the necessity of the attack requires. In his former battles with Barak, the Jew, and West Country Dick, his superior fibbing traits proved successful. With Holt a different system was required, and as an out-fighter he completely astonished the ring by the terrible punishing capabilities he exhibited. With his left hand Randall planted uncounted hits on Holt's face, and several with his right. He threw little time away in sparring; and, like a good artist, his workmanship soon spoke for itself. As a finisher there seemed a

Dutch Sam, and as a two-handed hitter, the decisive mode of Tom Belcher. It was urged by the partisans of Holt, that he displayed no fight at all in contending against Randall. This complaint, upon a slight examination, will not only soon be removed, but the assertion proved unjust. Randall was the offensive fighter throughout the battle, and his punishment was so rapid and severe, that he never gave Holt an opportunity of showing himself, except on the defensive. The latter, notwithstanding his science, but in very few instances stopped his opponent's left hand. The true statement of the case is, that "the fight" was hit out of him as early as the third round. In fact, if Holt had not been truly a game man, he could never have stood before Randall for twenty-five minutes, after the heavy milling he received at the onset. In consequence of this opinion being entertained by the few amateurs present, £10 were collected for his bravery.

Four months had scarcely elapsed when Randall again appeared in the prize-ring, in competition with Belasco, the Jew. This match produced one of the most interesting battles upon record. Since the boxing days of the scientific Tom Belcher and the renowned Dutch Sam, the amateurs and patrons of pugilism had not been more animatedly interested respecting the termination of any combat than the one which took place on Tuesday, September 30, 1817, at Shepperton Range, in a twenty-four feet ring, for fifty guineas a-side, between these heroes. The milling reputation of both

the combatants was of the first order throughout the circles of the fancy. Randall was considered the best finisher of the light weights; the Jews, in Belasco, hoped to find another Dutch Sam. He was the rising star of their pugilistic hemisphere, and an awkward man to get at—a desperate infighter; one that would not be denied, and able to rally his opponent to the end of the chapter. Duke's Place was all alive in the praise of the capabilities of Belasco, and, notwithstanding the love of monish by the tribes, it is said, in some instances, the odds were sported on the promising young Israelite. But if Petticoat Lane resounded with the strains of the Children of Judah, on the other hand the back settlements of the Holy Land were equally full of spirits upon the occasion, and from the turf cutter to the knight of the hod, all sported all their loose blunt from a sovereign down to a glass of whiskey, in honour of their "darling Jack Randall." The Corinthians of St. James' too were highly interested in the event; and the flash side (as they were termed), although they sported five and six to four on Randall, did not view it with anything like the safety of receiving a bank dividend. The men appeared in good condition—Belasco weighing a few pounds more than his opponent, and looking uncommonly fresh. The time having arrived, five minutes before one, the combatants commenced the attack. Randall was seconded by Paddington Jones and Dick Whale; Belasco was waited upon by Little Puss and Aby Swartscher.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Randall, who in all his former battles generally hit first, displayed unusual caution. The same care was manifested in the Jew. It was a complete system of tactics. The spectators were lost in amazement; and their optics were completely tired in watching the feints, viewing the steps, contrasting the manœuvres, stratagems, and snares resorted to by Randall and Belasco to get the best of each other, until nine minutes had elapsed before the first round was terminated, during which only four blows had been exchanged. In closing, Belasco went down.

2.—The same system of generalship occurred, and this round occupied eight minutes and a half. Belasco put in a sharp hit on Randall's mouth, which brought forth the claret in a twinkling. Here the coolness of the Nonpareil was seen to great advantage; his steadiness was as if no blow had been struck. A rally occurred, in which some sharp hits were exchanged, and Randall received rather an unwelcome touch upon his eye. They separated and rallied again, when, in a close, the Jew went down.

3.—From this mode of fighting a long battle was anticipated. In this round the knowledge of the art was portrayed on both sides. Randall was rather unfortunate in his distances, for although his left hand bodied his opponent repeatedly, it did not touch the mark. It was not a *coup de grace*. Belasco down. Twenty-four minutes had elapsed.

4.—The conduct of the Jew was much to be admired. He fought like a hero, and followed his opponent with all the confidence of true game. He was, however, floored with the celerity of a shot, from a desperate left-handed hit of Randall. The latter put up his hand to his eye as if it was troublesome.

5.—It was now clearly seen that Randall was the great captain; he out-generalled his opponent with all the accomplishment of the art of war. If Randall was bored at any time to a corner of the ring, he fought his way out with such ease and safety that description falls short in conveying its excellence. It was also curious to observe, that the Jew at one period had got Randall in a

position to flib him, when the latter, from his tact and courage, not only extricated himself from this perilous situation, but he returned the compliment upon Belasco with unparalleled adroitness, and fibbed the Jew till he went down. (Two to one upon Randall.)

6.—A most excellent round in point of science, but Belasco was again floored.

7 and last.—Belasco not only appeared a better, but a superior boxer in every respect than in his contest with Reynolds; and if he could not rank with Randall, he proved himself a difficult customer to be served. After some scientific movements, Randall put in such a tremendous hit on Belasco's eye, that the latter instantly put up his hand to feel if it was there. The pain appeared so excruciating, that he staggered, fell, and fainted. Randall might have put in another hit before he went down, but his conduct was too noble to add the slightest punishment to a fallen rival. Upon Belasco's recovering from his trance, he rubbed his body, as if suffering from severe punishment. The battle thus terminated in fifty-four and a half minutes.

REMARKS.—The most experienced judges of boxing agreed that throughout the annals of pugilism such a display of scientific exoe-

lence as the above battle is not to be paralleled. It was a perfect picture of the art, and Randall justly acquired the appellation of "The Nonpareil." His agility was surprising. Dutch Sam, in the best of his days, it was said, never fought with anything like the precision exhibited by Randall; and, in competition with the latter, the Jew phenomenon must have fallen beneath his superiority. This contest, it is true, did not altogether please, if we are to go with the crowd who are partial to downright milling; but by the admirers of scientific efforts, by those patrons who value the intent more than the effect, those amateurs who appreciate the advantages of hitting and getting away, of giving instead of receiving, and of seeing a fight won without ferocity and gluttony, the fight between Randall and Belasco may be pronounced one of the most perfect specimens of pugilism ever witnessed. The attitudes of the men were fine in every point of view, and their movements conducted on the true principles of science. The athletic beauty of the human frame was never more prominent. Randall retired from the ring scarcely scratched. This is the grand art of fighting—to give, and not to receive.

At a sporting dinner, given to the lads of the fancy at Tom Oliver's, a few days after the above fight, by one of the highest amateurs in the scientific circles, no want of "game," it appears, was discovered to render the table complete. When the cloth was removed, the cigars lighted, the lively glass replenished, and the merits and capabilities of various milling heroes became the animated subject of discussion among the company present, a set-to was proposed, by way of practical illustration, between Randall and young Burke, of Woolwich. The heroes immediately acquiesced in this request: the gloves were produced, and the men soon appeared in battle array. Burke, who is five feet ten inches in height, and wanting neither gluttony nor science, contended for the honour of having the best of it with much determination; but some doubts having arisen among the learned judges upon this precise point, a regular glove match was entered into, and a sum deposited on both sides accordingly. The first clean floorer was to decide the event! The contest was truly spirited, and after some tidy milling, Burke went down; but it not being exactly the thing meant, the point was reserved till another round. Thirteen minutes had now elapsed, and notwithstanding the advantages Burke possessed from standing over Randall, the latter at length measured his distance so correctly, that Burke was floored as if he had been shot! The point being now satisfactorily decided—the glasses went merrily round—mirth and harmony prevailed

throughout the evening, and the company separated in the utmost good humour. It is said, that the amateur before alluded to observed that Randall should not want, if necessary, from 500 to 1000 guineas to complete any match, so high an opinion did he entertain of his milling talents. Randall was presented by his backer with the amount of the stakes.

Randall had made such rapid strides towards perfection in pugilism that some difficulty was experienced in finding a customer for him. However, the long-talked-of match between Parish, the waterman, and Randall was at length made for 100 guineas a-side. These boxing heroes met on Thursday, November 27, 1817, at Hayes Common. Parish, it seems, although not highly appreciated as a boxer, was well-known as a staunch man; he had also acquired first-rate science, under the tuition of George Head, a teacher of deserved celebrity. Nevertheless, so little was the Waterman esteemed in comparison with his opponent, that three to one was the current betting against him. True, Parish's battle with Holt was highly spoken of, although it took him one hour and a half to win it; while Randall, on the other hand, beat Holt in twenty-five minutes. Wallingham Common, in Surrey, about six miles beyond Croydon, was the spot selected for this grand trial of skill. Thither the amateurs repaired at an early hour, but the clergyman of the parish (also a magistrate) saw the cavalcade pass his window, and hastening to the ring, declared that the battle must not take place in Surrey. A little persuasion was tried to divert the rev. gent. from his intention,—but he observed, “it was loss of time to remonstrate, as he was as inflexible as a rock.” In this dilemma, Hayes Common, in Kent, about seven miles distant, was suggested as an eligible place. The stakes were instantly removed, and the motley group followed like lightning, over a cross-country road, that had not been visited for months by anything but dung carts or wagons. It was almost impassable, but the game of the fancy was not to be beaten by trifling obstacles, and the scene that followed beggars description. Postchaises were floored in the deep ruts in the road—the springs of curricles and gigs were broken—the Rosinantes dead beat—the Eatoners puffing and blowing from top to toe, anxious to arrive in time—boots were dragged off the feet by the strength of the clay, and many of the light-shod coves stuck fast in the mud. The magistrate, very politely, saw the patrons of science to the extremity of the county before he took his leave. At length Hayes Common appeared in sight, and the ring, after some little time, was again formed. At ten minutes past three o'clock, Randall appeared and threw up his hat in the ring, attended by Paddington Jones and Whale, as his seconds; Parish shortly followed, and repeated the same token of defiance, followed by George Head

and Spring. Several amateurs of rank were in the ring; and Colonel Barton, the patron of Randall, sat close to the stakes. After shaking hands the men set-to and began

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The positions of the combatants were extremely elegant; both appeared in good condition, but, if anything, Parish seemed the heavier man. Neither seemed eager to strike; and, notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of Randall, considerable time elapsed before the attack commenced. At length the Nonpareil got his distance, planted a body hit with much dexterity, and got away. He was not long in giving his adversary another, when Parish returned, but not effectively. Considerable time again occurred in sparring, till a favourable opportunity occurred for Randall, when he let fly at the Waterman's nob, producing the claret in a twinkling, and got away with the agility of a dancing master. The Nonpareil stopped in a masterly style, and showed his superiority by finishing the round in a winning manner. Using both hands equally, the left being applied to the body of his opponent, while the right hand put in so tremendous a hit on the head of Parish, that he fell forwards on his face. (Great applause. Eight minutes and three-quarters had elapsed, and four to one was offered with as much readiness as if the blunt was of no value.)

2.—Randall, notwithstanding the decided advantages he had obtained, like a skilful general, seemed to think discretion the better part of valour. He was as cautious as if no blows had passed, and again waited for a good opening. The attempts of Parish were frustrated, and Randall, with the most smiling confidence, again bodied his opponent. The already damaged mug of the Waterman was again peppered, and the crimson flowed copiously. In closing, the Nonpareil showed himself completely entitled to his appellation; he got Parish's head under his arm, and fished him severely till both went down.

3.—The admirers of science were completely tired before any work was attempted, so much time elapsed; and the downright partisans of the old school of fighting, when milling was the order of the day, began to treat this sort of boxing contemptuously. In fact, Parish was so fatigued that he put down his hands. At length the combatants became more in earnest, and Randall finished the round most successfully. He planted a severe throtter, when Parish returned, but not heavily. Some blows were exchanged, and the Waterman so cleanly hit one of Randall's peepers that he made him wink again. The Nonpareil soon returned this favour with compound interest, and made the Waterman bite the dust. (Uproarious

applause.) In this round Randall cut the knuckles of his left hand against the Waterman's teeth.

4.—The head of Parish, from the profuse scouring it exhibited, showed the handy works of the limner, but his confidence was not in the least abated. On setting-to he was nobbed without ceremony; he also received in the course of the round a body hit that sent him staggering away from his opponent. The returns of Parish were ineffective; and, in closing, Randall showed the amateurs the practical advantages of fibbing; for he here portrayed a feature peculiar to himself in this respect: when fired with one hand he changed it, then worked with the other, till Parish was thrown undermost. The glutony of the Waterman was acknowledged by all present, and science was allowed him. Betting, nevertheless, was at a stand-still, so certain did the event appear to be.

5.—This was a sharp round; Parish appeared to more advantage than heretofore. The left hand of Randall was much lacerated; nevertheless, in this painful state, it did not prevent him from doing execution. In closing, Parish met with a heavy fall, and was undermost.

6.—The Waterman scarcely ever attempted to strike first; had he done so, in all probability a greater chance might have presented itself. In one or two instances he lost nothing by commencing the attack. In closing, a desperate struggle took place to obtain the throw, after fibbing had been administered; Randall got Parish down and rolled over him.

7.—It was evident Randall was the stronger man, the better fighter, superior on his legs, knew how to shape himself for every situation he had to encounter; in short, he appeared a complete master of the art of war. Some hard milling occurred in this round, and Parish made some good hits; but he could not turn the scale. Randall put in a bollicr, and got away. The Waterman followed him in the gamest manner, and never showed anything like finishing throughout the fight. Randall put in a desperate hit in the Waterman's neck, then laughed and nodded at him. In closing, both down. The friends of Randall were under some alarm, from the quantity of blood he had lost from his left hand; and a medical man of some eminence, who was among the spectators, was rather apprehensive it might produce fainting.

8.—Randall was not to be got at, and he

distinctly took the lead in this round. Parish gave him a sort of half-arm hit in the mouth. Both down.

9.—On setting-to Randall drew on one side to void the claret from his mouth; but this was the most effective round in the fight. It was singular to view Randall hit, hit, and hit again till Waterman went down on his back. (A guinea to a shilling was laughed at.)

10.—In this round the Waterman appeared conspicuous. He got Randall into the corner of the ring, and put in a body blow that made the Nonpareil wince again; in fact, he reeled a little, and had it been heavier it is likely he must have gone down. But the recovery of Randall was excellent, he got out of his perilous situation in the masterly style of a consummate tactician, and the marks of his left were seen imprinted on the body of his opponent. After some little traversing in the ring, Randall was again in the corner, when it was curious to observe the mode he took to obtain distance. He leaned his body back quite through the ropes, and planted, by this means, a heavy hit on the Waterman's mouth, which soon gave him an opening, when he came laughing out. Some blows were exchanged, and Parish with much dexterity hit Randall under the ear, marking him. The Nonpareil now gave his man no quarter, and, in closing, he threw the Waterman so desperately that his shoulder was nearly dislocated. This was the most effective round in the fight, and Parish received considerable applause.

11 and last.—The Waterman was entitled to every consideration from the manly manner in which he contested every round. Although he did not gain much by in-fighting, he should have tried it at an earlier part of the fight; he could not have been worse off. In out-fighting in this round he was fairly beat to a stand-still; and although

he endeavoured to stop scientifically his altered face was again punished. In closing, he received the usual severity; and, on going down with his brave competitor was not able to meet him any more at the scratch. The shouts of victory were loud and lasting, and the Nonpareil was carried out of the ring in triumph. The battle lasted fifty-three minutes.

REMARKS.—The capabilities of Randall in the ring were so evident that comment is scarcely necessary. What the most skilful master of the sword exhibits with his weapon, Randall displayed with the fist. His mode of fighting did not appear to originate from the common advantages of teaching: it seemed completely intuitive, and looked more like a natural gift than resulting from the minutiae of art. Randall gained nothing from chance blows; and rarely ever made a hit without its proving effective. If his blows were not stopped, his distances were so well measured they were sure of arriving at their destination. It was asserted he never hit past the head of his opponent; and though considerable time was lost in the caution observed before he struck, it was amply repaid in his coming off victorious without punishment. However unpleasant it may be to state, the positive fact is, Parish had no opportunity of turning the battle in his favour: it was all on the side of Randall from beginning to end; but, notwithstanding this remark, Parish must be allowed to have sustained the character of a brave man, and a good fighter. Although his face received such tremendous punishment, his peepers were never closed, and he showed himself on the same evening at the White Hart, on the Bromley Road, quite chuffy, refusing to be put to bed. The absence of Mr. Jackson was a severe loss to the combatants, particularly to the losing man, who, in this instance, had not one single farthing collected for him.

To conquer Randall seemed the enviable object of all the light weights; a new customer accordingly offered himself, of the name of Burke, from Woolwich, for 100 guineas a-side. He was a fine, strong young man, taller than Randall, and possessing great confidence in his own abilities. Burke was also thought highly of by the officers at Woolwich, from the capabilities he had displayed in two or three bouts, and he was backed without any hesitation; indeed, his friends had quite made up their minds as to his success. Equally confident were the partizans of Randall. As to himself, he viewed this contest with perfect indifference; in fact, victory appeared so easy to him, that he scarcely underwent the usual preparation of training. The day arrived, Tuesday, June 16, 1818, when the battle was to have been fought at Moulsey Hurst, but the magistrates interfered.

Combe Wood was the next bit of turf selected for the contest, when a second interruption occurred from the presence of the beaks. However, this dilemma was soon got rid of, and the parties made the best of their way towards Wimbledon Common, followed by the anxious cavalcade. The ring was made in a twinkling, and Burke followed, by Oliver and Clarke, as his seconds, entered the ropes and threw up his hat. Randall immediately after repeated the token of defiance, waited on by Paddington Jones and Dick Whale. Seven to four on Randall.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Burke appeared an active, fine young man, and in good condition. He was anxious to go to work, and soon let fly. Randall also set to. In closing the Nonpareil got his opponent's canister under his arm, and served it out as a clown in a fair operates on a salt box; when tired, he threw Burke. (Rare chaffing from the Randallites; two to one.)

2.—Burke was not quite so eager; he found more caution and a little sparring necessary. Randall again felt for his nob, when the claret peeped, and first blood was declared for the Nonpareil. In closing, both down.

3.—This was a short round, Burke falling from a slight hit.

4.—Burke could not protect his nob; in fact, it was in complete chancery, and he had no idea of getting it out. His head was quite altered; in a close, both down, Burke undermost.

5.—More chancery practice on the part of Randall, and played off upon his opponent's nob, without any return. Randall again got Burke down.

6.—This was a severe milling round. Burke showed Randall that he must not be treated with careless contempt lest he might prove a dangerous customer. Burke again went down in a close, undermost.

7.—Randall stopped well, but did not display himself to so much advantage as in his previous contests; he appeared more bent upon running in, and pulling his opponent down, than decisive hitting. Both down, but Burke undermost.

8.—All fighting; and Burke it was thought had rather the best of it.

9.—Burke, very cautious, tried to make the most of his science, but went down.

10.—This was a sort of scrambling round, catching hold of each other, and Randall had not only the worst of it, but in closing, was down and undermost. The Woolwich boys were all alive, and gave Burke a lift, by singing out, "Burke for ever, and you'll win it now, if you mind what you're arter."

11.—This round consisted principally in sparring and hugging, till Burke was thrown.

12.—Confidence, in a boxer, is a most essential requisite, but he ought always to be prepared for his enemy. No strange pugilist ought to be looked upon indifferently, as he may, in the trial, turn out a good one. Burke was rather a difficult man to be got at, from his length and height; which, it seems, accounts for so much hugging. Burke was thrown.

13.—Similar to the last; disapprobation expressed by the spectators.

14.—Randall, in closing, got his opponent's nob upon the fibbing system, but Burke gained the throw, and Randall was undermost.

15.—Randall did not make a hit, but rushed in, and got Burke down undermost.

16.—Of a similar description.

17.—After a few exchanges of no importance, Randall put in a tremendous hit on the neck of Burke, and he went down. (Applause.)

18.—In this round, if Burke did not absolutely frighten the friends of Randall, he convinced them he was a better man than they took him to be. The Nonpareil put in a heavy hit on his opponent's nob, which Burke tremendously returned with interest upon Randall. The former also put in four heavy hits on Randall's head without receiving any return. In closing, a sharp struggle occurred, till both went down. (This altered the face of things a little, and the betting dropped. The Woolwich boys were all shouting at the success of their hero.)

19.—Quite unexpected, Burke had also the best of this round. In a sort of hugging close, both went down. (Great shouting for Burke.)

20.—Randall now went to work sharply, and gave his opponent a tremendous facer; but Burke returned the compliment with interest. Some sharp hits also occurred, till both went down. (Seven to four, and two to one on Randall.)

21.—Burke resorted to science, but his nob was again in chancery, and the punishment it exhibited was terrific. In closing, both down.

22.—It was evident now that Burke was

going: he appeared extremely weak, and went down from a slight hit ("It's all your own, Jack;" and four to one, but no takers.)

33 and last.—Randall seemed as if he was determined to wind up the contest with a grand climax. The already punished head of Burke again received three additional tremendous hits upon it which gave it the roly-poly; and, in closing, Randall threw his opponent with the utmost ease. When time was called, Burke could not come, on account, it was said, of his having dislocated his shoulder. It was over in three-quarters of an hour.

This contest did not exactly please the

friends of Randall. It was thought he had been too careless, or that he entertained too light an opinion of his opponent. He, however made some skilful stops, which were much admired; but it was said he won the fight more from throwing, in the first instance, than from his usual method of hitting. It should be taken into consideration, that Randall had something to do in getting at his opponent, who possessed the superiority of length of arm and height of stature; and, in all probability, he would have fought for several rounds more if his collar-bone had not been dislocated. Randall, as usual, retired from the ring with scarcely a scratch about his face.

The Nonpareil had disposed of all his opponents with so much ease and certainty, that the sporting world appeared extremely anxious that Turnor should enter the lists with him; an opinion being entertained that the latter was the only boxer of the light weights that would have any chance of defeating Randall. The superior tactics and other pugilistic qualities displayed by Turner in his victories over Scroggins, had rendered him an object of great attraction among the fancy in general. Randall was also anxious to fight Turner, by way of a finish to his efforts; in fact, the Nonpareil delayed commencing publican on that account alone; and two or three good houses had in consequence slipped through his hands. Randall was confident as to the result. Victory, and nothing else, appeared certain to him. This, however, was by no means the general opinion; but when the following meeting was announced between the above parties, the fancy were all alive:—

"Articles of agreement, October 13, 1818, entered into at Mr. Franklin's, the Lion and Goat, Lower Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, between John Randall and Edward Turnor, to fight for the sum of £100 a-side, on Tuesday, the 1st of December. The above battle to be a fair stand up fight—half minute time, in a twenty-four foot ring. The place to be named by Mr. Jackson; but the distance from London not to be less than twenty-five, nor to exceed thirty miles. Randall, on the one side, to choose his own umpire, as to a time keeper, and Turner also to appoint a time keeper, on his part; but to prevent any disputes, Mr. Jackson to appoint a third umpire as a referee, whose decision shall be final. The whole of the stakes to be made good on Tuesday, the 10th of November, at Mr. Franklin's, between the hours of seven and nine in the evening; but if either Randall or Turner wish to increase the sum to £200 a-side, this latter sum to be made good on Tuesday, the 24th of November. Mr. Jackson to hold the stakes, or any person whom he may appoint. A deposit of £20 a-side was placed in the hands of Mr. Franklin; but if the whole of the stakes of £100 a-side are not made good on the 10th of November, the above deposit to be forfeited accordingly.

"Witness, P. E.

"(Signed)

"BAXTER,
"FRANKLIN."

Randall was generally the favourite; yet Turner was by no means in the back ground, for the Taffies swore, "Cot splutter her nails, hur's sure to win it." The cool knowing ones, who put national feelings out of the case, and who only looked to winning the blunt, declared it was a puzzling problem.

This great match made, Randall went into training on his favourite spot, Hampstead Heath; where he was rather under the eye and superintendence of a gallant Colonel, his patron, it being contiguous to that officer's residence. He took up his abode at Bob Pilch's, the Horse and Groom, Hampstead, which was a centre of attraction for the fancy, it being only a toddling distance from the town.

On the side of Turner, his friends were equally attentive and alert, and a "game" dinner was given to the amateurs on Tuesday, November 24, 1818, at the Chequers Inn, Brentwood, Essex, preparatory to the grand combat. It was a numerous and most respectable meeting. A livelier dinner was never witnessed; the cloth was covered from one end to the other with hares, pheasants, partridges, and venison, served in the highest style of culinary perfection; the table was also surrounded by live game, of the true British breed, not to be equalled in any other part of the world: Oliver and Purcell on one side, Turner and Richmond upon the other. The harmony was of the richest quality, and "the heroes of the ring" were toasted by the company. Turner returned thanks for the mention that had been made of his former exertions, and observed, with much modesty and candour, "that he would win if he could; but if he lost the match, he trusted that the amateurs would not have to complain that he had not done everything to give them satisfaction."

In consequence of the death of Queen Charlotte, this great match was put off, by the consent of all parties, till Saturday, December 5. This circumstance tended, if possible, to increase the sporting anxiety upon the event. The day being altered, it was thought expedient by the backers, to prevent any misunderstanding, to give publicity to the following:—"It may be necessary to inform those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the rules of betting, that, on account of the above day being altered, all bets that have been laid since the match was made are off, unless agreed by the parties to be on; but all those bets which were laid before the match was made, stand good." It was even betting at Tattersall's on the Monday previous to the fight. This circumstance was attributed to the Welsh feeling upon the subject: five to four was difficult to be got at. The contest being a "war" question, the Stock Exchange dabbled considerably upon the event. When the challenge was first given by Randall, and received by Turner, the odds were seven to four and two to one on Randall, but this seemed rather to arise from the impetuosity and confidence of his friends, than from a due estimate of his merits. Consideration soon reduced the odds to five to four, then twenty-one to twenty, and at length only Randall for choice.

Even betting followed; and at last Turner's friends, who had been upon the reserve, began to show out, and actually offered five to four the other way. This change was attributed to a report that Randall had got a cold in his neck, and was under the necessity of having leeches applied to reduce the tumour which arose in consequence. Turner's father, it appears, had offered to take the odds against his son to any amount, and actually produced the blunt for a few hundreds, in order to prove his sincerity. The spirit of the Ancient Briton was up, and we understand that he was instructed by his friends in Wales to support the national glory. Tom Belcher had £200 sent up to him from Wales, to bet as he thought proper upon Turner.

The little hero on his leaving Brentwood, dined at Belcher's, in Holborn, on Thursday, and in the course of the evening set off for Croydon, where he slept that night. He seemed in high condition and good spirits, and expressed a perfect confidence of success. Randall also shifted his quarters from Hampstead, and approached the scene of action. He was equally sanguine.

On Friday morning the bustle among the fancy was great. Post-chaises, gigs, cabs, buggies, wagons, and every description of vehicle, were called into requisition; and, in the course of the day the road towards Croydon presented a motley assemblage of persons of all ranks. Many, too, who could not muster the means of other conveyance, depended upon their pedestrian abilities, and set out on foot. Every horse on the road was engaged, and hundreds were forced to take up their lodgings under circumstances of no ordinary privation; indeed it was considered but a trifling sacrifice, when compared with the pleasure to be derived from being present at the fight.

On entering the ring, which was pitched on Crawley Downs, Turner was waited on by Tom Owen and Bill Richmond, Randall by Tom Oliver and Blake. Odds six to four on Randall. Little time was lost, and at one o'clock they shook hands, and threw themselves in position for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—It is impossible to describe the anxiety impressed upon the countenances of the spectators on the combatants shaking hands. The attitudes of both men were interesting to the admirers of pugilism, and neither of them seemed wanting in condition. They eyed each other with the acute precision of fencing masters, and seemed positively almost to look into each other's hearts. It was dodging, dodging, and dodging again; and five minutes had elapsed before a blow had been made, touching the toes of each other all the time. At length, after some feints, Turner hit first,

when the prime Irish boy laughed and got away. The latter, however, was not long in making a return, and he gave Turner a jawer and a ribber, but not heavily. More feints and dodging. Turner hit short with his right hand, when Randall rushed in and went to work. He tried to fix his opponent upon his old favourite system, and a severe struggle took place for the throw. Both down, but Turner undermost.

2.—The same caution was manifest on both sides on commencing this round, and long sparring again occurred. Randall gave a bollier, and got away; he was not long in

repeating it, and adding a fiercer. Long sparring. Turner endeavoured to give a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Jack was wary, and jumped back two yards. Very long sparring; in fact, it appeared so tedious to those who are admirers of downright milling, that many persons called out, "When shall we get home?" Turner, with much dexterity, put in a good hit between Randall's guard. (Great applause. "Go it, Neddy.") The latter gave two facers, and plunged his way to work. The finish of this round was truly severe, fibbing and struggling till both went down. Twenty minutes had elapsed.

3.—The month of Turner seemed to show some tinge of the claret, but there was doubt about it. He, however, appeared to breathe very quick, and rather distressed. The tactics of both the men were of the first order of science, and it was viewed as astonishing by most of the old amateurs. Both of the men were so well prepared, that if the slightest mistake was made it was not overlooked; and this may account for the extreme caution on both sides. Randall had never any hink like such a customor to deal with before; and Turner had no borer-in to beat off-hand. This round took thirteen minutes, and the pauses were so unusually long that some of the jokers advised Tom Owen to have a pipe. Cribb wished for his nightcap, and talked of supper. Old Caleb advised them to go to work, and hit each other's nose off. After numerous feints, the round was finished well, Turner undermost, and Randall fell over him rather awkwardly upon his neck.

4.—From the style of fighting displayed by both of the combatants, it was evident it must prove a long fight. Both anxious, and on the look out not to give half a chance away. Randall put in two body blows. Turner's left hand also told on his opponent's mouth. The hitting and stopping on both sides was masterly. Turner's nose was now bleeding copiously, and Randall's face was pinked. Both down.

5.—In this round Randall took the lead; he fibbed his opponent severely, and then fell upon him heavily in going down.

6.—To attempt to describe minutely the feints, the pauses, dodgings, etc., would fill a volume, and therefore we must confine ourselves to an explicit and short epitome. Randall spat blood, when Turner's left hand caught his opponent's nose, and the claret ran down into his mouth. A very long pause ensued, and it almost seemed that neither of the combatants wished to make a hit, so much caution was used. Fifty minutes had elapsed. Turner made a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Randall stopped its effect with fine skill. An exchange of blows. Turner aimed to do something with his right and left hands, but the blows were slight. Randall got away; the blood from his nose appeared rather trouble-

some to him. Trifling exchanges. Turner seemed tired, and put down his hands, but they were soon up again on Randall's offering to hit. Turner threw two blows away, when Randall put in a severe body blow. Another long pause. Randall now put down his hands, just for a moment's case, when Turner ran in, not to lose an opportunity, but Randall laughed, and was prepared for him in an instant. Long pause. Several feints, but no hitting. Randall put in a heavy blow in the body, but got a sharp header in return. The Nonpareil seemed to be changing his mode of attack, and trying all for the body. Turner was so extremely awkward and dangerous to be got at, that Randall displayed more than his usual caution. Turner stopped a heavy hit, and then hit Randall on the head; and he also endeavoured again to use his left hand with success, but Randall stopped him. Some fine science was again displayed, and in struggling for the throw, Randall was undermost. Turner was now bleeding copiously, and the claret was also running down from Randall's nose.

7.—This was a tremendous round, and Turner seemed much distressed in coming to the scratch. After a few exchanges, Randall closed, and went sharply to work on the weaving system, till they both were down.

8.—This was also a fighting round, and Turner's left hand got into his opponent's face; but Randall, in turn, put in a sharp bodier. In closing, Turner was thrown.

9.—When time was called, Turner was about to commence play on Randall's side of the ring, when the latter said, "Keep your own side." This was a gallant round, and both fibbed each other in turn. In going down Randall had the best of the fall.

10.—This round was full of science; the hitting and stopping on both sides were of the finest order of the art. Turner con-

In struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall over him.

11.—The best judges were still between hopes and fears upon the subject. Randall seemed to have the best of it, but the goodness of Turner was so well known, that he did not even now want for plenty of backers. Randall got Turner into the sun, and put in a tremendous hit on his left eye, that made him wink again. He, however, recovered himself, and gave his opponent a severe one in the bread-basket. In going down Turner received a hit which Owen said was foul, and called out to the umpires respecting it but no notice was taken by the authorities, and it went off.

12.—Turner hit his opponent right and left, but they did not appear heavy enough to alter the position of Randall, or reduce his strength. However, it was a desperate

round. (Seven to four on Randall.) Both down, and hard milling.

13.—Randall put in a desperate smother, that sent Turner's nob back, and the claret followed in torrents; he repeated it, and Turner went down. Randall had now got upon the head-work, and left pinking at the body. This was the first knock-down blow, and great shouting followed it.

14.—It was really astonishing to witness the coolness with which Turner came up to the scratch after the tremendous punishment he had experienced in the last round. He also hit out right and left, and some severe exchanges occurred between them. In closing, Turner fibbed Randall with some effect, but the former went down. (Randall for £100.)

15.—A very sharp round. Good fighting on both sides. In closing, Turner got Randall down, and also undermost.

16.—A considerable pause before a blow was made. Turner at length let fly with his left hand on the body; but Randall put in so heavy a blow in Turner's mouth as nearly to dislodge his ivory, and the claret flowed profusely. In closing, Turner fibbed his opponent, but he fell rather weak.

17.—In this round, in struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall out of the ring, and stood up, leaning over the ropes.

18.—Turner tried to use his left hand desperately, but was stopped. Randall rushed in to finish his man in style, but he missed his object. At length they both got into work, till Turner went down exhausted.

19.—In this round Turner put in a sharp bodier, when Randall's old forte broke out with fresh energy. In closing, he peppered the face of his opponent; it was ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, till Turner went down. One hour and thirty-five minutes.

20.—Turner came to his time undismayed, and hit left and right, which Randall not only stopped, but again planted a severe facer that brought forth the claret in torrents. In closing, both down.

21.—Turner hit with his left hand on Randall's nose, and he also went down from the force of his own blow. Randall seemed a little exhausted from the work he had to perform, and was also bleeding at the mouth. In fact, this blow seemed to have had more effect than any he had received during the fight.

22.—Randall run Turner down, after an exchange of a few blows.

23.—Fibbing and Turner a bad fall. The latter appeared getting weak, but still full of courage.

24.—Turner came first to the scratch, with undiminished confidence, and put in a smart right-hand on Randall's mug. In the struggle Turner also surprised the spectators with the strength that he possessed, throwing Randall with great violence. Two hours had now elapsed.

25.—Turner astonished the ring by coming up so cheerful, and some of the good judges did not know what to think of it; they said it was not altogether so safe as many might imagine. Randall planted a slight hit, and slipped down.

26.—Turner was first at the scratch, and hit Randall right and left, but the blows were not heavy. Randall gave a second knock-down blow.

27.—Randall looked at his fallen foe, and stooped down, winking to his friends, as it were, that he thought it all right. This was a well fought round, and Turner put in some good hits. In going down, Randall was undermost. The water of life was here given to Randall. At this stage of the battle, upwards of two hours having elapsed, it was truly extraordinary to witness such exertions on both sides. Turner hit Randall right away from him, but the latter followed Turner up till a terrible struggle took place in closing. Turner also stopped a severe blow aimed at him by Randall, and in return he planted a sharp lute on the Nonpareil's jaw.

28.—Turner again nobbed his opponent with his left hand, but he was felled from a tremendous body hit.

29.—Notwithstanding the heavy flooring hit Turner experienced in the last round, he came up to the scratch as cool as a cucumber. He commenced fighting, and endeavoured to do some execution with his left hand, but Randall stopped him. In a close, both down.

30.—Turner left the knee of his second first, and quite satisfied the ring that that fight was not out of him. He made some good exchanges, till both went down.

31.—The face of Turner was severely punished, but his eyes were open, and he fought as coolly as if he had only commenced the fight. ("Take him away—he's too game," was the cry.) Turner was again felled from a severe hit in the body. In this round a circumstance occurred which might have proved the overthrow of Randall, if it had not been prevented. Baxter offered to bet £5 upon Turner, when Oliver warmly observed, that he would lay him £10 to £5 three times over, and was leaving his man to come and stake, but he was called upon by Randall's patron not to quit him for an instant. Jem Belcher lost the fight with Cribb, it was asserted, in consequence of his second staking the money, thus giving time for Cribb to recover his wind.

32.—The brave Turner undismayed again met his man; but went down from a blow. While on his second's knee, he was advised to give in, but his manly heart would not suffer him to say "No;" his tongue refused its utterance.

33.—The state of Turner now appeared so piteous, and his bravery so much the praise of the spectators, that several persons cried out, "Do not let him fight any more."—"Don't say that, gentlemen," replied Owen.

"he's worth twenty beaten men!" Turner, however, went down from a fencer.

34 and last.—The admiration of all present was expressed at Turner again coming to the scratch; and although in a state of exhaustion, he was cool, collected, and as game as a pebble. After some other hits, a blow on the left side of Turner's head felled him, that he could not come to time. Two hours, nineteen minutes, and thirty seconds had elapsed.

REMARKS.—The first act of Randall, on being pronounced the victor, was to push the crowd away from him, and to clasp the hand

of his brave fallen foe with much seal and friendship; while Turner, nobly disdaining animosity, gently patted Randall on the back, in token that he was the best man, and had won the battle nobly and in gallant style. The amateurs applauded both of them, and pronounced them the two best bits of stuff, of their weight, in this country. Turner, it seems, on being repeatedly solicited to give in, indignantly spurned such advice, asserting that he could yet win the battle. His brother, Mr. Baxter, at length insisted that he should fight no longer, which put an end to the contest.

On victory being declared in favour of Randall, Turner was immediately carried from the ground by Sutton, in a distressed state, to a neighbouring farmhouse, put to bed, and every attention and assistance administered to his wants that humanity could suggest. It is well known that, heavy as the blows were, added to the extremity of pain he must have felt from the severity of punishment he had received, these were "trifles light as air," compared to the anguish which his mind suffered at the recollection, afflicting to a brave man, of defeat. He was very ill, but complained most of the body blows. Randall, in the course of the Saturday evening, arrived in town, anxious to meet his better-half and son; the latter was about two years old.

The public interest was so great upon this occasion that hundreds surrounded the turnpike gates to learn the name of the winner.

Randall at this time announced his retirement from the ring, and his intention to serve the public as a publican. We find in Monday morning's *Morning Chronicle*, after the fight, the following paragraphs headed:—

"REMNANTS OF THE FIGHT.—Daylight on Sunday morning discovered the remains of several gigs lying along the wayside, which had been felled by coming in contact with each other from the narrowness and badness of the roads. Beds could not be procured at any of the inns; and, in consequence, hundreds were compelled to travel in the dark. The horses were all dead beat, the long faces not to be described, and the cleaning out immense. Near the dwelling of Randall, the Cock, in Tottenham Court-road, hundreds were waiting for the result of the event; and, upon the arrival of Jack, the applause he received rent the air. The mob round Belcher's door was beyond all precedent. In the Borough Market, Cribb's house was equally besieged, and those of Harmer, Oliver, and Burn, crowded and surrounded. The sale of newspapers was as great as if some important victory had been achieved on the continent, so much anxiety was felt upon this battle. The first news which arrived in London was that Turner had gained the day.

Numerous bets were made upon the information, and the hoax was not dispelled till ten o'clock on Saturday night.

"Turner arrived in town last (Sunday) night; and notwithstanding the numerous blows he has received upon his face, it was astonishing to see how quickly the appearance of punishment had left it."

At a sporting dinner at Franklin's,* on December 22, 1818, to celebrate Randall's victory, a noble lord, a staunch patron of boxing, proposed to back Martin against the Nonpareil. Martin, who had just defeated "the invincible" Jack Scroggins (as Pierce Egan calls him after four defeats), in the previous week (December 18th), was then in the height of his fame; yet a backer of Randall not only accepted the proposal but offered, lest Martin's friends should draw back, to fight £150 to £100; so good a thing did he think it; though Martin was a stone heavier, touching 11st. 5lbs. In a little row with the ponderous Burn, Randall displayed his skill upon the "big 'un," and offered to fight him for £100, before his match with Martin. These were of course mere "wild and wandering words, my lord." For the match with Martin, £50 on the part of Martin, and £75 for Randall, were posted on the last day of the year 1818, at Burn's, and the 4th of May was fixed for the meeting, that it might not interfere with Newmarket.

Randall went into training at Hampstead, and in March, in consequence of some difference of opinion between his trainer and Martin's, a footrace of 100 yards was proposed for £5 a-side. The men agreed to run, and came together, when Martin beat Randall cleverly by seven yards. The reporter adds: "This was the first time Randall's name was coupled with *defeat*, but then it was his *feet* that betrayed him, his *fists* had no *hand* in it." "This was thought," as "Elia" says in his "Essays," "smart writing for newspapers thirty years ago."

Randall generously volunteered to attend and set-to at Martin's benefit at the Fives Court, which took place only a week before their fight, and did so. This is a little trait that speaks volumes for the manly character of the Nonpareil. We copy the contemporary report, as a specimen of the "road to the fight" some sixty years ago.

"The fancy were upon the alert soon after breakfast, on Monday, May 4, 1819, to ascertain the seat of action, and as soon as the important whisper had gone forth, that Crawley Downs was the place, 'the toddlers' were off in a twinkling. Gigs were brushed up, the prads harnessed, and the 'boys' who intended to enjoy themselves on the road were in motion.

* He was a backer of pugilists, and kept the *Host*, in Lower Grosvenor Street.

Heavy drags and wagons were also to be witnessed creeping along full of people, with plenty of grub. Between the hours of two and three o'clock in the afternoon, upwards of 100 gigs were counted passing through Croydon. The bonifaces chuckled with delight, and screwing was the order of the day. Long before eight o'clock in the evening, every bed belonging to the inns and publichouses in Godstone, East Grinstead, Reigate, Bletchingly, etc., etc., were doubly and some trebly engaged. The country folks also came in for a snack of the thing, and the simple Johnny Raws, who felt no hesitation in sitting up all night if they could turn their beds to account, with much modesty only asked £1 and 15s. each for an hour or two's sleep. The private houses were thus filled. Five and seven shillings were charged for the stand of a horse in any wretched hut. But those customers who were 'fly' to all the tricks and fancies of life, and who would not be nailed at any price, preferred going to roost in a barn; while others, possessing rather more gaiety, and who set sleep at defiance, blew a cloud over some heavy wet; devouring the rich points of a flash chaunt, and thought no more of time hanging heavily than they did of the classics, chaunting and swiping till many of the young sprigs dropped off their perches; the ould ones who felt the influence of 'the Dustman,' were glad to drop their nobbs to obtain forty winks. Those persons whose blunt enabled them to procure beds, could not obtain any sleep, for carriages of every description were passing through the town all night. Things passed in this manner till day-light began to peep. Then the swells in their barouches and four, the swift trotting fanciers, hurried from the metropolis; and the road exhibited the bustle of the great day of Epsom Races. The 'brilliants' also left Brighton, Worthing, etc., about the same period, and thus were the roads thronged in every direction. The 'pitiless pelting shower' commenced furiously at six o'clock on the Tuesday morning, but it damped nothing but the dust. The 'fancy' are too game to prevent anything like weather interrupting their sports. The ogles of the turnpike men let not half a chance slip through their fingers, and those persons who, either from carelessness or accident, had not preserved their tickets, were physicked by paying twice at the same gate. The weather at length cleared up, and by twelve o'clock the amphitheatre on Crawley Downs had a noble effect, thousands of persons being assembled. It is supposed if the carriages had all been placed in one line they would have reached from London to Crawley. The amateurs were of the highest distinction, and several noblemen and foreigners of rank were upon the ground. The short time previous to the combat taking place was occupied in betting and descanting upon the merits of the pugilists. The high con-

dition and strength of Martin made a considerable impression upon the waverers, and some little hedging occurred, though seven to four was the current price with Randall's friends." Martin first appeared in the ring, and threw up his hat, accompanied by his seconds, Burn and Harmer. Randall immediately followed, attended by Oliver and Jones. The combatants, upon meeting, shook hands with each other in the most friendly manner. The signal was given for stripping, and a most extensive ring was immediately beat out. At thirteen minutes to one the men set-to:—

THE FIGHT

Round 1.—Upon the combatants meeting at the scratch, the fine condition of Martin claimed the peculiar attention of the amateurs. The human frame could not possibly have attained a higher degree of perfection. He wore elastic drawers, and, from his hips downwards, the symmetry was so complete, that a sculptor could not have wished for a finer model. Randall was equally prime; but from comparison of height and weight the chance appeared against him, if it had rested upon these points. Reports had gone abroad that Martin meant to risk his fortune in the first two or three rounds; also that Randall could not bear punishment, and the baker was determined to smash him on the outset. The confidence of Martin rather alarmed a few of the amateurs; but the steely calculators were not to be moved; and the recollection that Randall had won eleven battles in succession—that he had never been defeated—and had likewise gained a victory over the skilful Turner, heightened their opinion, and induced them to lay it on thicker. The vast multitude seemed in breathless suspense on the men making their attitudes. Martin was cautious, and some time occurred in sparring for an opportunity to make a hit, when he at length let fly with his right hand, which reached his opponent's body slightly. Randall made a hit, but the baker's length of arm stopped it, when the latter in endeavouring to make a return, received a one-two on the right and left side of his face, which instantly created a pinky appearance. Long sparring occurred, and both on the look out to obtain a favourable opportunity. Martin made a hit, but Randall got away in style, when the latter was not long in planting a blow on the body. Counter hits took place, and Martin, rather encouraged from this circumstance, pursued Randall to the corner of the ropes. The Nonpareil, as heretofore, when placed in this perilous situation, extricated himself with promptness. He put in two tacers; Martin went staggering away, and the claret was seen issuing from his mouth. He now raised himself upon his

toes, when Randall, finding that the length of the baker's "peel" was not yet practicable to get over, planted a severe bodier. Martin went a little to work, and in closing some sharp blows passed, and both went down, Martin uppermost. (Loud shouting, and "Well done, Martin.")

2.—Randall's left ear was slightly bleeding from the last encounter. Martin made a hit on Randall's shoulder; and he also stopped the latter in making a return. Randall, however, was not long in putting in a bodier, that left the marks of his fingers as strongly imprinted as if they had been painted with vermilion. In closing the Nonpareil fibbed Martin severely, but the baker obtained the throw and was uppermost. (Two to one was now our vent upon Randall; and several took it, relying upon the length and strength of the baker.)

3.—Martin made a good nobber, and smiled at the event; but it was only temporary. Randall put in some bodiers with great dexterity, these affected the wind of Martin, and, in closing, Randall not only fibbed his opponent tremendously, but fell upon him.

4.—Martin's face was bleeding and flushed all over; distress was coming fast upon him. He, however, made a hit which was stopped, when Randall, like lightning, put in so severe a facer that Martin's head went with great force against the stakes. He appeared quite stunned, but did not go down, and came up tottering to fight with his opponent. In closing he again received terribly, and was undermost.

5.—The "upper crust" of the baker was now cracked, and Randall went in sharply to gain another point, adding more punishment, but in closing he was undermost. (Four to one).

6.—Martin got away from a tremendous hit; and some long sparring occurred. This was a severe round; but Martin was punished down, and Randall fell heavily upon him.

7.—The Nonpareil had now commenced his work, and satisfied the amateurs that he meant to finish it at his leisure; he had

"got him," as it is termed; but yet this safe hero to back thinks the battle is not over till it is positively won, and never gives the slightest chance away. This was a short round; when Randall again spoiled the upper crust, and got his opponent down.

8.—The face of Martin was not only red, but his mouth appeared full of blood. He made a hit, but Randall got away; he, however, again pursued him to the ropes, when Randall hit him on the right eye, and he went staggering away. Some struggle took place for the throw, but Randall got Martin down.

9.—Martin sparred a short time, seemed tired, and endeavoured to pull up his drawers, when Randall was going in to mill, the baker smiled and soon prepared for action. In closing Randall threw his opponent.

10.—Martin slipped from a hit, but he received such nobbers, and appeared so bothered, that it was observed, the "Master of the Rolls" had mistaken his place, and got into the "Court of Chancery." Randall fell very heavy upon his opponent.

11.—It was evident that Martin could not gain a point to change the tide of battle towards victory. He received a dreadful blow in the wind; and Randall got away from nearly all his blows. The fibbing system was also again renewed with severity, and Martin was thrown.

12.—Randall put in such tremendous hits, that in struggling Martin fell down exhausted.

13.—This was a short round, and Martin was hit as he was going down in the struggle for the throw. "Foul! foul!" was loudly vociferated; and it might perhaps have appeared so to those persons at a distance from the ring; but the umpires, who were close to the ropes, and watched every movement, declared it to be fair.

14.—Another dreadful bodier was put in

by Randall, and Martin went in rather furious, but he was punished down.

15.—The talents for serving out and improving the chance exhibited by Randall in this round, electrified the spectators, and astonished the most experienced and accomplished pugilists on the ground. In the very short space of time that Martin was falling to the ground from struggling, Randall planted three tremendous blows. ("It's astonishing," was the cry; "he is a phenomenon indeed!")

16.—Martin still kept fighting, and this was a sharp round; but he was hit both on the head and body staggering away. In going down the coolness of Randall induced him to put up his arm to show that he did not mean to hit his opponent on the ground.

17.—Martin determined to try it on, and broke away from a close. Some exchanges took place, but he was hit down severely.

18.—It was all up. Martin was hit so severely that he fell upon his face. (A guinea to a shilling was offered, but no takers.)

19 and last.—It was doubtful whether Martin could come again. He did, however, appear at the scratch, in a terrible state, but it was only to be floored *sans ceremonie*. The battle occupied forty-nine minutes and ten seconds.

REMARKS.—Randall never won a battle with more comparative ease; and, excepting a slight shade under his left eye, and a scratch upon his ear, he had no appearance of having been engaged in a contest. He is a complete master of the art of war, and his judgment truly conspicuous. He found the length of arm possessed by the baker was not to be got over at first; he then, with great promptitude, found out the vulnerable part of the body, till the head of his opponent became at his service, and then he won with all the coolness and science of playing a game of draughts.

It was the opinion of the best judges, that Randall ultimately must be cried down, like the famous "Eclipse," as regarded fighting any man of his own weight. Martin was a very game man, and a hard hitter; but he had no chance with Randall, although it is said he weighed above twelve stone, and Randall only ten stone ten pounds. In point of civility, decorous behaviour, and quiet conduct in life, Martin yielded to no pugilist on the list; and these circumstances were not forgotten by the amateurs, who made a collection for him of £30 on the ground. He was taken to a farm-house and humanely attended upon; while Randall put on his clothes, and sat down to view the fight between Carter (who styled himself the Champion of England), and Spring, which took place in the same ring.

Randall, it appears, received foul play early in the morning of the

above fight; or, in other words, he was "hocussed."* This infamous schome, however, had not the desired effect; but the dose operated as a purgative.

A silly Monday disturbance in Battersea Fields, which led to a not very creditable turn-up between Randall, who had been dining out, and a fighting tailor named Jem Wood or Hood, in October, 1819, is seized upon by Pierce Egan for seven octavo pages of slang and ungrammatical "patter;" "Fistian," too, has booked it as a victory, "four rounds for love," to Randall.

Randall was now so popular that the manager of the Regency Theatre engaged him at a salary to exhibit his milling acquirements in a pantomime. Turner was his friendly opponent upon this occasion, and crowded houses were the result.

In June, 1819, Randall being then about to open in business at the Hole in the Wall, in Chancery Lane, was challenged by the dread-nought Jack Scroggins, and a backer of Randall put down a £10 note on his behalf, for a fight for 100 guineas to come off in August. Randall, not having been consulted, refused to meet Scroggins, and forfeited the £10.

On Tuesday, August 17th, 1819, Randall's opening dinner was celebrated. As a specimen we reprint the advertisement from the weekly papers:—

"TO THE PATRONS OF THE NOBLE ART.

"A most interesting match will take place on Tuesday, August 17, 1819, at five o'clock in the afternoon, in which THE NONPAREIL will exhibit in a new character. The Commander-in-Chief will provide. It will be a game set-to, and outting up will prevail, while the claret will be in full supply. The visitors, if they do not find themselves in Chancery, will be in the lane that leads to it. The Hole-in-the-Wall will be the rendezvous on this occasion, where friendship and harmony will do their best to crown Jack Randall's latest hit."

From this period we do not hear of Jack in the ring, though he constantly put on the gloves at benefits at the Fives Court, often donning the mufflers with the scientific Tom Belcher, his brother boniface and neighbour at the Castle. The following anecdote, headed "Gallantry of the Nonpareil," is given on the authority of "Boxiana:"—

"On Thursday evening, June 28, 1821, as the Nonpareil was taking one of his 'training' walks, in company with Josh. Hudson and two amateurs, near White Conduit Fields, a lady and gentlemen were passing, when some very indecent and unmanly allusions were made to them by four fellows.

* This term perhaps may not be generally understood. To "hocus" a man is to put something into his drink of a narcotic quality, that renders him unfit for action. On the morning alluded to, Randall, in company with some "friends," partook of a bottle of red wine mulled, into which, he asserted, the sleepy potion must have been introduced by some scoundrel of the company.

The gentleman endeavoured to turn away from those black guards, when they assailed him and the lady more rudely than ever. The Nonpareil immediately put in a small taste on one of the fellow's nobs, that floored him. On his getting up, the Nonpareil took him up to the lady, and insisted upon his begging her pardon, which the fellow did upon his knees: the other three refusing to do so, were so severely caned that they could scarcely walk afterwards. Some brick-makers, who observed the circumstance, immediately left their work, and came to the assistance of the blackguards, when Randall floored two of them. Josh. Hudson also made some play with the 'mon of clay,' and on some person crying 'go it, Jack Randall,' the name was quite sufficient, and the astonished brick-makers begged his pardon and bolted, *sans ceremonie*."

During the two years of Randall's retirement, Martin had shone as a bright star in the pugilistic sphere. He had conquered the renowned Josh. Hudson, the John Bull Fighter; beaten the "hard-hitting" Bristol hero, Cabbage; disposed of the pretensions of the "slashing" Phil. Sampson, the Birmingham youth; floored the pretentious Gipsy Cooper at Lewes races; and finally disposed of Josh. Hudson's brother David at Moulsey. This led to a second match with Ned Turner, by whom in his early career Martin had been defeated. In this affair Randall backed Turner, and with Tom Belcher seconded him in the battle. Turner's defeat at the hands of Martin so vexed Randall that in a moment of irritation he declared his readiness to fight Martin for £300. This was foolish and in bad taste, as Randall had formally taken leave of the ring two years previously, with a public challenge to all England at eleven stone, for 500 guineas. This sudden challenge was not immediately accepted, as the backers of Martin hesitated at the largeness of the sum; but the friends of Martin, upon weighing the facts of Randall's recent illness, his life as a publican, and the supposed inroads of "blue ruin" upon his constitution, screwed up their courage and signed articles for the £300. It is stated in contemporary papers that upwards of £200,000 were dependent upon the issue of this fight, and that one gentleman had a book of £5,000, at six and seven to four on Randall.

On Tuesday morning, September 16, 1821, long before daylight, and all the preceding night, the roads leading to Crawley Downs, Sussex, were covered with vehicles of every description, so great was the interest excited throughout the sporting world to witness the Nonpareil once more display his skill in the art of self-defence. The ring was made in a field, within a mile of East Grinstead, in which Martin throw up his hat; but, owing to some misunderstanding between the persons conducting this business in the

absence of the Commander-in-chief, the fight was removed to Crawley Downs, but not till hundreds had paid a heavy toll for passing through a gate, which sums of money of course were not refunded on changing the scene of action. For a long time it was thought no fight would take place. By this time the multitude had so increased that it was deemed necessary to enlarge the ring; and about three o'clock, Randall, in a white "upper Benjamin," arm-in-arm with his backers, appeared, and, with much coolness threw his hat into the ropes. Shortly afterwards, Martin, accompanied by his backers, displaying their white toppers, also approached the ring, and answered the token of defiance by sending his castor into the ring. Martin was loudly applauded by the spectators. Tom Spring and an amateur were seconds for "the Master of the Rolls;" Paddington Jones and "Cicero" Holt officiated for Randall. The combatants on meeting each other shook hands in the most friendly manner. Current betting six to four on Randall.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, the frame of Randall was a perfect picture for the anatomist, and every person was astonished at the very fine condition he exhibited. The confidence he displayed was remarkable. His face had no trait of ferocity about it, but, on the contrary, cheerfulness and true courage. Martin was lighter in person than heretofore, but his condition was said to be, by his backers, equal to the finest race-horse. His legs, which were covered with striped silk stockings, were round and elegant, and the *tout ensemble* was that of a boxer capable of performing great execution. He smiled and appeared confident. On placing themselves in attitude, Randall was the object of attraction all over the ring; he stood as firm as a rock. The position of Martin was good, but he did not appear to stand so steady as his opponent. A minute elapsed in looking at each other, but the eyes of Randall seemed almost to penetrate his opponent. Both anxious for an opportunity to make a hit. Martin smiled. Randall made a sort of feint with his left hand, which was well stopped by Martin. Manœuvring and dodging each other for a few steps, which was succeeded by a pause. Randall endeavoured to put in a tremendous right-handed blow, but missed his object. Martin now ventured to take the lead, and exerted himself to make his right and left hand tell, but Randall with the utmost dexterity stopped them both. Martin felt tired and dropped his arms; but, on perceiving Randall ready to take advantage of this opening, he hastily resumed a defensive attitude, when the Nonpareil immediately went to work, and planted a severe right-handed hit just above

the wind, which made the Master of the Rolls bite his lips. Another pause succeeded; but the attitudes of the men were uncommonly fine. The action of the muscles was beautiful; and the arms of Martin, and the shoulders of Randall, were studies for the artist. The combatants closed on Randall's decoying Martin to follow him to his favourite corner of the ring, and in this situation, often as the Nonpareil had astonished the amateurs with his forte for fibbing, he now put forth such a "bit of good truth" as positively to terrify the spectators with the terrible execution he was capable of administering. He fibbed Martin with his left hand in the most rapid manner, and then changed him on his arm like a baby, and repeated four or five blows on his face and neck, operating so decisively on the jugular vein that the eyes of Martin turned up, and he foamed at the mouth. A few drops of sweat followed, which appeared to have been drawn from his ear, and Randall did not leave him till he was within four inches of the ground. Martin was now so stupid that the back part of his head fell against the stake; but the mischief had been done before this period. "It's all up," was the cry; and to describe the consternation of the ring, or to depict the countenances of the spectators, would defy the talents of a Lavater. Martin was picked up in a state of stupor, and remained insensible for a long period after time was called. He was carried out of the ring; but, in the course of half an hour, when in bed, and attended by the P. C. doctor, Mr. Hughes, a gentleman possessing superior talents as a medical man, he recognised Spring, and, on opening his eyes, with the

almost astonishment inquired where he was, and if he had lost it? Randall had only a slight mark on the tip of his nose and under his right eye.

REMARKS.—This fight is without a parallel, it having been won in one round, occupying nearly eight minutes. Although so short, yet the excellence of Randall was so great that no one could have complained to go fifty miles at any time to witness such a display of the art. So finished a boxer as Randall was never seen in the prize ring. The attitude of Martin attracted great attention and praise; and the extreme caution evinced on both sides established the advantages of coolness and a knowledge of tactics. Till the closing occurred, the general opinion seemed to be that Martin had none the worst of it at out-fighting; but when the Nonpareil got in (and right truly is Randall named a Nonpareil, for where is his fellow to be found among the milling coves of his weight?) he held Martin as tight in his

grasp as if he had been screwed in a vice. After the fight it was ascertained that Martin did not weigh more than two pounds heavier than Randall. The character of the Master of the Rolls had hitherto stood very high in the opinion of the sporting world for his scrupulous attention to training, and it is true he was never attached to wetting his neck; but, poor fellow, like our common ancestor, Adam, it is certain he was not proof against another temptation.

"Dear creatures, we can't do without them. They are all that is sweet and seducing to man;"

and "true 'tis pity," and "pity 'tis, 'tis true!" Martin might have lost the fight on the above account, had the battle come to a long contest, and stamina been required; but in the present instance the repeated blows he received on the jugular vein must have finished him off hand.

As to Martin he attributed the loss of the fight to an accident, and issued a challenge for a third contest. Randall replied that he had declared beforehand that, win or lose, this should be his last battle, and moreover that his challenge was the result of a promise to Turner, that if Martin beat that boxer he would fight him himself.

We shall make no apology for transferring a letter from an eyewitness, who came up from Cambridge, to a university friend, as the best report of this eventful fight and its accompanying incidents.

"LONDON, September 12, 1821.

"DEAR —

"Agreeably to promise, I sit down to write you some account of the great pugilistic events of yesterday, such as they appeared to my inexperienced eyes, and such probably as they would have done to yours. The intense interest excited in our minds by the sporting intelligence conveyed by the London press, and the difficulty of discriminating the plain, simple, unvarnished fact, amidst the eloquence and metaphorical colouring in which battles are narrated, renders it necessary that we ourselves should, once at least, see a prize-fight, in order perfectly to understand the events of the day, and be able to converse rationally on matters which are the subject of discussion in every body's mouth. I was accordingly determined to see this fight, but it was a matter of tenfold more difficulty than I had anticipated.

"I had expected that our sporting friend's letter of introduction to — would have made everything easy, as that gentleman is supposed to be in the secret of all the sporting world. Nothing farther, however, could be learned, except that it was supposed that it would be on Crawley Downs, and a reason was given for this selection, that it would be an accommodation to the Brighton amateurs, who would in that case contribute £40 or £50 towards the reward of the performers. Nothing, however, was decided, and the amateurs, who were determined at all events to see the sports of the day, were written to by their friends to come up to London to head quarters, as the only means of making sure of not being disappointed. In fact, numerous amateurs arrived from Norwich, Canterbury, Chittendenham, Bristol, and other country towns, and at a tavern kept by Mr. Thomas Belcher, of fighting notoriety, friends from all these different places, attracted by kindred feelings, renewed their acquaintance.

"By-the-bye, you would be surprised how successful the fighting men are when they set up a place of public resort. In the country places, ale and strong liquors are best sold under the patronage of the Duke of Wellington; and his head being hung up over the door is a strong inducement for a genuine Englishman to enter, quench his thirst, and purchase the revenue of his country. At Paris, at their coffee-houses, we observed they always held as

elegant, young, and handsome female seated in a conspicuous place, as an object of attraction to the house; but the best painted head of the Duke of Wellington in the country, or the finest woman in Paris, never drew so respectable an assemblage as is brought together by the intense admiration felt for the heroism and manhood of Tom Cribb, Jack Randall, or Tom Belcher. The other sporting publicans all do well, and have their coteries of friends who patronise them, and find the liquors nowhere so genuine and constitutional as in the houses of these hardy supporters of English glory. It would have astonished you had you seen what an assemblage was at Belcher's for some nights before the battle. You might have stood an hour before you could have got a seat, and barmaids and waiters were as much fatigued in serving out the liquors as the combatants after serving out to each other in the prize ring. The money was all alive. Five, ten, twenty, and fifty pound notes were common as waste paper, and were staked as freely on the event. It is wonderful how much the revenue must have benefited by the stimulus given to business before and after a great battle. One thing, however, I detest, and that is, that British amateurs should drink brandy, as many of them do. It is a suspicious liquor, and tastes of contraband. Let us stick to true brown, or real British dew; they accord best with the constitution. At Belcher's there is a 'Daffy Club,' which makes this observance their leading rule. But to return to the history of the fights.

"A Council of War, as I was told, was held, at which were present a gallant general and three other amateurs, who had backed the men, and the historian of the prize ring; and, on comparing intelligence, and considering the letters from the various parts of the country, Crawley Downs was decided to be the place least likely to be subject to interruption. This was known at the sporting houses on Monday evening; and as it was upwards of thirty miles from town, and only known that night, it was put out of the power of the walking amateurs to attend. Here I cannot help regretting that the interruption given to sports occasionally by persons and other ill-advised magistrates, should render it a matter of prudence to adopt such a course to prevent a numerous assemblage on such national occasions. It is depriving an immense mass of the lower orders of the benefits of the lessons of valour, forbearance, perseverance, and manly spirit, to be learned around the prize ring, and nowhere else. It is, I conceive, a most aristocratic proceeding, trenching on the liberties and pleasures of the people, and ought not to be continued. If we did not know our 'patriots,' as they call themselves, to be often mere humbugs, and to love nothing but what brings forward themselves in conspicuous characters, they would come forth and assert in Parliament and public meetings the people's rights on such occasions. But, like the methodist and methodistical persons, they hate all sport that withdraws attention from themselves. However, I do allow the assemblage was, in consequence of the absence of the pedestrian fancy, very select. Nine out of ten of the men on the ground had the dress and appearance of gentlemen, and the vehicles and cattle were certainly a show worth coming all the way from London to see.

"It was long before the business of the day commenced, and the amateurs walked about and friends from all parts of England met and exchanged salutations, and communicated intelligence of the state of science in their respective neighbourhoods.

"The carriages, waggons, and stands erected for viewing the fight, were arranged in some places three or four behind each other, in an oval of 200 feet by 250 feet, and were covered with spectators. The ring was at first of smaller dimensions, but it was necessary to enlarge it. There was immense trouble to the pugilistic characters on the ground with their whips in forcing back the multitude, who were within the enclosure, to the carriages. At last the men stripped and set-to. They stood before one another, with their eyes directed forward, watching every move. They changed their ground, but still their arms kept in parallel, marching and countermarching to prevent surprise. It reminded military amateurs of the parallel movements of Wellington and Marmont before the glorious 'mill' at Salamanca. At last they exchanged hits. Randall put in a blow on the breast, which made it appear red; he had a blow under the eye and on the nose, but made a most dreadful return, and came in on his man, caught him in one arm, and his other went to work so fast, it seemed like the motion of a mill wheel in full speed. Both fell, and were picked up; but Martin's head hung down like an apple on its stalk. The seconds put it in its proper place, but it dropped again. They moved it backwards and forwards, like a baker rolling about a loaf in flour; they threw water on him, waved their hats to cool him, but all was not enough; and when thirty seconds had elapsed, time was called, but his senses were gone. Thus was the battle lost. The amateurs were sadly disappointed as to their hopes of a long and beautiful fight; and from the attitudes of the men, and their known science and game qualities, it was fairly to be expected. It was reported Martin was killed; but the feelings of the spectators were relieved by word that, on being bled he became sensible, and in a fair way of soon doing well.

"The conqueror walked about on the ground, and enjoyed the admiration in which he was held by the spectators, and a flight of pigeons was let off to convey the intelligence to town.

"After the first fight, the multitude inundated the ground, and there was no order observed afterwards. The commander-in-chief was absent, and republican government will never do. It was attempted to clear the ground, but the multitude was not forced half so

far back as the carriages. If the circle had been larger, they might all have seen; but one half of them saw nothing, and attempted to push forward, and they partly hid the view from the spectators on the carriages. Individuals exerted themselves to keep a wider ring, laid on the whip, but there was no system of acting in concert, and if such were usually the case, few people would be induced to go to see a fight. The men hit away well; some beautiful stops of blows were made, but many told home. Their bodies, which were white at the commencement, exhibited patches of scarlet at a distance. They often closed and hugged, and their arms were in motion like two mill wheels. They threw each other down, and frequently over the ropes. The seconds applied the water, and rubbed them like the grooms do horses in the stable, put their men in condition, and made them respectable in their appearance. The contest was well supported to the last, and both men were very much punished.

"On a moderate calculation, I presume £10,000 or £12,000 would not cover the travelling expenses of the amateurs assembled. What a pity we do not enjoy the glorious liberty of the days of King George II. We might have had all the sport in a theatre in Oxford Street, or in Tottenham Court Road; and a fraction of the money now spent in travelling would reward the men for their exertions. Much valuable time might also be saved for business. But it is a matter of infinite regret, that the pretended friends of liberty abandon the interests of the people, and never defend public meetings, except those at which they themselves may exhibit. But let us hope for better times, and there are some promising symptoms, and we may have sports at once commodious, agreeable, and at a moderate expense. I shall tell you more when I return, and meanwhile,

"I am, dear sir, etc.

""

A voluminous correspondence, some of it very angry and vulgar, appeared in Pierce Egan's newspaper, in relation to a third fight between Randall and Martin, together with some "Lines to John Randall," in the *Morning Chronicle*, from the pen of Tom Moore, which we must preserve. Of course the author of "Cash, Corn, and Catholics" adopted Pierce's Irish origin for Randall.

"LINES TO JOHN RANDALL,

On the Subject of Mr. Martin's Letter in the "Weekly Dispatch" of November 16.

"Come, Randall, my dear! Come, the hodmen entreat thee
To idle no longer in Chancery Lane!
Shall the Baker out-write thee, who never could beat thee!
Come, up with thy beaver, my jewel, again!
The green turf of Crawley is soft to receive thee—
The voice of thy Patlanders never will leave thee,
And Martin, the devil, can't 'fib' thee or 'weave' thee
So answer the troublesome cretur, and train!

"Oh! answer the letter, Jack, (Goneril nor Regan
Could ne'er use more hard-hearted words to old Lear);
And I wonder, I must say I do, that Pierce Egan
Should let the word 'cur' be applied to thee, dear!
But answer the letter, in little; thou writest
A good fist at times, Jack—the best when thou fightest,
And settest thy mark on the bravest and brightest;
Write, write!—Mrs. Randall will look to the beer!

"Write, write, Jack! with fist quite as cool and as steady
As when it is raised at the 'General's' call,
That the Randall is willing, the money is ready,
And both of them wait at the Hole in the Wall

For the love of the Holy Land, check this Drawansir,
 For thou art our footguard, our hero, our lancer,
 In the *Weekly Dispatch* of next week print thy answer—
 Oh ! print it, my jewel, and silence them all.

"AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, BRED AND BORN

"Somewhere in St. Giles's, November 23, 1821.

"P.S.—If the money runs short, we will aise us
 Of all our spare linen to help thee a bit;
 Our stockings will fetch us but little, by Jases !
 But then we can raise a small sum by our wit !
 Only say, my dear boy, if the 'nonsense' is wanted,
 And soon shalt thou have all thy wishes supplanted;
 The stuff will drop in these parts, when 'tis chaunted
 'That Randall is short—Oh ! the lad that hath it !'"

To this brilliant squib poor Pierce innocently puts it upon record that he "wrote a poetical reply," which he forwarded to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, "who did not publish it." We should have wondered if John Perry had done so. Accordingly Pierce resolved to "print it, and shame the fools." Those who delight in doggerel will find this "rejected address" at pp. 112 and 113 of the fourth volume of "*Boxiana*."

A third match was, however, hastily made on March 11, 1822, after a dispute; it ended in a wrangle, and a forfeit of Randall's backers' money, owing to failure in a deposit, fixed to be made good at Spring's; Martin received the £200 down.

"More last words" appear from time to time in the papers, in the shape of challenges, acceptances, replies, and rejoinders, signed by Randall, Martin, and a host of pseudonymous friends, backers, "Impartial Observers," "Justitias," and the like, till the public became sick of this vamped up "literature of the ring," as the historian innocently calls it. Pages of this rubbish are stuffed into the volumes of "*Boxiana*." The "third great match between Randall and Martin," was made for 1,000 guineas, and "the money all made good over a sporting dinner at Randall's, November 5, 1822." On the 15th of the same month, however (we condense from "*Boxiana*"), at Jackson's rooms, Bond Street, it was announced that Mr. J. had received a letter from Mr. Elliot, the backer of Martin, requesting that he would send him a cheque for the £500, stating that his man should not fight against nothing, as Martin would be sued for the £200 forfeit he had received from the backers of Randall. Randall expressed himself warmly on the subject, declaring he had been ill-treated. He had lost his time, left his business to go into training, and spent a considerable sum of money. A benefit was accordingly organised for Randall, which took place at the Fives Court, on the 4th of December, 1822, and was overflowingly attended.

In January, 1823, Randall and Josh Hudson wishing to give Jack's old

Hampstead trainer, the well-known Bob Pilch, a turn, were enjoying themselves at the Horse and Groom. It is and always has been a penalty of celebrity in any line of life to be intruded upon by the impertinent, the curious, and the conceited. Jack Randall and his friend Josh. were soon objects of vulgar attention, when they went out to take the air in the village. An elderly man among their followers, who ought to have known better, and who had been indulging too freely, several times touched Randall in the back with an umbrella as he was ascending the steep hill, when the Nonpareil forbearingly asked him to desist; no further notice would have been taken of the rudeness had it not been for a brewer's servant and his companions. This fellow, known as "The Cock of Hampstead," six feet in height, and about thirteen stone, had, it seems, a hankering for a "shy at Randall," and thought this a fine opportunity for the experiment. We quote from "Boxiana." "He put out his tongue by way of derision, saying, 'Who cares for Randall or Josh. Hudson, I wonder? They would be afraid to talk to a younger man so!' and, without further notice, gave Randall a flip on his nose, by way of notice of his intentions. Jack returned the compliment with interest, not wishing to remain long in debt to the man of grains. During the first and second rounds nothing but sharp work was displayed, the fighting being all on the side of Randall, and the strength on that of the Cock. In the third round Jack received so severe a blow on the tip of his shoulder, added to the tightness of his coat, that he could not lift up his arm, and immediately tore off his Benjamin. The little trump, being disencumbered from his togs, then went to work with the big one in terrific style (something like the slaughtering mill in which he so dreadfully served out Baruk, the Jew); and in two more rounds the man of grains was so punished about his nob, that it was pitiable to behold. Randall, in going down with the Cock, never left him, but tremendously fibbed his opponent. On Josh picking up Randall, he felt a little surprised on viewing the face of the latter, which, to all appearance, looked as bad as his adversary's; but, on wiping of it, Hudson laughingly exclaimed. 'Oh, I perceive you have only fell into the paint-pot, you are not hurt; but you should not have robbed your opponent of any of his colour. A novice serve you so, very likely indeed!' The sixth round put an end to the crowing of the Cock; he was quite done up, and was so altered in complexion, as scarcely to be recognized by his friends. His pal, another big one, also fell foul of Jack, when Josh was about to tackle him. 'Never mind,' said Randall, 'I have got a little one for him presently.' One round completely satisfied the second hero of the grain fraternity, who received in that small space of time pepper enough to

last him for a twelvemonth. Randall and Josh now reached the Horse and Groom without any further molestation; but as they were blowing a cloud, and laughing over the various scenes which had crossed their career, a third hero of the grain department put in his appearance, with £100 to fight Randall. On Hudson chaffing this chap, that 'he believed Jack could wap the brewery all round,' he took fire, and thought he could punish Josh. 'Well,' replied Hudson, 'perhaps you may; but if you will take a little bit of amusement with me on the heath, as I would not on any account create a riot in honest Bob's house, you will then know a little more about the matter.' The grain cove entertained an opinion, 'the weather was rather too cold for the sport,' fobbed up his blunt, and on his 'better half' looking into the room after him, he retired in a whole skin. The Nonpareil and John Bull fighter then spent the evening pleasantly, returned to London comfortably, and reached their places of roost in perfect safety.

"The name of Randall was now known in the religious world, for it is said one of the lower order of ranting preachers, not a hundred miles from Bolton-in-the-Moors, addressed his auditors in the following metaphorical language:—"I dare say you'd all pay to see a boxing-match between Turner and Randall, and yet you don't like to pay to see a pitched battle between me and Beelzebub. Oh, my friends, many a hard knock, and many a cross-buttock have I given the black bruiser for your sakes! Pull, do pull off these gay garments of Mammon; strike the devil a straight blow, and darken his spiritual day-lights! At him manfully, and I'll be your bottle-holder. I ask nothing but the money, which I hope you'll not forget before you go." "Boxiana," vol. iv., pp. 120-122.

At Dick Curtis's benefit (March 27, 1823), Randall asked Gipsy Cooper if he had challenged him for £200 a-side as was reported. Cooper replied, "No, I did not, you are too good a fighter for me, Jack." At Spring's benefit, however (May 5th, 1823), the Gipsy challenged Randall for £200 a-side, authorised by Mr. Elliott, his backer, so to do. Randall replied he would fight for £300 a-side; he was settled in business, and had a wife and three children to provide for, less would not suit him; indeed he did not mean to fight any more prize battles. Randall's challenger did not persevere, and from this time Randall attended to his business at the Holc-in-the-Wall, which is frequently named in the progress of pugilistic matches and deposits for sporting events. One little episode of Jack's publican's life, as we find it reported in the papers for January, 1826, we will find room for, as it gives us a glimpse of the character for forbearance which has always marked, in our experience, the true-bred and courageous pugilist.

"HATTON GARDEN, JANUARY 24TH.—A fashionably dressed man about the middle age was brought up from the Eagle Street Watchhouse, where he had passed the previous night, on the introduction of Mr. John Randall, mine host of the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane, the unvanquished hero of the P. R. Jack's science, every one knows, does not consist in sophistry, though his arguments have often been considered forcible, nay, irresistible. In his own straightforward way, he told Sergeant Sellon a round unvarnished tale, about 'this ere bit of business,' as he called it. On Monday night, about a quarter after eleven, the Hole-in-the-Wall was closed up, and Jack was settling the accounts of the day in the bar, as was his wonted custom, when a loud knocking announced the arrival of late visitors. 'You can't come in,' cried Jack, 'I wish to keep my house regular, and no man comes in here to-night, for it's after hours, d'ye see.' This, however, did not satisfy the thirsty party without, and a voice demanded instant admittance, in a rather peremptory tone. 'You don't know who I am, Randall,' quoth the speaker. 'No, nor I does't care,' responded the Nonpareil. 'Why, I am Cooper, the mayor of Canterbury; don't you remember meeting me at the races at Doncaster?' Randall's reminiscences are often pleasing, but, at all events, without designing to admit his old acquaintance, he resolved to have the 'ocular proof;' he straightway opened the door, when in bolted the pretended mayor and his satellites. 'Do you know me now?' 'No, I don't,' said Jack, 'not a bit of it, neither now nor then; so you'll please to bundle off, Mr. Mayor.' This was not intended, and the latter replied, that as he was a 'flash man,' he had an undoubted right to accommodation in a 'flash house,' and stay there he would; and if Jack pleased, he would have a 'turn-up' for it. Jack very good-humouredly hinted, that he would rather see a 'turn-out;,' whereupon the Canterbury Mayor struck him in the face. The hero of the fistic art, though accustomed to return compliments of this sort with cent. per cent. acknowledgments, very prudently held back, and calling in the watch to his aid, the mayor was put *hors de combat*, and found himself eventually in the watch-house. The defendant pleaded hard that he never did assume the character which Mr. Randall described. His name was simply John Samuel Powell, that he was a plain country gentleman, and never had the honour of filling the civic chair of Canterbury, though he certainly had met Mr. Randall in company with Mr. Cooper, who held that distinguished station, at the aforesaid races. With respect to the assault complained of, he would not deny the charge, though he had no recollection of it, his senses being steeped in forgetfulness. Having the highest respect for the talents of Mr. Randall, he was anxious to make the *amende honorable*,

if it would be accepted. 'There now,' exclaimed Jack, extending his hand, 'that's enough, man; but if I had treated you as you treated me, you wouldn't be standing afore his worship just now.' The complaint was then dismissed at Randall's request."

Randall's constitution—he was a persistent drinker of ardent spirits—gave way under the irregularities of a licensed victualler's life; Jack never possessed the moral courage to say "No" to a drop with every customer who proposed to "wet an eye," and but rarely with those who suggested to "wet the other." He was a martyr to gout, complicated with a disorganisation of the liver and a fatty degeneration of the heart. These disorders prostrated him, and finally carried him off at the early age of 34 years. He died March 12th, 1828, at the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane.

A leash of sonnets, from an accomplished pen, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, with a few passages from an obituary notice, will form an appropriate *finale* to the biography of Jack Randall, the Nonpareil

"SONNET.

"*'None but himself can be his parallel!'*"

"With marble coloured shoulders—and keen eyes
Protected by a forehead broad and white,—
And hair cut close, lest it impede the sight,
And clenched hands, firm and of punishing size,
Steadily held, or motion'd wary-wise,
To hit or stop,—and 'kerchief too drawn tight
O'er the unyielding loins, to keep from flight
The inconstant wind, that all too often flies—
The Nonpareil stands! Fame, whose bright eyes run o'er
With joy to see a chicken of her own:
Dips her rich pen in 'claret,' and writes down
Under the letter R, first on the score,
'Randall, John—Irish parents—age not known—
Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!'"

"TO JOHN RANDALL, THE FAMOUS PUGILIST.

(*In imitation of Milton's celebrated Sonnet.*)

"Randall, whom now the envious 'millers' own
Fighter indeed, cautious, and quick, and true,
Fit to stand up with those who science knew,
The master-spirits 'grassed' by death alone:
Big Ben, who made the great Tom Johnson groan,
And Pearce, who dextrous Belcher overthrew,
Aye, and with him who turns black eyes to blue,
Cribb, negro conqueror,* famous champion;
Well hast thou fought thy way to wealth and fame,
Jack Randall; and although there be who think
(For some are careless of the laurel'd brow,)
But little of thy glory or thy game,
Yet when they learn that thou hast touch'd the 'chink,'
Some value to thy labours must allow."

* He vanquished the great black, Molineaux, and a wonderful old man, Richmond, who was a fighter at the age of nearly 60.

"RANDALL'S FAREWELL TO THE RING.

"Farewell to the ring, where my claret-stained glory
 Arise and obscured the 'prime dons' with my fame,
 I abandon her now, but 'Pancratia' thy story
 Shall render quite fadeless the 'Nonpareil's' name.
 Oh, sad is the heart that can say the 'deuce take her,'
 To Fame when she's backing a blade of the fist;
 But Turner I've cleaned out, and Martin the baker
 I'd very near put on the bankruptcy list.

"Then blame me not kids, swells, or lads of the fancy,
 For opening a 'lush crib' in Chancery Lane,
 An appropriate spot 'tis, you doubtless all can see,
 Since 'heads' I have placed there, and let out again.
 Farewell then, thou ring, whence I first drew my glory.
 Farewell to Bill Gibbons—Tom Owen farewell;
 And when to green-horns you're telling some tight milling story,
 Then think of Jack Randall, the prime 'Nonpareil!'"

The "Laureate" of *Bell's Life*, too, the facetious poetic illustrator of the Gallery of Comicalities, who so much extended the popularity of the ablest of sporting journals, penned a "warning" under the title of

"JACK RANDALL'S GHOST.

"*'I can call spirits from the vasty deep.'*

"When all in midnight gloom was lost,
 All silent in the street,
 In stalked Jack Randall's slender ghost,
 And stood at Fogo's feet.

"Pale, wan, and wasted, was his frame,
 So muscular of yore,
 And thrice he called on Fogo's name,
 Thrice bade him cease to snore.

"*'Wake, Laureate, wake!'* exclaimed the sprite,
'Start from thy peaceful rug—
Though 'tis an awkward time of night
To sport my dismal mug.

"*'With friendly feeling fraught I come,*
For well I know thy merits—
Perhaps you'll think a visit rum
Paid from the land of spirits.

"*'Look at this lean and wither'd shape,*
These cheeks as white as paper—
Alas! 'twas drinking too much tape
That made my system taper.

"*'When the past follies I review,*
Which hasten'd my undoing—
I often rue with visage blue,
My fondness for blue ruin.

"*'O Laureate! warning take in time,*
And let a ghost exhort,
Think of Jack Randall in his prime
Subdued at length by short.

" 'Peace might have reign'd within my breast,
And Time his honours shed—
Alack! from swallowing *Deadly's* best,
I'm number'd with the *dead*.

" 'My pugilistic deeds recal—
His men whos'er beat quicker?
Successively I floor'd them all,
Till I was *lick'd* by *liquor*.

" 'Bard of the fancy, seize your lyre,
In solemn warning strike it!
'I wish,' growl'd Fogo, 'you'd ret're;
For blow me if I like it.

" 'To your last home vy can't you keep,
I do not want your varning—
I'd like to have a nap of sleep,
For now it's nearly morning.

" 'Indeed, I wish you'd say farewell,
And hasten under hatches—
I judges by your brimstone smell,
That you've been *making matches*.

" 'And can you find no soul but me
To tease about your noggins—
Suppose you go, by way of spree,
And worry ould Jack Scroggins.'

" 'Cease,' cried the ghost, 'at once desist,
And hold your idle jaw,
Or straightway with my phantom fist
Your frosty face I'll thaw.

" 'To you I came with kind intent,
Such was my purpose hero;
But if on *max* and *stripes* you're bent,
You'll soon be on your *hier*.

" 'Henceforth you'll see this mug no more!
A long adieu, my Fogo!
He said, and vanish'd through the floor,
In clouds of Oronoko."

Randall's pugilistic and personal merits are thus summed up by a contemporary:—In a twenty-four feet ring a better general or a more consummate tactician was never seen: judgment and decision were manifest in all his movements. His heart is in the right place; his head cool and collected, to take advantage in the most prompt style of the disorder of the opponent before him; his mind looking confidently forward to nothing but victory. In short, as a pugilist, he is the Nonpareil. Randall's style seems the *no plus ultra* of the art of self-defence. Out of the ropes, however, he is one of the most simple of human beings. Yet Lavater, with all his knowledge of physiognomy, might have looked at his mug, and looked at it again and again, and not have discovered his real character from the lineaments of his face. If Randall cannot express himself in the sentimental manner of

Sterne, gammon the tender part of society with the Platonic taste of a Rousseau, or wind up a tale with the speciousness of a Joseph Surface, he can be backed against them all for the possession of genuine feeling. A common observer might say he was a rough, illiterate fellow, for he does not attempt to conceal his deficiencies. He has no affectation about his composition—deception does not belong to him, and bluntness is his forte. He is indignant at what he thinks wrong; and is not over nice in his expressions, whenever such a subject is the theme of argument. He admires truth; and his honesty, if not Brutus-like, is as staunch and incorruptible. A liar will be sure to hear of his faults from him. Though education has done little for him, experience has given him “the time of day.” But, kind reader, if thou hadst seen him relieve an ould Irish woman, at “peep of day,” with the only half-crown he was master of, as she was going to market with an empty pocket and basket, anxious to support two of her orphan grandchildren to prevent their going to the parish, when she had solicited him for only two-pence to aid her charitable design;—if you had seen the effect of her plaintive tale, and the blessings she invoked upon his head for this real act of benevolence; his turning aside to weep; and the jeers he experienced from his companions upon the weakness he had displayed;—if you had also witnessed him pushing the crowd aside the instant he was proclaimed the conqueror over Turner, to grapple with the hand of his great rival in friendship, and seen the big tear stealing down his cheek, in admiration of the bravery of his opponent;—if you had known, as the writer did, of his refusal to prosecute a man and his wife, whom he had trusted in the bosom of his family, and who, under the mask of friendship, had robbed him at various periods of £300—I don’t know what you might have said of him, but Burns would have told us, despite his defects, “a man’s a man for a’ that.” And such a man was Jack Randall.

CHAPTER VII.

NED TURNER—1814-1824.

NED TURNER, who was born in Crucifix Lane, in the borough of Southwark, November 8th, 1791, was of Welsh extraction, his parents being natives of the Principality, and his kith and kin very respectable people at New Town, Montgomeryshire. Hence the "ancient Britons" of the metropolis proudly claimed Turner as their countryman, and, as we shall see, he was heartily backed and supported by the brave sons of the Cymry in his pugilistic ventures. Turner's calling was that of a skin-dresser, and he was duly apprenticed to that ancient craft and mystery, at a yard in Bermondsey, where a very large number of men were employed. Here there was a sparring club, or school for glove practice, in which young Turner greatly distinguished himself, by the quickness, natural grace, and intuitive steadiness of his style of sparring.

' Envy doth merit as its shade pursue,
And by her presence proves the substance true,'

and this was exemplified in the circumstances of Turner's first battle. The foreman of the yard, one John Balch, a Bristol man, not only fancied himself, by birth-place and judgment, an oracle in matters pugilistic, but the champion of the yard. It appears he often spoke disparagingly of the Welsh, as "border" men are apt to do: indeed he forgot himself so far as to sneer at young Turner's sparring pretensions, and intimated his ability to "snuff" the young Welshman out. Turner modestly doubted the boaster's ability, and a meeting "for love" ended in nearly an hour's hard fight on the side of John Balch, when Turner, though the younger (he was only in his twentieth year), lighter, and shorter man, had beaten Balch so completely blind that he was led helpless from the ring. Turner, it may well be supposed, was soon famous in the dominions of "Simon the Tanner," yet we may here note, on the authority of a contemporary, "that never, from his earliest days to the present period of his pugilistic celebrity, did a challenge first proceed from



NED TURNER

From a Portrait by WYVILL.

Ned Turner to any man."* By him the ancient sage's precept, albeit unknown in its didactic form, was felt and adopted as a rule of life :—

" Let us
Act with cool prudence and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, though honest, bear us
Often too far

For the minor battles of Turner, which form the prefatory matter to his ring doings, we are entirely indebted to Pierce Egan, as the journals of the period contain no trace of these by-affairs of a boxer as yet without public fame.

" A publican, of the name of Keating, landlord of the Black Horse, in the vicinity of St. Giles's, brought forward a big Irishman, whom he had patronised, to fight Turner in the cockpit at the Huntsman and Hounds, in Lock's Fields, for five guineas a side (1813). For the first three rounds Paddy bored in upon Ned with the utmost fury, and the latter in going down fell with his back upon the short stakes which formed the pit. The contusion was so severe and painful that Turner did not recover from its effects for the course of several rounds. At length Ned got into work, and before twenty-five minutes had elapsed, Paddy was so bothered, beaten, and blind, that he could not tell whether he was living at that moment either in England or Ireland.

" Turner, soon after the above circumstance (1814), in company with three of his fellow-workmen, left London to fulfil an engagement he had made at a skin-yard in Glasgow. A man of the name of M'Neil, a spirit dealer, and a pupil of Carter's, had threatened, previous to the arrival of Turner, to mill all the Englishmen in Glasgow. In fact, M'Neil was the champion of that place, and was in height five feet eleven inches, and weighing thirteen stone. Turner was soon singled out after his arrival in Glasgow by M'Neil for a trial of skill. A match was accordingly made for five guineas a side, and the contest was decided in a room. In the course of half an hour M'Neil was completely defeated. Some time afterwards he wished to have another trial allowed, and £5 a side was deposited to make it for a larger sum; but M'Neil preferred forfeiting the deposit to entering the ring again with Turner.

" Ned, upon quitting Glasgow, went to Newcastle (1816). At this place

Turner was challenged by one Blacket, a slater, well known for the pugilistic feats he had performed in this part of the country. A finer proportioned young man was not to be seen than Blacket. He was symmetry itself, of prodigious strength, and not deficient in bottom. He was in height six feet and one inch, weighing rather more than fourteen stone. The battle was fought on the race course, in the presence of thousands of spectators. In the course of forty-five minutes Blacket received so much severe punishment, without being able to return any milling upon Turner, that he swore in the utmost rage, 'he would not fight any more, as Turner was not a fair fighter, and that he did nothing but make hits, and then jump away!' Turner was much applauded for the skill he displayed in conquering a man so much above his weight, and a liberal subscription entered into by the amateurs as a reward for his bravery.

"Soon after Turner had returned to the metropolis, in a turn up with Youler (Davenport's Jew), a ruffianing sort of fighter, in St. George's Fields, in the course of thirty-five minutes he so completely satisfied this boring Israelite, that he retired from the conflict with terrible body punishment.

"At the Cottage of Content, in Lock's Fields, Turner was one evening set upon by five watermen, who, it seems, had made up their minds to give our hero a milling. The manly conduct of the sculler gentry, however, was soon placed to its proper account. Turner disposed of the first four with as much nonchalance as if they had been sacks, and the fifth, who, it appears, had some pretensions to boxing, and who endeavoured to make something like a regular stand against Ned, paid dearly for his temerity, by leaving off under numerous marks of severe punishment.

"These conquests, although they display every trait of courage and science, yet, in the opinion of the amateurs, amount to little until a boxer makes his *début* in the London ring. In fact, a pugilist is not recognized till he has made this appearance, when, if successful, he becomes a leading star of the fancy—friends flow fast in upon him, and backers are never wanting to support his pretensions. The fame of Turner had now made progress in the milling circles, especially in the neighbourhood of Bermondsey, where the capabilities of Turner were best known and appreciated. Curtis, a boxer also well known in the same quarter, it seems, felt envy at the growing reputation of Ned, and repeatedly challenged the latter before he agreed to meet him in combat. Curtis was of importance to the admirers of pugilism from the laurels he had acquired in the ring. Tom Roe, West Country Dick, and Lazarus, the Jew, had all been defeated by him. As a game boxer his character was firmly established; in short, of the 'light weights,'

a better bit of stuff was not thought to exist upon the list. A match was at length made between Turner and Curtis for 100 guineas; but the betting was current seven to four, and, in many instances, two to one upon the latter. Indeed, so sanguine were the partizans of Curtis, that they roundly asserted Turner could not stand half an hour before him. In a twenty feet ring, at Moulesey Hurst, on Tuesday, October 22, 1816, the above heroes met. The morning proving wet, the spectators were not so numerous as usual. At half past one o'clock Curtis entered the ring, attended by Oliver, who came on purpose from Carlisle to second his friend, assisted by Clark. Curtis threw up his hat. Turner soon followed, attended by Tom Owen and Jacobs.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The combatants, upon setting-to, exhibited great caution, and each appeared anxious to obtain the first advantage. Turner at length got an opening, and with much dexterity planted a severe hit in Curtis's face, without receiving a return. The former made another successful hit, when they fought their way up to the ropes, and Curtis was sent down. The three and two to one betters seemed rather astonished at the novice (as Turner had been termed) commencing in such a milling style. It augured much mischief, and the safety of the thing was not now looked upon as quite so certain.

2.—The lead was again on the side of Turner. He nobbed Curtis with evident superiority, when the latter slipped and fell down. (The odds began to shake, even at this early period of the battle.)

3.—Some good blows were exchanged, but materially to the advantage of Turner. The claret was seen trickling down the face of Curtis, who was ultimately thrown.

4.—Turner commenced offensive operations with a severe blow from the right. He appeared a troublesome customer for Curtis to get at, and some long sparring occurred. A good round, but Curtis was thrown.

5.—Curtis could not make any impression upon his adversary, when he retreated to the ropes, where he received severe flogging punishment; but he succeeded in throwing Turner.

6.—Turner put in so heavy a facer that the claret flowed in torrents, and with the rapidity of lightning he put in another successful blow, which sent Curtis out of the ring. (Even betting.)

7.—By this time Turner had done sufficient work to convince the spectators that he was the leading boxer. He was compelled to follow his opponent to get a hit, which he never failed to do when the ropes stopped Curtis from retreating farther. In strug-

gling to obtain the throw the latter got Turner down.

8.—It seemed to be the aim of Curtis to plant body blows, but he frequently hit short Curtis was thrown.

9.—Curtis, in point of science, did not appear anything equal to his opponent, except in throwing; he now sent Turner under the ropes.

10.—On the part of Turner much coolness and judgment prevailed. He threw Curtis in great style, and did not go down himself.

11.—The left hand of Turner, upon setting-to, reached over the guard of Curtis with such severity that the latter was floored.

12.—This was a short round. Turner went round from a slip, and fell to the ground.

13.—Curtis put in a body blow, but in so doing he received a severe facer. A few hits were exchanged, and both down.

14.—The decided superiority of Turner in this round was evident. He hit Curtis in all directions, till he went away staggering like a man intoxicated, and fell.

15.—Curtis could not protect his nob from the left hand of his opponent. In closing, both down.

16.—Curtis, with much resolution, fought his way into a sort of scuffle, when they both got upon the ropes. In this situation Turner had the superiority of hitting, till they both went down. (Turner was now decidedly the favourite, and six to four was offered upon him.)

17.—Curtis missed his aim and turned round. In closing, both down.

18.—The left hand of Turner was continually in Curtis's face; and the latter, in going down, unfortunately fell forward upon the ropes, hanging by his chin.

19.—The nob of Curtis was again the object of punishment. In closing, both fell on the ground.

20.—The milling Turner administered to

his opponent in this round was truly terrific. Curtis did nothing but receive; and in closing, he was severely flogged till he went down.

21.—Curtis was so closely parried, that he turned round and was hit out of the ring.

22.—This was a good round. Curtis changed his mode of attack. In making play he slipped down, but instantly got upon his legs, and put in two sharp blows. Both down.

23.—Curtis hit short; but, in closing, he seized hold of the hands of Turner. The latter was ultimately thrown.

24.—The nob of Curtis appeared much damaged. The latter, in retreating from his antagonist, fell, and knocked Oliver also down, who was resting upon one knee.

25.—Some blows were exchanged, when Turner put in a right-handed hit that felled Curtis.

26.—A close soon took place, but the combatants disengaged themselves, when some severe fighting passed between them, till both went down.

27.—Turner got Curtis on the ropes and flogged severely till he went down.

28.—Curtis, it was evident, could not stop the mischief which the left hand of Turner was continually doing him, and he went down from a sharp hit.

29.—In this round Curtis threw his opponent, but he received much punishment before he accomplished it.

30.—There was nothing attractive about Curtis in this fight, except his taking qualities, which he exhibited in a very eminent degree. He returned well, but was at length hit down.

31.—Curtis had the best of this round. He gave Turner so severe a flogging that sent him down.

32.—Sparring for advantage. Curtis hit short. In closing, both down, but the latter undermost. The length of Turner prevented Curtis from going in with any success.

33.—Turner put in three successive hits, without any return, and Curtis went down. The latter could not make a hit without boring in, and then he paid for his temerity.

34.—Curtis bled copiously on appearing at the scratch. Some exchanges took place, and both down.

35.—This was an excellent round, and both the combatants upon the alert. The advantage was most completely on the side of Turner, who used both hands so successfully that Curtis was milled down.

36.—Merely struggling to obtain the throw, and both down.

37.—Curtis hit short at the body, when they fought their way to the ropes, and the latter held Turner's hands. They broke away, exchanged a few blows, and both went down. Curtis threw away a great number of hits.

38.—Of no consequence. Both down.

39.—Turner put in two severe floggings,

without any return. Some exchanges occurred till both went down. During this round Owen gave directions to Turner respecting his mode of fighting, and told him to "hit out."

40.—Turner followed Curtis all over the ring, nobbed him with the most perfect ease, put in four successive blows with his left hand, and finished the round by flooring his antagonist.

41.—This was a truly singular round. Curtis ran in furiously and seized so fast hold of the wrists of Turner that he could not disengage himself from this awkward situation. He at length along Curtis completely round, when the latter lost his hold.

42.—In closing, Turner flogged his opponent down. Curtis could not resist the overwhelming length of his adversary; and, although things seemed so much against him, still he did not want for resolution.

43.—Curtis, from the repeated punishment he had received, seemed quite abroad, and totally at a loss how to make a hit. He kept continually retreating from his adversary, till he was sent down.

44.—Curtis again seized hold of his opponent's hands; when Turner released himself he flogged his antagonist. Every person seemed surprised at the conduct of Curtis—it was desperation personified.

45.—It was all up with Curtis as to fighting. He had not the slightest chance of winning. In struggling, both down.

46.—Curtis came to the scratch boldly, and put in a casual hit, but he was soon sent down.

47.—Turner hit Curtis with such severity upon his face that he staggered and fell. Turner stepped over him, and looked at his prostrate antagonist.

48.—The gameness of Curtis prompted him to go on, and he endeavoured to tire out his adversary. It was a sharp struggle to obtain the throw.

49.—A short round, and both down.

50.—It was mere protraction on the part of Curtis, and his friends requested him to resign the contest; but he would not listen to anything like defeat. Turner made some successful hits. In struggling, both down.

51.—On setting to Curtis slipped down.

52.—The left hand of Turner by a slight hit sent Curtis off his legs.

53.—The head of Curtis was bleeding copiously. His sight was growing defective, and the blows he attempted to make were out of distance. However, in closing, Curtis got Turner down.

54 to 57.—In these four rounds Curtis scarcely set to before he was either sent or went down. (Any odds on Turner.)

58.—Curtis seemed to think it was not all over with him and desperately bore in to punish his adversary; but this only occasioned extra milling. In closing, both down.

59.—Curtis on the same tack, but he was soon stopped and thrown.

60.—Curtis was all desperation, but sent down almost upon setting to.

61.—The left hand of Turner was again punishing his opponent's face; but, in closing, Turner dropped him with such ease and forbearance, as to obtain applause from all parts of the ring.

62.—It was evident from the strange manner in which Curtis attacked his adversary that he was nearly in a state of darkness. In running at Turner he passed by him, turned round confusedly, and was floored. Many of Curtis's friends were sanguine enough to think that he might be enabled to tire out his adversary by his determined resolution.

63.—It was astonishing to view what a bottom man could effect. Notwithstanding the dreadful state Curtis was reduced to, and distressed beyond imagination, he struggled with Turner, and ultimately threw him; but still no change appeared.

64.—This desperate mode of going in was noted upon too late. The strength of Curtis was fast leaving him, and he could now scarcely make a push at his opponent with any degree of certainty; while Turner was so much at his ease, that he administered scarcely any additional punishment, and behaved to his brave adversary with much consideration and humanity.

65.—Curtis, with great desperation, again tried to hold Turner's hands; but he was hit down.

66.—In this round a trifling demur was nearly taking place. In closing, a struggle occurred, when Turner, to disengage himself, caught Curtis by the thighs and threw

him. A cry of "foul!" "fair!" was loudly vociferated; but the umpire did not pay any attention to it. Curtis was literally in a state of stupor.

67.—Curtis on setting to was instantly sent down.

68 and last.—It was piteous to view this little game cock of the true English breed endeavour to fight another round. He immediately went down. On being placed upon his second's knee his head dropped on one side. He was insensible when the "time" was called; while, on the contrary, his brave opponent, excepting two heavy hits on the ear, was not materially injured. The fight continued one hour and twenty-five minutes, and finished five minutes before three o'clock.

REMARKS.—In this conflict Turner proved himself a steady scientific boxer; there was nothing hurried in his manner, and he used his left hand with celerity and decision. Instead of appearing a novice, he showed himself a superior up-hill boxer to Curtis. He took the lead and kept it; supported not only by length and strength, but was by far the best fighter. His position was so formidable, and his mode of setting to so different from pugilists in general, that Curtis could not get at him with anything like safety to make a hit. The knowing ones were completely outwitted upon this event, which ought to operate as a useful lesson, by inducing them to calculate the capabilities of the combatants, instead of being led astray by the mere greatness of names. Three to one is dangerous betting at all times.

Notwithstanding the greatest exertion and humane care were taken in speedily removing Curtis from the ring, after the battle had terminated—in fact, but a few minutes had elapsed before he was put to bed at the Red Lion Inn, Hampton, and medical assistance procured—yet this brave, but unfortunate boxer, in the course of a few hours breathed his last. The subject of his death having come under the cognizance of the laws of the country, an inquisition was taken on the body at the above inn, on Friday, October 25, 1816, before Thomas Stirling, Esq., Coroner for Middlesex.

John Griffinhoof, surgeon, of Hampton, deposed to being sent for on Tuesday evening to attend upon the deceased, who, when he arrived, was in a state of insensibility. There were no blows upon the body which, in his opinion, could have caused a man's death. There was a general discoloration from the waist upwards. He bled him in the arm, and applied leeches to his temples, and also endeavoured to administer to him a draught. He was of opinion that the blows which he received on the head were the cause of his death. The deceased lived until twelve o'clock at night.

Mr. Morris Jones, surgeon, of Hampton, gave similar evidence. He believed that a blood-vessel had broken in his head, and the only hopes he had of his recovery was by his bleeding profusely.

Richard Coombe, fishmonger, of Hampton, was present at the fight between the deceased and Turner. It was a pitched battle. He never heard of there being any quarrel between Curtis and Turner; saw Curtis enter the ring at half past one o'clock; Turner entered directly after. They stripped, hook hands, and then commenced fighting. When they had fought more than an hour, witness went up to Curtis and advised him to give in; but he observed that he could see, and should beat his opponent yet. He said his seconds advised Curtis not to fight any longer, and forced him to the ropes, but he broke from them and faced Turner again. The third round after he forced himself from his seconds, Turner gave him a heavy blow, which threw him, and fell upon him. He was raised up by his seconds, and the battle ended. Turner was declared the conqueror. He was informed that Curtis had been, previous to the fight about a month, unwell with a certain disease, and had been under the care of two physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital. His friends, thinking him not in a sound state, advised him not to fight; but Curtis was determined. He never saw a fairer fight. Turner could have struck him several times between the fiftieth and sixty-eighth (last) rounds, when he would not, on account of his having such an advantage over his opponent. At one time he stood over Curtis as he leaned against the ropes, and might have given him a violent blow, having him wholly in his power; instead of doing so he lifted up his hands and walked away.

Another witness, also sworn, observed, that for about twelve rounds before the termination of the contest, he told Curtis he had no chance to win, and that it was a pity he should suffer himself to be beaten to pieces. The reply of the deceased was, that he could not lose the battle, and he maintained this assertion against every remonstrance, until he fell in the last round, and never recovered from a state of stupor. Oliver, his second, advised him also, in vain, to resign long before the battle was decided, and the umpire refused to hold the watch any longer; but the deceased entertained a notion that he could win until the moment he fell. The evidence of this witness went to explain on the subject of the fall. He stated that, in the struggle for superiority, both men were down, and that Turner had an opportunity of doing mischief to his adversary, by falling upon him, but he broke from him and behaved in a manly manner, as he had done in other instances during the fight. After this fall, Curtis never recovered from the stupor, and

witness believed him to be in a dying state before he reached the inn at Hampton.

It was further sworn that Turner had forbore to take advantage of his adversary when he had him upon the ropes, and that he showed much fair play during the combat.

The Coroner summed up :—Gentlemen of the jury, I have read over the whole of the evidence which has been adduced, and it is now my duty to point out to you what is the chief point for you to consider with regard to your verdict. It is proved there was no previous quarrel between Turner and the unfortunate deceased before their contest at Moulsey Hurst ; but, notwithstanding, it is my duty to tell you that the meeting was unlawful, for Turner had no right to beat Curtis until he died because he had his consent, although they did not agree to fight till one had killed the other : yet such was the fact in evidence, that the extremities of Curtis were dead before he left the ring. There are certainly several points in favour of Turner. It appears that he could several times, when he did not, have not only disabled the deceased, but that he had him at one time so much in his power that he could have put an end to the contest, but that he avoided the opportunity of an advantage : still the deceased died in consequence of the wounds he received from Turner. I have stated what appears in favour of Turner ; and, on the other side, that he acted unlawfully, and you cannot discharge your duty, in my opinion, unless you find him guilty in some degree—to what degree it is for you to determine. The jury were in consultation for twenty minutes, when they returned a verdict of manslaughter.

Upon the issuing of the warrant, Turner at once surrendered himself.

On Friday, November 1, 1816, at the Old Bailey Sessions, Edward Turner was indicted for the wilful murder of John Curtis, by inflicting with both his hands divers blows, on the 22nd of October, whereof he died.

The witnesses gave the same evidence as that before the coroner. Turner being called upon for his defence, read from a written paper as follows :—

“ MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY

“ Deeply impressed with the great peril to which I am exposed by the present charge made against me, and with the difficulty I necessarily experience in substantiating my innocence, owing to the danger to which most competent witnesses of the transaction would be exposed, were they to be examined, I must solicit your serious attention to such facts as I shall be enabled to lay before you, by which I trust not only my natural disposition will appear, but that on the occasion of the sad catastrophe imputed to me I was goaded into a consent to fight the deceased, who was himself a prize-fighter, and with the greatest reluctance I entered the ring, after being assaulted ; and when I did so, as soon as I ascertained my superiority over my antagonist, I forbore on very many occasions, to avail myself of the advantages that presented themselves to me, and with the greatest reluctance continued the contest until the circumstance occurred which led to the unfortunate event which I must ever deplore, and which has placed me in my present awful situation. I beg to state that my parents in life were honest, my aversion to prize-fighting great, never having before

fought a pitched battle; nor should I on this occasion, but for the great aggravation which will be proved I received. I assure your Lordships and gentlemen of the jury, that I am totally innocent of any intention to seriously injure the deceased, and that there never existed in my mind the smallest particle of malice towards him. I trust, therefore, that my character for humanity and forbearance will have its due weight on this occasion."

During the time the clerk of the arraigns was reading the defence, the feelings of Turner were so oppressed that he was observed to shed tears.

His counsel, Mr. Andrews (who had scarcely time to look over his brief, in consequence of Mr. Adolphus not being in court, although retained some days previous to the trial for Turner) then proceeded to call a multitude of witnesses, all of whom gave him an excellent character for humanity and mildness of disposition. Some of them stated that he had never fought a prize battle before, and that he was urged to the contest by the frequent importunities of the deceased, who was not easy until he obtained his promise to fight him.

Baron Graham, in charging the jury, said this was not a case accompanied by any circumstances that indicated previous malice on the part of the prisoner. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner was not one of those men who devoted themselves to the dangerous profession of prize-fighting. He was, it seemed, considered to be a young man of boxing skill and prowess, a victory over whom would increase the fame of his opponent, and therefore he was urged, nay, goaded, to fight the battle which ended so lamentably. There was certainly premeditation enough on his part to make the crime murder, provided the parties had fought with dangerous weapons, which were likely to produce death. The law was quite certain and decided on this point. For if people met (a smaller period even than a day having expired between their quarrel and their meeting) to fight with deadly weapons, and death ensued, then that was murder, because what the law called malice was apparent—the act was done in cold blood. The present appeared to have been a display of manhood and courage; and whilst they disapproved of such a rencontre between two young men, they could not feel that horror (this being a trial of natural courage and manhood) which, under other circumstances, they might entertain. Under the circumstances stated, the prisoner and the deceased met to fight on the 22nd of October; but they met to fight with those natural arms which, certainly, when strong men were opposed to each other, might produce fatal effects, yet were not in general likely to occasion dreadful consequences, and the contemplation of which could not excite those feelings which deadly and dangerous weapons were calculated to produce. It seemed evident that nothing like malice existed in the mind of the prisoner. It was, as he had before observed, a trial of

pro prowess: no malice appeared, at least on the part of the prisoner. He did not wish to cast any reflection on the memory of a dead man; but, looking strictly to the circumstances, perhaps the imputation of an angry feeling might rest on the deceased. It was in evidence that, during the contest of nearly an hour and a half, the prisoner had cautiously and humanely avoided using, to the extent he might have done, the decided advantage and superiority which he had over the deceased. There was nothing in his conduct like deliberate cruelty, or a desire to injure his adversary, farther than the result occasioned by his efforts to show himself the better man. Water, it appeared, had frequently been thrown upon the deceased in the course of the fight, he having previously taken large quantities of a very powerful medicine (mercury). But a medical gentleman had stated that such ablutions could not have materially affected him at that time; and perhaps, considering the exertions he was making, they might have refreshed him. The prisoner evidently showed that humanity which did him credit and honour. It appeared that he greatly regretted being obliged to continue the fight, in consequence of the determination of the deceased. The principal part of the charge, therefore, that of murder, was quite out of the question; but there could be no doubt of the killing and slaying, which the law considered a very high offence. The consequence had indeed been fatal to that unhappy young man; but it would be extremely unjust to say Turner was responsible for those consequences, as being the cause of them. It was a fact, unquestionably true, that Turner had no hostility whatever to the deceased, for, on the contrary, he had shown himself actuated by the purest motives of humanity during the whole contest; and, likewise, the numerous previous insults the deceased had offered to Turner, were long and painfully endured without any retaliation. This was honourable to his patience. The taking away the life of the young man by the prisoner was clearly proved; for the surgeon had stated that death had ensued, as he had expected, in consequence of the injuries he had received.

The jury, after a short consideration, returned a verdict of *Manlaughter* against the prisoner, but earnestly recommended him to the merciful consideration of the court, on account of his humanity and forbearance.

Mr. Baron Graham observed that the court participated in the feelings of the jury.

At the end of the Sessions Turner was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in Newgate.

During the confinement of Turner he conducted himself with so much propriety and decorum as to merit the attention of the head keeper, who granted

him every indulgence consistent with the rules of the place. He was also visited by many of the highest patrons of pugilism.

Shortly after his liberation, Turner, by the advice of his friends, took a benefit at the Minerva Rooms, Leadenhall Street, as a means of contributing towards the heavy expenses he had sustained from his trial and imprisonment. The amateurs rallied round him upon this occasion in gratifying numbers.

The sporting circles of this period were extremely anxious to bring about a match between the all-conquering Scroggins and Turner; but the friends of Turner insisting that Scroggins should not exceed ten stone seven pounds on coming into the ring, the match was for a long time off, until the following accidental circumstance produced a battle, after the previous regular propositions of bringing them together had failed.

At a sporting dinner which took place at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Wednesday, February 26, 1817, Mr. Emery, of Covent Garden Theatre, in the chair, Turner and Scroggins were among the visitors. In consequence of the deputy chairman being absent, Scroggins was requested to fill up the vacancy. This little hero had just returned from the Fives Court, after setting to with Tom Belcher, in which display with the gloves he had been much applauded; being somewhat warmed, and not standing upon the punctilio of waiting for the toasts, he rallied his bottle in such quick succession that he was completely floored. Shortly afterwards the effects of exertion and the glass combined operated so somniferously on the upper works of Scroggy, that he laid down his head and went to sleep. The company were rather amused than offended with this inactive state of their deputy, and he was permitted to enjoy the benefit of his slumbers. On waking, he quitted the chair and introduced himself to the company below stairs in the coffee-room. Turner soon afterwards took his leave of the dinner party, and on his way home through the house he took a peep, *en passant*, at the room below stairs. It is fair to observe that Scroggins was in a state of inebriation. The company remonstrated upon the impropriety of Scroggins' behaviour, who was quarrelling with and threatening to mill ould Joe Norton. Turner civilly remarked that Norton was an old man, his time was gone by, and as to his fighting it was quite out of the question. Scroggins, with much asperity, abused Turner for his observation, called him everything but a good one, and sneeringly told Ned that he had never defeated any body; indeed, only "kicked a man that was half dead with disease before he entered the ring." This produced a sharp retort from Turner, when Scroggins gave the former a slap in the face. A turn-up was the immediate consequence, but scarcely a blow passed before they were both down, and Turner undermost. Sutton instantly

got between them; the company also interfered, and peace was restored. The account of this fracas flew up stairs like lightning, and the amateurs immediately discussed the subject. Scroggins, with derision, offered to fight Turner £100 to £50; but the latter felt all this was empty boasting. It was the general opinion of those present that Turner had been unhandsomely treated by Scroggins; and, in consequence, Mr. Soares, on the part of Turner, immediately made a deposit of five guineas towards making a match in a month from that time, although Mr. S. had, in every previous instance, supported Scroggins. On Wednesday, the 12th of March, the partisans of both heroes met at Belcher's, and the stakes were made good. But Scroggins was the "idol" of the sporting world, and it was a censure upon any one's judgment to name Turner as having anything like a chance; indeed, infatuation was carried to such a pitch of extravagance, respecting the overwhelming capabilities of Scroggins, that the Jew Phenomenon never stood upon higher ground in the best of his days.

It is impossible to describe the sensation this fight occasioned in the sporting circle; the fame of Scroggins, from his having conquered Boots, Dolly Smith, Nosworthy, Eales, Whittaker, and Church, in succession, had made such a strong impression on the minds of the fancy in general, that he was thought almost invulnerable. Even Scroggins himself felt impressed with the same idea, and fought £100 against Turner's £50. It is true the match was first made when Scroggins was not exactly *compos mentis*; but, in his soberest moments, he boldly asserted he would win it with ease. The capabilities of Turner he positively ridiculed, treated him as a mere upstart pugilistic pretender, and flattered himself that the prowess of Turner would vanish before his punishing arm, like snow before the sun. For three nights previous to the battle taking place, the sporting houses were crowded to excess, and so very high did this modern Dutch Sam stand in the estimation of the knowing ones, that nothing less than three to one would be accepted, and that only from an idea that a chance hit or accident might operate against his usual success. On Wednesday, March 26, 1817, as soon as it was light, groups of pedestrians were seen on the Uxbridge Road; and by eight o'clock carriages of all descriptions were rattling along, from the splendid barouche and four down to the donkey and hampers. By eleven twenty thousand persons had collected on the ground, a field near Hayes, between the bridge and the turnpike, not far from the present line of the Great Western Railroad, about ten miles on the Uxbridge Road from Tyburn turnpike. At eighteen minutes to one Turner appeared in the ring, dressed in a fashionable great-coat, and threw up his hat, and Scroggins immediately followed. Cribb

tied the yellow handkerchief belonging to Turner to the stake, and Oliver immediately placed the blue fogle of Scroggins beside it. The combatants shook hands before they stripped. Oliver and Clarke appeared as seconds to Scroggins; the Champion of England and Harry Harmer attended upon Turner. Three to one was the current betting against the latter, and many thousands depended on the event. Turner was an object of great curiosity, from his late unfortunate battle with Curtis; but viewed as the antagonist of Scroggins, the idea was sneered at. The ring measured twenty-four feet, and the numerous carriages round it formed an elegant amphitheatre. Lord Yarmouth and Colonel Barton acted as timekeepers.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—It was expected, on the combatants setting-to, that Scroggins would adopt his usual method of boring in to his adversary, or, to use his own words, "take the fight out of him;" but he was more cautious than usual, and a good deal of sparring took place. He made a feint at Turner, and instantly got away again. At length Scroggins put in a hit—some trifling blows passed between them, and ultimately Turner went down lightly, when Scroggins held up his hands, by way of showing how little he thought of him.

2.—Scroggins now appeared a little more on the alert to follow up his success; he gave Turner a sharp nobber, but he failed in doing his usual punishing execution. The customer before him was not of that easy description he had flattered himself, and though Turner went down, it was not from effective hitting. (Many persons exclaimed, "Now where's your three to one?")

3.—Turner, on setting-to, fought with his opponent manfully, and planted a severe facer under his left eye; and though, at the close of the round, he was again down, his capabilities as a boxer were manifest. He also met with great encouragement from the spectators.

4.—This was a sharply contested round; both were at work in right earnest, and in a close Turner gave his opponent a severe cross-buttock. The concourse of persons was so great, and their eager curiosity not keeping pace with the etiquette usual upon these occasions, pressed forward to the ropes—the outer ring was broken, and all traces of the fight lost sight of, excepting to a few, who, at the hazard of their lives, kept in front.

The men continued to fight for several rounds under this disadvantage, when the inner and smaller ring was broken into, the stakes knocked down, and the ropes trodden under foot. It was now more like a street row than a prize fight, and the combatants

had scarcely a yard of space. Scroggins, notwithstanding being so close to Turner, had by no means the best of him, and it was the general opinion, that had no interruption occurred Turner would have won. To attempt to describe any of these rounds with accuracy would be a deviation from the truth; and Mr. Jackson afterwards declared it was totally out of his power to give an opinion upon them. Carter, Painter, Dolly Smith, Richmond, etc., exerted themselves with their horsewhips to beat out the ring, but in vain; nothing less than a troop of horse or a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets could have attempted it with success. Both men were accordingly taken from the ring, and Mr. Jackson went round, declaring all the bets to be null and void. At this period not less than thirty thousand persons were present, and the carriages on the spot and along the road were estimated at eight thousand. A suspense of two hours occurred, and thousands of inquiries took place to ascertain how the day was to be finished. During this interval, the ooster-mongers wishing to clear their carts, but not being able to persuade the customers (who had paid 8s. a-piece to see the sports of the day) to retire from their situations, actually took out their horses and lifted up their vehicles, after the manner of shooting rubbish. This mode of ousting the tenants occasioned much laughter, and a little extra boxing. At length Mr. Jackson appeared, when it was announced that the contest was adjourned to a future day.

Turner proved himself a much more competent boxer than was expected, and Scroggins was equally deceived. Turner convinced Scroggins that his furious onslaught was to be stopped. He hit him once so tremendously on the jaw, that the latter held up his head afterwards, and did not go boring in so furiously as heretofore. They were both fresh on leaving the ring, but neither of them were considered in good condition.

Scroggins had a black eye, and one of Turner's peepers was a little out of repair. It is but fair to state that much difference of opinion existed on the subject, many persons contending that Scroggins was not in the slightest degree punished, and that Turner showed evident symptoms of weakness on

leaving the ring. Several noblemen were present, and many first-rate theatricals. It proved a rare day for the inn-keepers and pike-men, and it was impossible to move a step, where the pocket was concerned, without dearly paying for curiosity.

On the Monday evening after the fight every room to the top of Belcher's house was crowded to excess by the "Fancy," so anxious were the amateurs to learn the decision as regarded the coming battle. The following articles were agreed to :—

"Castle Tavern, Holborn, March 31, 1817.

"John Scroggins engages to fight Edward Turner, 120 guineas to 80, on the 27th of May. Ten pounds on each side are deposited; to fight in a twenty-four feet ring, half-minute time; one half of the remainder of the money to be deposited at Scroggins's on the 15th of April. The whole to be made good on the 20th of May, at Tom Belcher's. The fight to take place not within twenty-five miles from London. To be a fair stand-up fight. Mr. Jackson to name the place of fighting, and to receive the money, till all is made good. The money, upon the first failure of deposit, to be forfeited, and the other half if not made good. To meet in the ring between twelve and one.

"J. SCROGGINS, his + mark.
"E. TURNER.

"Witness, J. W."

So confident, it appears, were the partisans of Scroggins that victory would again crown his exertions, that no fall whatever in the betting took place from his unexpected battle in a room with Fisher, when in a state of inebriation; in fact, it operated materially in his favour. This rencontre will be found under the memoir of Scroggins, Chapter IX., *post*.

In consequence of the Ascot race week falling at the time appointed in the articles (May 27), the battle was, by mutual consent, postponed to the 10th of June. Notwithstanding the secrecy observed, the magistrates of Essex got hint enough not to permit Matching Green to be the spot, as fixed upon for this trial of skill to be decided. The attraction in the sporting circles was so great that vehicles of all descriptions were on the road the whole of Monday night; and as soon as daylight began to peep on Tuesday morning the amateurs were in motion. Upon their arrival at Harlow, the interruption was found out, and after a short deliberation it was decided that the battle should take place in the adjoining county, Hertfordshire, in a paddock contiguous to Sawbridgeworth. Thither the cavalcade posted without delay, and the inhabitants of that quiet village were not a little astonished at this sudden visit from galloping horsemen, rattling port-chaises, barouches, tilburys, carts, etc., till the important cause was learned. It was a profound secret here, notwithstanding Turner slept at Mr. Parsons', the White Lion Inn, Sawbridgeworth, the preceding evening. He arrived from New Town in Wales, where he had been in training under the care of his uncle, Mr

Turner, and reached Barnet on Friday evening *incoog*. He scarcely saw five persons before he entered the ring, being under the immediate care of his cousin, Mr. Baxter. He was in much better condition than when he stripped at Hayes; but it is certain he still might have been brought to a finer pitch. He weighed ten stone five pounds. On meeting with his opponent, Scroggins, they shook hands in the most friendly manner together. The stakes, as before stated, were £120 on the part of Scroggins, against Turner's £80. At half past twelve Turner appeared in the twenty-four feet roped ring, and threw up his hat. Scroggins soon followed his example. Tom Owen and Jacobs were the seconds of Turner; and Harmer and Clark attended upon Scroggins. Owen tied the yellow colour of his man upon the post, and Harmer covered it with the true blue belonging to Scroggins. It is curious to remark that this same blue handkerchief belonging to the latter he had won all his seven battles in, but now he sported a new one round him. The ring was unusually respectable and select, not being above one deep, few, if any, pedestrians being able to go the distance of thirty miles in time. One o'clock having arrived, the parties shook hands, and the battle commenced. Two to one on Scroggins.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Two minutes elapsed in sparing and dodging each other round the ring, both anxious to obtain the first advantage. The firm and erect attitude of Turner, who appeared armed at all points, seemed to puzzle Scroggins so much that he was at a loss how to commence the attack with any degree of certainty, and that formidable resolution of going in furiously, which gave him the lead in the commencement of all his other fights, in the present instance had visibly abated. Scroggins at length, neck or nothing, made a sort of rush in, and after a short scuffling close, Turner went down from a slight hit on the side of his head. (Loud shouting, and three to one on Scroggins.)

2.—The little hero seemed pleased with his success, and was going in with much gaiety to reduce the confidence of Turner, when the latter put in a sharp teaser on Scroggins's mug with his right hand, that rather stopped his career; in the course of the round he planted another desperate facer, and added a severe hit on the ribs. In closing, the strength of Scroggy prevailed, and Turner was undermost.

3.—Scroggins seemed, in this early stage of the fight, to anticipate that he had a very ugly customer before him, and appeared unusually cautious. Several good hits passed, but in closing, Turner was again undermost.

4.—Turner was not long before he planted a desperate hit on the throat of his opponent, that gave him a sort of hiccup. Scroggins endeavoured to make some rushing hits, but he lost his distance, and no execution was done. In closing, both went down, but Turner was undermost, having experienced a cross-buttock.

5.—This round was well contested, and Scroggins, quite determined, went in, but Turner milled his nob sharply, and the claret was seen trickling down his face. In closing, Turner was again undermost. At this instant a troop of Yeomanry Cavalry made their appearance, galloping down the lane towards the scene of action, creating some alarm that the fight would again be interrupted; but, on being interrogated, it appeared they were admirers of native courage, and only anxious to witness the mill.

6.—This was a short round. Scroggins missed a despoirately aimed blow at Turner's body; he, nevertheless, rushed in and bit Turner down.

7.—Scroggins came bleeding to the scratch, and a good milling round occurred. Several sharp blows were exchanged, but in closing, Turner was undermost.

8.—The little tar, without ceremony, rushed headlong in, and souffled with his antagonist till both went down. ("Well done, Scroggins! he'll tire out Turner," was the cry.)

9.—On setting-to, Turner put in a tremendous fencer with his right hand, and got away with much dexterity. Scroggins endeavoured to return, but lost his distance, and Turner again nobbed him. The former appeared confused, and dropped his hands, but at length rushed in. In closing, Turner was undermost.

10.—This was a sharp round; but the coolness of Turner was manifest, and he hit with much judgment. He was perfectly aware of his opponent's mode of fighting, and always prepared to give him a warm reception. In closing, Turner undermost.

11.—Scroggins commenced this round with considerable caution, and nearly a minute occurred before a blow was struck. Turner's left hand claimed an acquaintance with Scroggy's cheek. Scroggins in return endeavoured to plant a hit at Turner's mark, that, had it proved successful, might have materially changed the face of the battle. No, nevertheless, in closing, again sent Turner over the ropes.

12.—This was a tremendous round; the combatants rallied in grand style. In closing, Turner fibbed his man terribly, and for the first time the little hero was undermost.

13.—From the severe fibbing Scroggins had received after setting-to he hastily retreated; loud hissing arose from all parts of the ring. But he soon recovered from his panic, and it was as sharp a round as any in the fight. Turner gave his opponent a hit that sent him quite round; but Scroggins again opposed him with the most determined spirit, and followed him till, in closing, both went down. (Turner was now evidently the favourite.)

14.—Turner immediately planted a fencer on setting-to. (Applause.) Scroggins also made a hit, and Turner went down from it, as if he had slipped.

15.—Smashing hits on both sides, but many of them out of distance. Scroggins was again fibbed, but he stopped this sort of punishment by holding the hands of Turner. He also obtained the throw, and Turner was undermost.

16.—On setting-to, Scroggins got back, and Turner put down his hands, convincing his opponent he had leisure enough to wait for him. Turner at length planted a desperate ribber, and Scroggins furiously bored in. In closing, the latter again obtained his usual advantage.

17.—This was a curious round. Scroggins, on receiving a hit, turned round, but furiously renewed the combat. Turner, in closing, had the advantage materially in fibbing his opponent, yet Scroggins got him down.

18.—Turner, with much coolness, nobbed Scroggins and got away. The latter seemed quite at fault; he was at sea without a rudder—no sight of land appeared in view, and desperation seemed his only resource. Scroggy rushed in again on the bull-dog

system, and ultimately succeeded in getting Turner undermost. During this round Clark, Scroggins' second, fell down in a fit, and was succeeded by Ned Painter.

19.—Scroggins made a good body hit, and smashed away with much spirit. He was manfully opposed by Turner, but the latter ultimately went down, and almost a second had elapsed when Scroggy fell with all his weight upon him. Some marks of disapprobation, but it might have been accident.

20.—Turner, with considerable ease, planted a right-handed hit on the already chancier nob of Scroggins, and got away; but the latter, to revenge this attack, rushed in with uncommon ardour to make a change, if possible, and while endeavouring to put in some tremendous blows, received a slight hit that caused him to fall and slip out of the ring.

21.—Some heavy hits were dealt out on both sides, and Turner, in particular, received one so severe on the right side of his nob, that for a second it was almost upon his shoulder. In closing, both down.

22.—This was positively the best round in the fight; the blows were heard all round the ring. A desperate rally occurred, and the men broke away; but Scroggins, not satisfied that he had done enough, endeavoured to go in head foremost to take the fight out of his opponent. Turner, prepared for his impetuosity, hit upwards as he was coming in, upon his throat, with great effect. In closing, both down, Turner undermost. Scroggins, on his second's knee, hemmed for wind, and he also discharged a considerable quantity of the crimson fluid from his mouth.

23.—Scroggins rushed in, and both down.

24.—Things had now materially changed, and five and six to one were freely offered on Turner. On Scroggins reaching the scratch his knees trembled under him, and he appeared like a man intoxicated. He endeavoured to plant a hit, and fell.

25.—Turner gave him a left handed fencer, and also a severe ribber with his right. Scroggins was quite abroad; he could make no hit with any degree of certainty, and once more resorted to boring in, till both went down. The combatants were close together while sitting on the knees of their seconds, when Turner laid hold of his opponent's hand and gave it a friendly shake.

26.—On setting-to Turner planted a dreadful fencer, and soon after hit Scroggins clean down. (Seven to one was offered.) Brandy was now called for to renovate the little hero, but it was of no avail.

27.—On coming to the scratch, after a slight hit from Turner, Scroggins turned round and retreated till he got to a corner of the ring. Turner stood still, pointing his finger at him and beckoning him to come up and fight, but it would not do. Turner was compelled to follow Scroggins, when they closed. Severe fibbing was again dealt out to him, till both went down.

28.—Turner left the knee of his second in a most lively manner, but Scroggins seemed to come very reluctantly to the point of war. Scroggins threw away his blows, and he received some dreadful up-hits in his throat that electrified him.

29.—Scroggins was brought to the mark, and he had scarcely lifted up his hands when he was hit down. (Ten to one offered freely.)

30.—The mob of Scroggins now appeared much damaged, and his ribs exhibited a token of severe punishment. But though the little hero was prevented from doing any mischief, he nevertheless contended for the throw, and obtained it.

31.—The superiority of Turner astonished all present. He made a successful hit with his right hand on the face of Scroggins, and instantly made another good one upon his ribs. The little hero turned round in a state of confusion, and was sent down. (Great applause. Five to three offered that Scroggins did not fight three more rounds.)

32.—Scroggins had been literally stupid for the last half hour, from the heavy blows he had received on his head, and in not being able to stop the upper-cuts of Turner. At out fighting in this round he was much punished, and severely flogged, till Turner dropped him. ("Well done, Turner.")

33 and last.—It was all up with the sailor, who had made so much noise in the fighting circles for the last three years. He had been pronounced to be almost invincible, and he had flattered himself into the belief. In the last ten rounds, in point of fighting, he had no chance whatever; nevertheless he fought with much bravery. Scroggins endeavoured to do something in this round, put in some hits, but turned away from his opponent from the severity of punishment, and fell. On being placed upon his second's knee, he gave in. Upon Harry Harmer hoisting the handkerchief as a token of defeat, it is impossible to describe the appearance of the ring. They seemed lost in reverie, till giving vent to their surprise, they exclaimed, "What, Scroggins given in? Impossible!" The battle lasted one hour and twelve

minutes. Scroggins was carried out of the ring, and put into a post-chaise, Turner having won almost without a scratch.

REMARKS.—The "Napoleon of the ring" has at length been defeated, but not disgraced; and, like other mighty fighting heroes, has been taught what it is to drink of the bitter cup of disappointment. He is now blamed for his confidence and temerity by those very admirers who supported him; but it may be asked, what is a hero without feeling confident of victory? Scroggins entered the ring under these feelings, and endeavoured to come out a conqueror. He did all that a man could do; and the hero, who defeated in succession, Boots, Dolly Smith, Neworthy, Eales, Whitaker, Church, and Fisher, ought not to be forgotten in an honourable defeat with a superior man. Scroggins was never considered a boxer in a scientific point of view, and this day he completely proved the truth of the assertion. The judgment and science were completely on the side of Turner; he never struggled to lose his strength in throwing, but went down with scarcely any resistance. He never hit first, but only when the opportunity was undeniable. His guard was so firm that Scroggins could never get at him without being exposed to great danger. His coolness was equally admirable; and, in opposition to Scroggins, he made the ferocity of the latter subservient to his skill. The desperation of Scroggins, which had so terrified his opponents hitherto, was reduced to confusion; and the ease with which he was conquered, astonished the most knowing amateurs, and many of them paid dearly for their confidence. At best, he was only a resolute smashing fighter, and none of his opponents, except Turner, could get away from his severe punishment. He lost by out-fighting with Turner, and was worse off from going in. In the fight at Hayes, Turner has since acknowledged, he received so violent a blow from Scroggins that he could not for a month afterwards open his mouth without considerable pain.

Turner was so fresh that he was able to have fought another battle, and walked round the ring during the next fight. He drove himself to London, and appeared so little hurt from his conflict that he returned with all the gaiety of a spectator. The house kept by Scroggins, in Westminster, was surrounded by hundreds of people waiting for the intelligence; and so much confidence were the crowd inspired with in behalf of the naval hero, that his defeat was not believed till he arrived at home about one in the morning.

The backers of Turner met on the Friday evening following at Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, and presented him with the whole of the stakes, amounting to £120, as a reward for his courage. Turner also paid his fallen

opponent a friendly visit the preceding evening, when Scroggins said he wished to retrieve his lost laurels in a new contest for £100 a side. Turner, who had no wish to fight again, but merely as a matter of accommodation, said he could not meet him for less than £200 a side. Scroggins attributed his defeat to a chance blow in the throat, accompanied with getting one of his feet into a small hole in the ground, which threw him off his balance; and it was at that precise instant, he said, that he received the above hit, which deprived him of his wind throughout the conflict.

A short time after the above conquest Turner made a visit to New Town, where he had recently been in training, and which is the birth-place of his parents and relatives. He was hailed with all the respect due to a hero in a more important cause. The companions of his youth, and the admirers of pugilism among the Ancient Britons, caused a congratulatory peal to be rung upon the bells in honour of his victory. A feast was held at the first inn in the place, and two roasted fat sheep, with gilded horns, were served up with the *et ceteras*, including plenty of game. The evening was conducted with the utmost conviviality, and the Welsh bards mustered upon this occasion composed and sung extemporaneous verses in praise of the brave and of the exploits of their countryman.

Upon the return of Turner to London the stakes were made good, for 300 guineas, and Scroggins, it seems, so much fancied this third trial of skill, that, in order to train correctly, he relinquished his character as a publican, and disposed of his house. But the opinion of the sporting world had changed, and seven to four was the current betting upon Turner. The charm of the invincibility of Scroggins was broken, and the great interest this little hero once sustained in the milling circles was materially injured by his defeat.

From some apparently careless conduct of Scroggins after the stakes were made good, much doubt prevailed through the fancy respecting the battle, and a strong opinion was maintained "that no fight would take place." Even three to one was betted on this particular point. This circumstance operated as a great drawback upon the interest of the contest, and until the evening preceding the battle very few sums were risked upon the event. Both the combatants, however, had publicly declared it should not be their fault if any disappointment occurred, as they were very anxious to come to a decision upon the subject. Notwithstanding this mystery, Scroggins had not lost his interest with the sporting world, and early on the morning appointed for the battle the roads leading to the scene of action gave proof of it. The ring was made at an early hour, at Shepperton; and, whether owing to accident or intention, upon the arrival of numerous spectators at the above

spot, it was given out "the fight will take place at Moulsey." Thither the motley cavalcade repaired, and the confusion that now occurred beggars description. The flight from Shepperton through Walton was like the retreat of an army. Those, too, who were galloping from Hampton to Shepperton turned suddenly round upon hearing the news; the road in consequence was blocked, the scent for a time lost, and all doubt and glorious confusion. A strong group was at length seen forming across the water at Moulsey, and the boats were actively employed in conveying over the anxious spectators to be in time. It was now booked by many that no fight would take place; and, if it did, that hundreds would not be able to see it. The hoax, however, was dispelled, and "Shepperton" was again the signal. The keeper of the Walton Bridge toll, anxious to come in for a slice of the profits, put up a board at the end of a lane, "This is the road to the fight," and from this stratagem came in for a tolerable good share of copper; it was, however, considerably out of the way. At length all was right, the ring was formed, and the spectators took their stations. But another dilemma arose—the principal actor had not arrived, and the audience waited in the most anxious suspense. Turner had been in the ring, and thrown up his hat without being answered. Two to one was offered it was no fight. To prevent total disappointment, the after piece was about to be performed first, and two youths appeared stripped. But the cry of "Scroggins, Scroggins," was now heard; the lads instantly made their exit, and the little hero was greeted with welcome. Upon being asked by a friend if he meant to fight, he answered, "Yes, and win it." The combatants soon prepared for action, and seven to four was laid against Scroggins, although he appeared in the best condition. Tom Owen and Painter were for Turner, and Paddington Jones and Spring waited upon Scroggins. The colours of the combatants were tied to the stakes of the ring, and at two o'clock the men set-to. The articles stipulated to meet between twelve and one, but Turner said he did not wish to avail himself of this advantage.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—This first round was very similar to the two last battles at Hayes and Sawbridgeworth, but with an increase of caution on both sides. Scroggins, it seemed, did not like the idea of going in to smash his opponent at the onset, after his usual decided manner, when victory crowned his efforts in seven successive contests, but exhibited a total change in his tactics—a complete new feature. This once tremendous rushing

boxer now adopted the system of getting away of scientific pugilists. Turner, equally on the alert, and wishing to do everything but receive, lengthened out this round to five minutes and a half, during which time they dodged each other to obtain the first advantage. Turner at last hit alert; Scroggins also made a faint without effect. Turner was tired of his position and put down his hands. They, however, finished the round

by, both hitting together, closed, went down, but Turner undermost. Only four blows were exchanged.

2.—Turner planted two clean hits without experiencing any return. A good rally followed, during which the mug of Scroggins was clareted. In closing, both down, but Turner again undermost.

3.—The little hero, anxious to punish his adversary, rushed in and planted a severe hit under the jaws of Turner and got away. In rallying, however, Scroggins slipped down, and received a slight hit in falling.

4.—Nearly a minute elapsed before a hit was made. Turner gave two sharp blows, and Scroggins put in a desperate nobber just passing the ear of Turner. It was a good round altogether. In closing, the strength of Scroggins prevailed, and Turner was thrown.

5.—The great advantage Turner derived from his height and length over his adversary was evident to every one. Turner, with much *sang froid*, planted two nobbers and got away. Some sharp blows were exchanged, when the men separated. In finishing the round a smart rally occurred, and, in going down, Scroggins was undermost. (Five to two on Turner; but little betting occurred.)

6.—Scroggins appeared earnestly to wish for in-fighting, but the difficulty and danger of the attempt operated as a drawback. He, however, made two punishing hits. In closing, Turner caught hold of his nob and coloured it with the quickness of a painter with his brush. In struggling for the throw Turner was undermost, but he gave his opponent rather an ugly hoist.

7.—In this round Scroggy appeared to advantage. He fought after his usual method, regardless of the consequences. He stopped Turner as he was coming in with a tremendous hit in his face, that made his head bob again. Scroggins also planted two more severe blows that seemed rather to confuse the tactics of Turner. The latter returned heavily, and made an up-hit at his opponent's throat, but missed it. In closing, both down, but Turner undermost.

8.—The little hero, full of gaiety, rushed in, planted two successful hits, and bored Turner down.

9.—After an exchange Turner went down from a blow on the side of the head.

10.—The length of Turner again prevailed. Scroggins was desperate in action, but not effective in execution; while, on the contrary, Turner planted three hits in succession on the face of his opponent, and the claret followed at every touch. In closing, Turner was undermost.

11.—This round was contested in a most manly style. Scroggins, with uncommon severity, hit Turner away from him in three successive attempts, when considerable sparring occurred. Turner then took the lead, and the execution he performed on the head

of Scroggins was tremendous. He also finished the round in high style; Scroggins was undermost.

12.—Turner was much applauded in this round for his manly conduct. In a short close he let Scroggins down without a blow, throwing up his hands and walking away.

13.—This was a grand round, and Scroggins never displayed anything like such a knowledge of the pugilistic art in any of his previous contests. He stopped with considerable skill, and reciprocal fighting occurred. Scroggins got rather impetuous, and threw his blows away; and Turner was also incorrect in some of his distances. The latter again hit up at his head, but without effect. Scroggins went down.

14.—Considerable execution was done. Scroggins planted two good hits upon his opponent's nob, but Turner returned upon him so hard and fast that Scroggins turned round rather confusedly. He, however, rallied with great spirit till he slipped down.

15.—Well contested and both down, but Scroggins undermost.

16.—Turner commenced by planting a successful blow on the head of Scroggins; but the latter returned in a spirited manner, and hit, hit, and hit again, till Turner went down.

17.—Some sharp blows occurred between the combatants in this round. Scroggins made a hit over the left eye of Turner, and he also touched his body; but Turner sent his adversary down.

18.—After some sparring, Turner put down his hands and rubbed them against his body. Some blows were exchanged. In struggling to obtain the throw, Turner neatly tripped up his antagonist.

19.—The hands of Turner were covered with the claret of his opponent. In closing, Scroggins was undermost.

20.—Some good hits were exchanged, but materially in favour of Turner, who planted four blows in succession, without having any return, but he (Turner) went down rather weak.

21.—Scroggins planted a sharp blow on the side of Turner's head, when he dropped down on one knee, but instantly rose again and went on his second's knee.

22.—Good exchanges. In closing, Turner was down, and Scroggins fell upon him.

23.—On setting to Turner asked loudly, as if in want of wind, and, after some little sparring, he dropped his hands, as did also his opponent. Scroggins let several opportunities slip of going in, and when he did it was more of the "forlorn hope" sort of attack, than from the cool judgment of the tactician.

24.—The little hero went in with much resolution, and ultimately sent down Turner upon his latter end.

25.—On coming to the scratch Turner displayed considerable weakness; his knees trembled violently. In the course of this

round Turner turned from his antagonist, but Scroggins ultimately went down.

20.—Some sparring occurred, and Turner put down his hands; after this the men fought their way into a close. They broke away and closed again, and dealt out to each other some heavy blows, and Turner received so severely on his kidneys, that he appeared to go down from weakness.

27.—One hour and three minutes had now elapsed, and Scroggins appeared to stand the firmest on his legs; but the betting did not change in his favour. The position of Turner rendered him so formidable that it was dangerous to attack him. Scroggins displayed some of his old antics, and in going in slipped down from a slight hit.

28.—Some blows were exchanged, and Turner went down.

29.—Scroggins even now appeared well upon his legs, and he followed Turner all round the ring, and, in closing, Turner was undermost.

30.—Scroggins felt determined to win if possible. Turner was hit away from his intention of going in. It was a good round, and both down.

31.—Notwithstanding Scroggins showed himself off in good style, the chance was completely against him. He went down from a slight hit. Turner in general finished most of the rounds decidedly in his favour.

32.—Scroggins went down from a severe hit in the body.

33.—This was a good round. Scroggins followed his opponent in a desperate manner all over the ring, and Turner went down from a slip or a slight hit.

34.—The chancery suit was fast coming on Scroggins, and his nob was completely at the service of his opponent. The little hardy hero nevertheless contended for victory till he fell in an exhausted state.

35.—If Scroggins was not satisfied with the superiority of his opponent, the spectators had long previous to this period been convinced that he had no chance of winning. He went down from a slight hit almost upon setting-to.

36.—Turner sent down Scroggins in a twinkling, and his legs doubled up.

37.—The head of Scroggins was in a terrible state; but, notwithstanding, he stood at the scratch in a more firm state than might have been expected. He was shortly hit down, and the general cry was, "Take him away."

38.—The desperation of Scroggins was not quite exhausted, and he endeavoured to contend up to the last moment. He was so weak that he went down from a mere touch.

39 and last.—His friends were now perfectly satisfied that Scroggins had done everything that a brave man could attempt. The idea of losing seemed terrible to his feelings, and he again endeavoured to meet his opponent. On setting-to the punishment of his adversary was so severe that he turned, in a confused state, and fell forward upon the ropes. Turner patted him upon the back, implying, "you are a brave fellow." The battle was now at an end. Scroggins could not come again, and Turner immediately went up to him and shook him by the hand before he quitted the ring. It lasted one hour and thirty-one minutes and a half.

REMARKS.—Scroggins, from the brave conduct he displayed in this third battle, completely removed the insinuations which were levelled at him respecting his defeat at Sawbridgeworth, and re-established his character as a determined game boxer. Though defeated, he has not been disgraced, but compelled to yield to superior skill, height, and length. Turner, from his distinguished conquests over a hero like Scroggins, who had gained such an ascendancy, has placed himself at the top of the tree. It should also be recollected that he has fought four prize battles, and experienced eight weeks' close confinement, added to the agitation of his mind during his trial, within twelve months. His qualities are rare and valuable, and his position, though not showy, is formidable in the extreme. Cool and collected in the heat of battle, with game of the first quality, Turner retired from the ring with merely a slight mark upon his ear. He was well seconded by Owen and Painter.

Turner's backers presented him with the whole of the battle money. He returned to London the same evening, and appeared among the company at Belcher's as if nothing had happened. Scroggins showed himself in town the next morning; his head exhibited terrible marks of punishment.

Turner by this second victory attained high pugilistic eminence, yet he was literally dragged into milling popularity, by the sovereign contempt with which his capabilities were treated by Scroggins and not a few of his admirers: however, Turner wore his "blushing honours" with becoming moderation.

About this period a boxer, well known in after years to Londoners, young Cy. Davis, of Bristol, attracted much attention, and he was thought in every respect an excellent match for Turner. Davis, as we have said, was not only an object of considerable attraction at Bristol, but had recently given the Londoners a specimen of his quality. A match was therefore made, by Tom Belcher, on the part of his fellow townsman, Davis, for 100 guineas a side; and Turner, from his well-known tried qualities, did not want for friends to support him upon this occasion. Davis stood so well with the sporting people that it was even betting, the former for choice. Wallingham Common, in Surrey, seventeen miles from London, was the spot selected for this combat to take place, and the torrents of rain which prevailed for some hours on Friday morning, June 18, 1819, did not in the least deter the amateurs. Most of the fancy scorned even to sport an umbrella, and it should seem that the recollection of the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo gave them fresh vigour. At length all difficulties were at an end, the rain ceased, the ring appeared in view, and preparation was made for the combat to commence. Turner threw up his hat first in the ring, attended by Cribb and Randall, when, after waiting a considerable time, Davis was loudly called for by the Champion. Some minutes elapsed, when Davis appeared with Tom Belcher and Harmer, and repeated the token of defiance. At a quarter before two the men set-to, the colours having been previously tied to the stakes; the true blue was placed by Randall, and the original yellow-man (which has ever since the period of the late Jem Belcher, out of compliment to his pugilistic fame, been denominated "a Belcher"*) was tied over the blue by Tom Belcher. Even betting was about the thing.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Davis looked in fine condition, and appeared to be able to win it off hand; his opponent, however, showed better than was expected. But the contrast was great. Davis, from his fine and elegant form, was the *beau idéal* of the ring-goers, while Turner looked more like a weather-beaten Greenwich pennoner. It was thought the gay Bristol Boy would go to work without ceremony, and nob Turner in style, from the manner he disposed of Belasco the Jew; but whether the high fame of Turner had made any impression upon his feelings, or the Dutch-Gam-like countenance of his opponent checked him, it is certain that he was particularly cautious, and Turner hit

first slightly with his left hand. Long sparring, and Davis kept retreating. Turner put in five light hits on the body and head, when Davis smiled. Another long pause of sparring occurred, and Randall was seen sitting on the ropes minutely eyeing the tactics of both the combatants. Some exchanges took place; the right cheek of Davis appeared red, and Turner planted a blow on the body that sent Davis staggering. He went down. (Loud shouting. Six to four.)

2.—Turner had scarcely planted a hit, when Davis went down. (Great murmuring, and "Turner, my boy, you'll win it without a scratch." Two to one.)

3.—Great astonishment was excited at the

* This may serve to settle a disputed point as to the colour of "the Belcher," which has been wrongly said, in a reply to a correspondent in a leading sporting journal, to have been "a blue bird's-eye." Principal and seconds were here Bristol men.

conduct of Davis, and he seemed as if afraid to face his man with any confidence. After some cautious sparring, Turner made a hit, but it was so much a question whether it touched Davis or not, that the umpires advised his seconds that he should be more careful in future in his going down, as, if such conduct was pursued, the battle must immediately have an end. (Disapprobation expressed.)

4.—Turner made play, and used both hands with success. Davis smiled, and with a tremendous right-handed hit on the head knocked Turner down. This decided the first knock-down blow; Turner also showed the first blood. ("Go along, Davis," from the Bristolians; "you can do it if you like. Another such hit, and it will be all right.")

5.—Instead of Davis going in to follow up his success, he again went down from a slight hit; in fact, it was thought almost without a blow.

6.—Turner followed Davis, and planted some hits. The latter, it should seem, had no inclination to go in, or he might have stood upon even terms with his opponent. He was no novice at fighting; he could also hit hard and stop well. He, however, again went down, when the Bristol men appeared quite angry with him, crying out, "Davis, what are you at?" (Four to one).

7.—Davis appeared as if he felt these reproaches, and went to work in earnest. "Look, look," observed several amateurs, "this chap may win it now, if he will but go in and fight. He can do something if he likes." It was a good round; but Davis was now really hit down. "Bravo, Turner!" and "Give him a little one for me." Also, "Well done, Davis."

8.—Davis positively seemed afraid to hit home. Turner got away from a flooring right-handed hit; but the latter was now the most punished, and bleeding. Davis had the best of the hitting, and gave Turner a hard blow on the side of the head. Davis might have showed himself off in good style, but it was urged he wanted pluck. Both down.

9.—Davis went down with a slight hit.

10.—Notwithstanding the shy fighting of Davis, he hit Turner on the jaw so tremendously with his right hand, that he went down like a shot, and seemed almost in a state of stupor. "Go it, Davis," from his partisans; "that's the way to mill; you'll win." Turner was quite abroad; another such a hit, had it been quickly repeated, must have proved a *quintus*. This dreadful hit operated seriously on Turner's backers. Long faces were seen in all directions, and even Randall shook his head, scarcely knowing what to think of it. Indeed, it was all but over with Turner. Great applause was here given to Davis, and the Bristolians were all as gay as larks.

11.—Davis did not follow up his success. Some sharp exchanges took place, and

Turner's face was clareted. Davis turned round from the hitting, and it was thought that Turner hit him when he was down. "Foul, foul," was cried. "Never mind; they're only even," said a sly old sportsman.

12.—Turner stopped most of his opponent's blows, and sent him down. This almost jaw-breaker waked Turner to the dangerous intent of his opponent's right hand. However singular it may appear, it might almost be urged, that this blow gave victory to Turner. He now became down to it, and stopped it with great judgment.

13.—This was a good round; and Davis showed like a boxer till he was hit down. If he had possessed any sort of fear, it seemed now removed; and his conduct at this juncture claimed praise. An excellent judge exclaimed, "Davis may win it now." The Bristol Boy here received a great deal of applause from various parts of the ring.

14.—The right hand of Davis was very dangerous, and he nobbed Turner staggering away; but the latter, game-cock like, returned to the attack, and sent Davis down.

15.—In this round Turner beat Davis to a complete stand-still. "What's o'clock now?" cried Cribb. "It's all up, I believe."

16 to 19.—Turner stopped with great skill most of Davis's blows; but Turner received a dreadful hit over his right eye, that made him almost go down from its severity. The claret flowed again; but Turner, undismayed, followed his opponent, who again got down in the quickest manner he could, seemingly to escape hitting.

20.—In this round Turner got Davis in a corner, when Randall said, "Ned, do as I do; keep that in your eye, my boy, and you'll soon fetch him out." Davis turned aside from the severity of the hitting, and went down.

21, 22.—This was a singular round, from the following circumstance.—Belcher stooped down and picked up a piece of paper, and put it in Davis's left hand, to keep it close. Turner thought it was a stone, and said, if that was the way he was to be used, he would not fight. Randall rushed in to see what it was, anxious to do his duty as a second, and almost tore the paper out of Belcher's hand, who had now got hold of it, openly showing it, that nothing unfair was meant, and that it had been used merely for the purpose described. Some words ensued. The umpires inquired the cause of the disturbance. Belcher explained. It caused some little agitation round the ring, many of the amateurs thinking it was a bank-note, and that a wager had been proposed, and that staking was attempted as a sort of *rous de guerre*, to give Davis time. The umpires appeared satisfied that nothing "unfair" had been attempted. This was a sharp, well-fought, short round, and both the men went down. Davis had now retrieved his character in a great degree with the spectators, who asserted that when he

was at work he did not mind it, but that it appeared he did not like to begin to hit.

23 to 26.—Some good rounds, Davis fighting better than he had done; but in the latter he received a body hit that made quite a dent upon his frame. Turner, in closing, slung him round like a cat. This wistly-cauter on the body occasioned a complete revolution, and "bellows to mend" was the true feature.

27.—Turner put in a dreadful blow under the ear of Davis, or rather at the back part of his head. It occasioned a large gash, and he went down in a pitiable state.

28 and 29.—Good rounds and sharp hitting. Davis determined to let the amateurs see that he could fight a bit. Both the eyes of Davis had now been measured for a suit of mourning; and, on his forehead, he had got a lump like an egg. It was evident that after all he did not want for bottom in regard to taking.

30.—Davis, it was asserted, fell without a blow, and Turner fell heavily on him.

31.—This round might be termed the finisher. Davis was so stupid that he stood quite still, while Turner hit him down. He could not lift his hands. Nature had deserted him—his eyes had lost their fire, and he was viewed by the amateurs as an object of pity rather than ill-natured remarks.

32 and last.—It is true Davis made his appearance at the scratch, but he turned away from the blow and fell down. The contest was over in forty-five minutes.

REMARKS.—If any observations can be made a nut-shell might contain them. In a

word, too much praise had been previously bestowed on the prime qualities said to be possessed by Davis. Owing to his decisive fight with Belasco, senior, anticipation was on tiptoe to behold another pugilist from Bristol—a soil that had given birth to Big Ben, Jem and Tom Belcher, the Game Chickens, Tom Cribb, Gulley, Nicholls, Bob Watson, etc.; names familiar whenever comparisons are made respecting the goodness of a boxer. Davis's right hand was very dangerous. From his youth, weight, freshness, and strength, he ought to have won it. It was urged by his friends that his going down so often was owing to a weakness in his knees—a rheumatic affection, which had seized him a few days previous to the battle. It is only common justice to Davis to state that he was terribly beaten about the head, and one of his hands, arms, and shoulders exhibited heavy punishment; more experience, and another trial, perhaps, may recover him his lost laurel. It is no new case that some men are "half beat" before they enter the ring; and that young soldiers wink on first smelling powder. It should also be remembered that only one Randall and one Turner at present stand upon the list. The talents of the latter are so well known that it would be superfluous to state them. Upon this occasion, however, he became the offensive instead of the defensive pugilist. He might have been better in condition had longer time been allowed him; at all events, it must be a second Randall to defeat Turner.

Such was the opinion of some of the best judges of the time, and it certainly was not prudent at any rate to match young Cy. against so good a tactician as Turner for a first trial.

The sporting world now looked forward to a match between Turner and Martin, more especially as Turner, after his defeat by Randall, had been challenged by Martin, who had about the same time disposed of the hardy Scroggins; both men too had succumbed to Randall, and the different styles of their defeats had been the topic of much critical discussion.

The match was at length made, neither man being loth, at Tom Spring's (Tom then kept the Catherine Wheel, Little St. James's Street, Pall Mall). Five to four on Turner was the first offer, but these odds were thought too small. Master Scroggins, who was an original in his way, being present, submitted the following remarks for the consideration of the amateurs: "He would not give tuppence for choice—he had tried both the men: Turner was the awkwardest man alive to get at; but Martin was the hardest hitter. Two gamer coves never entered the ring, and when either of the men said 'No,' the other would be very glad of it." The opinion of Randall was

diametrically opposite. He had also entered the lists with Martin and Turner. Scroggins was defeated by the latter in one hour and twelve minutes in good style; while, on the contrary, Martin, after a desperate contest, with Scroggins, of two hours and two minutes, only gained it, as it were, by the toss up of a halfpenny. Calculations were made accordingly, and Turner rose to seven to four, with evens offered that the fight lasted over an hour, and two to one that Turner was not beaten in one hour and a quarter.

This battle took place on Tuesday, October 26, 1819, for 100 guineas a side, at Wallingham Common, Surrey. Little betting occurred on the day of fighting, as it was booked to a certainty that Turner must win. The road, however, on the morning of fighting, exhibited the usual features of fun, frolic, and disaster. At one o'clock Turner threw his hat within the ropes, followed by Tom Belcher and Randall; Martin quickly replied, having the assistance and advice of Tom Cribb and Tom Spring.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, both combatants appeared in the highest condition. Martin was as fine as the human frame could be trained; true, he looked big, but there was nothing gross about him; his form, however, seemed more calculated for a successful pedestrian than a pugilist, in consequence of the heavier half of him being from his hips to his feet. Turner was all that could be wished; indeed, he was never in such good trim before, and, excepting the weakness of his knee, there was not the slightest uneasiness by his friends as to the result. Much cautious sparring for an opening occurred before a blow was struck. Martin kept retreating a little, but at length he made a hit, which was stopped cleanly by Turner. Another pause, when Turner made a slight hit, and Martin kept getting away. Turner cool, and on the look-out, with his left hand felt for the body of his opponent, and, in returning, Martin threw his blow away. The latter seemed rather tired with holding up his hands, and on his looking down to the ground, the good generalship of Turner was visible to all the ring, as he immediately let fly on Martin's nob. The baker, however, disengaged himself from a short rally, but in this spirit one of his eyes got severely damaged, and the claret was oozing out of the corner. Martin retreated from the attacks of his opponent to the corner of the ring, when some blows were exchanged, and, on Martin's going down, he thought he had been hit improperly, as he exclaimed, "I ain't that foul F."

2.—Turner soon put in a bodier, and re-

peated it without any return, but on attempting it a third time Martin stopped him. Turner, with much dexterity, put in a severe facer with his left hand, and also a winder, but Martin made some of his blows tell, and, in a severe struggle for the throw, both went down.

3.—Martin did not attempt to hit first, or to smash, as was anticipated, but kept retreating till he was compelled to hit as it were in his own defence. He again got into the corner of the ring, pursued by his opponent; but, unlike the Nonpareil, when in this perilous situation, he did not appear to know how to extricate himself, and went down from a hit.

4.—This was a manly round, and Martin made an exchange of hits, and also endeavoured to fib Turner. It was a sharp struggle, and both down, but Turner undermost. "Well done, Martin;" and the scory covees took a little courage, and sported a dead man or two, as they thought upon the improved suit.

5.—This round was a most mischievous one to Martin, and materially reduced his strength. He received a dreadful jobber right on his nose, and some other ugly hits, and, after a severe struggle, in going down Turner fell heavily upon him.

6.—Martin came up to the scratch distressed, but he commenced fighting, and hit Turner on the nob. The latter received it with the most perfect *sang froid*, and even after put in a throttler that almost deprived the baker of breath. Turner followed it up by a bodier. Martin tried to make a retur-

but without effect; and, in getting away from his opponent, he staggered and fell from weakness.

7.—Martin made a good stop, but he soon went down quite exhausted.

8.—The baker, with much courage, endeavoured to plant two good hits, but Turner stopped them with scientific excellence. Martin was very weak, and kept getting away, till he got a flier that sent him down, and his head rolled about like a top. Twenty to five was now offered.

9.—Martin came staggering to the scratch, and it was not long before he again found himself upon the ground.

10.—The fine stopping of Turner put all the well-meant efforts of Martin at defiance. This was a good round, and Martin fought manfully till he was fished down by Turner, who walked away.

11 to 15.—Martin was getting better in the last round, and threw his opponent.

16.—Turner not only had the best of the hitting, but fell heavily upon Martin.

17 and 18.—Turner put in a severe blow on the chest, and, in struggling for the throw, he slung Martin round and round till he went down.

19.—The science of Turner, in stopping nearly all the blows of Martin, convinced the good judges that, without an accident, he was winning cleverly. Martin, however, got Turner down in this round, and it was a bad fall for the latter.

20.—This was a sharp round, but nothing could keep Martin from retreating to the corner of the ring. Randall ordered the bottles to be moved, and both of them went down from a sharp struggle.

21 to 23.—It is true Martin was much better, but he could not take the lead. Turner, however, showed symptoms of weakness, and a little brandy was given him to recruit. Both down in all these rounds.

24 to 26.—The friends of Martin thought his chance improved; and in the last round, in throwing Turner, the bad knee of the latter narrowly escaped the post as his leg came in contact with it.

27 to 30.—Turner still fought cautiously, put in a good one now and then, reducing the strength of his opponent with ease to himself, and certainty as to the event. The majority of these rounds were in favour of Turner.

31.—Martin put in a sharp nubber, and also a body blow, and had altogether the best of this round, till they both went down.

32.—The baker felt elated with his success, and went sharply to work, and put in another heavy flier, and also some hits, till Turner went down weak.

33.—Turner let fly on setting-to, and a dreadful blow under the ear seemed almost to deprive Martin of his recollection. He, however, got away, and, upon endeavouring to make a stand, he fell down exhausted.

34.—This round might be termed the *quintess*. Some blows were exchanged, when

Turner hooked his opponent round the neck and hit him in the body, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, and ditto, and in struggling for the throw, while going down, Martin received another heavy body blow. "Well done, Turner," and loud applause.

35.—The excellence displayed by Turner was of the highest order. He was never seen to such advantage before; and Angelo, in the best of his days, could not have shown greater skill in fencing than Turner did in parrying off the attacks of his opponent. The knee of Turner failed him in this round, and he slipped down from a slight hit.

36.—This was a good round, and the hitting was sharp on both sides. Martin exerted his last effort, and put in some heavy blows, till Turner slipped and went down.

37.—It was all up with Martin, and he was so exhausted, that, in endeavouring to get away from the punishment of Turner, it was said he fell without a blow.

38.—This was a similar round, when Turner said, "Jack, if I am to be beat, stand up and win it like a man." Martin was in such a state of stupor as not to be able to reply.

39.—Martin was here so dead-beat that he again fell down without a blow. Some murmurings occurred, when the umpire said, "Martin, recollect this is to be a stand-up fight."

40 and last.—Martin endeavoured to put in a blow, and went down from a slight hit. On the baker being put upon his second's knee, and time called, Cribb said, "I believe we may say it's all over."

REMARKS.—Martin was very much punished about the throat, but particularly about his chest and body, yet scarcely any claret was spilt on this occasion. It was urged by some persons present that it was not a good fight, and that Martin did not show any pretensions to pugilism. It should, however, be recollected that Martin was opposed to one of the first boxers of the day, and that all his efforts were stopped by the superior skill of his opponent. Turner also exhibited great improvement, and fought well with his right hand. He showed himself a complete general, for although he lost the toes, he seldom failed by his manoeuvres in the round to place his adversary with his face to the sun. The coolness of Turner was also greatly in his favour; he can receive without being put out of his course. The Nonpareil has now left the Ring, but it may be said that Turner is also a Nonpareil. It was urged that could Turner have trusted to his knee, the fight would have been over in fifty minutes instead of one hour and seven (the time it lasted). He retired from the contest almost without a scratch upon his face, and it should be taken into the scale of calculation that Martin is not to be got at so very easy, as he is tall, and leans very backward on setting-to. Turner was considerably under eleven stone, and Martin eleven stone four pounds.

Martin, it appears, was by no means satisfied with his defeat at the hands of Turner, but he resolved to have a little more experience in the prize ring before he essayed another match with that clever boxer.

Tom Belcher, when *Bacchi plenis*, at Cy. Davis's opening dinner at the Bear and Ragged Staff, Smithfield, Wednesday, August 9, 1820, made a foolish challenge to Turner, and also Randall, to fight each for £500 a side, and articles were drawn and a deposit made. On the following Saturday, the fumes of the wine having evaporated, all parties shook hands in friendship, Belcher acknowledging it was the liquor that was speaking, and the affair, exaggerated into importance by "the historian" ended in smoke.

In the interim Martin had defeated, as we have already noted in the Life of RANDALL, *ante*, p. 351, Josh. Hudson, Cabbage, Phil. Simpson, and Dav. Hudson, and now challenged Turner to a second contest for £100 a-side. Ned could not in honour refuse, and on the 5th of June, 1821, our hero was defeated, as will be seen at length in the Life of MARTIN in the next chapter.

The success of Martin brought forward another old opponent. Cy. Davis, having beaten J. Bushell at Moulsey, and feeling mortified at his defeat by Turner, addressed a letter to Turner, and shortly after they met. Six to four was betted upon Davis, and the result justified the odds. The gallant Ned was out of condition, and fell before the strength and freshness of his youthful antagonist. See Cy. DAVIS, in Appendix to this Period.

A new candidate for fistic honours, Peace Inglis, having beaten one Hamilton, a waterman, at Moulsey (in 1822), then Deaf Davis at Harpenden (in February, 1823), and lastly George Curtis, brother of the Pet (in August of the same year), was matched against Turner for £100. The battle took place, April 20, 1824, and the brave Ned again succumbed to youth and stamina.

Before the curtain finally falls upon the pugilistic career of Turner, we have a closing scene of triumph to redeem by a bright ray his setting sun. Challenged by Inglis, Ned at first declined to fight for less than £200, but was at last prevailed upon to make it £100, and Tuesday, November 9, 1824, being appointed, the former antagonists met at Colnbrook. The counter attraction of Lord Mayor's Day, for it was then a pageant and a general city festival, thinned the road a little; but the regular ring-goers were there, and the old fanciers evinced high interest that the once glorious veteran should repair his recent reverses. His veteran daddy, "the sage of the East" (Tom Owen), who had been his companion for the last fortnight, keeping a watchful eye over Turner's training at Walton, unfortunately met with an accident, and sprained his ankle, which prevented him from filling

the position of second to his "darling boy." Inglis looked well, and was confident of success, and, from his known bravery, was a fancy article, although the odds were against him. Turner first showed, attended by Tom Shelton and Harry Holt, and threw his hat into the ring. Inglis soon followed, but his castor (*abrit omen*) fell outside of the ropes. Jem Ward and Ned Neale were his seconds. A brave fight was anticipated.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On peeling, the codd one looked like a new man. The renovating air of the Welsh mountains appeared to have had the desired effect upon the frame of Turner. He looked steadily at his opponent, and made himself up to do mischief, but Inglis avoided close quarters. After some little dodging, an exchange of blows, but nothing the matter. Inglis got out of the corner well, but, in the middle of the ring, he napped a hit, which gave him the staggers. "Beautiful!" exclaimed the boys from Bermondsey. Turner, on going in, received a heavy right-handed blow between the eyes that made him wink again, filling his eyes with water, but no tears! This blow rather alarmed his backers, and the face of Jack Randall betrayed a serious aspect for the safety of his friend. Turner missed an upper-cut blow, which, in all probability, might have shortened the battle. Inglis was very quick upon his legs, but, although he made several motions to do summat, the position of Turner was so difficult that he could not get at him. Turner at length planted a nobber, and Inglis fell on one knee. (Huzzas, roars, and clapping of hands, expressive of the joy felt by the Bermondseyites at the success of Turner.)

2.—Turner was determined not to give another chance away; and the hint, "He's coming with his right hand," roared out by the eloquent Holt, kept Turner awake. Inglis bobbed his head once or twice; and it was lucky he did so, as a chancery slice was in readiness for him. Some heavy blows were exchanged, with this difference, Turner stopped them, while Inglis received. The latter got a severe nose-ender, which not only uncorked the claret, but left a stupefying quality behind it. "Bravo, Turner; the codd one is a little bit stronger than he was last time." In a scuffle, two little drops of blood appeared on Turner's cheek. In closing, both down.

3.—This was a short round. Ned was the hero of the tale at this early part of the fight; but "hopes and fears" were expressed as to his strength. "If he can but last," said a knowing one, "it is as safe as the Bank." The stops of Turner were truly excellent; but Inglis bored him to the ropes, and fell on him.

4.—Inglis got away from several rum ones; but he never took the lead to do any mischief. Turner planted in succession two heavy hits—stupefiers; Inglis never flinched. Turner got Inglis down, amidst most uproarious thunders of applause.

5.—This round added considerably to the odds in favour of Turner. After two or three movements of no effect, the codd one caught Inglis with a cutting-up, or rather a cutting-down, blow, and Inglis was floored. An artillery salute, and seven to four offered freely.

6.—Inglis again napped a staggering blow, and twirled round in a confused state; nevertheless, he recovered himself, and fought like a good one, till both went down, Inglis undermost.

7.—The goodness of Inglis was never doubted, but there was nothing like winning about his exertions, provided Turner's strength did not leave him. Inglis napped it on the mouth, succeeded by two severe facers. This was a long round. Inglis planted a slight body blow, but he received three blows for one, till Ned slipped accidentally down.

8.—The young one was piping a little, and the codd one was none the worse for a pause. Sparring for wind. In a struggle both went down, but the feather-bed maker was undermost.

9.—This round booked it almost to a certainty for Bermondsey. Two facers once more put Inglis's nob into chancery. The young one, however, as good as gold, not only stopped, but countered well. The nose of Inglis, however, was at the service of Ned, and the claret followed as pure as any sample from the bins of Charley Wright, of the Haymarket. The eyes of Inglis lost their fire, and his countenance bore the marks of his mind being abroad. The latter hit anyhow, till he was floored by a nobber. (Cheers, noise, and applause. Two and three to one offered on Turner.)

10.—The chancery suit had performed the task for Ned, and Inglis was done almost brown. He, however, endeavoured to rally, but another cutting-up hit, added to his already shaky state, produced extreme grogginess. His game was so good that he stood up like bricks, till a hit, almost severe enough

to have knocked a stone out of a wall, again floored the brave but unfortunate feather-bed maker. ("Take him away, he has no chance!")

11.—It was evident to every spectator that Inglis could not win. He staggered like a drunken man; but his goodliness enabled him to show fight, and he made blows with the most determined spirit. The codd one again caught him with an upper-cut, and, as he went down, Ned might have added more punishment, but he nobly disdained taking an advantage, held up his hands, and walked away, amidst loud shouts of approbation. ("Bravo! Ned; that is like an Englishman.") "True courage is always backed by feeling and generosity—first the lion and then the lamb," said a cove in a rusty black suit, something like a schoolmaster. "Never mind," said one of the Partiality Club, "it is good doctrine, come from whom it may."

12.—Short, but terribly severe. Inglis was floored *sans cérémonie* by Turner. ("Take the brave fellow away.")

13.—When time was called, his seconds hustled him up; but Inglis was in a doldrum till they shook him, and, on roaring out in his ear, "Ned's coming," he opened his eyes wildly, and, as if by instinct, prepared himself to fight. He rushed towards his opponent, but Turner sent him down.

14.—"His youth will bring him round," observed a few of his friends. "Not this fight," said a costermonger; "he's done brown twice over." Inglis again down. A hat was thrown up—

15th and last.—But he came again to the

scratch. Inglis staggered about for a second or two, when he fell stupefied, Turner merely looking at him. It was over in forty-six minutes.

REMARKS.—Science must win, if supported by moderate strength; science will win if a man is out of condition—that is to say, science will get a man out of trouble; it enables a boxer to wait for his man, time him, meet his opponent, bring him down to his weight, and ultimately prove the conqueror. It is not necessary for a long yarn to describe the beauties of the "codd one" in the ring; suffice it to observe, Ned is a master of the art; his stops were interesting to the spectator; his hits were decisive, and he finished off his man like a first-rate artist. Excepting a tremendous right-handed lunge which Ned received between his eyes in the first round, all the other hits did little execution. The method adopted by Turner to lead his opponent into trouble, and then punishing him for his temerity, evinced skill and tactics of the highest order of milling. Inglis proved himself a game man in every point of view; but, valuable a quality as endurance must always be considered in boxing, it is of little use when a man's head gets into chancery. Inglis was beaten to a standstill, and ought to have been taken away three rounds before the fight was over. Inglis was a brave, worthy, honest, well-conditioned creature. Turner must have won the battle much sooner had not one of the small bones in his left hand been broken in the early part of the fight.

Poor Ned was highly pleased to take leave of the prize ring in the character of a winner, and dined with his friends at Bill Moss's, the Crown, in the Borough, on Monday, November 15, 1824. He was surrounded by some capital sporting patrons. On his health being drunk, he said, "It was very likely that he should not fight any more; but if he did alter his mind, he would always behave like a man."

Turner gradually began to decline in health: he became lame, and, labouring under the effects of an asthma, announced his farewell benefit to take place in April, 1826. His last appearance on any public occasion, was at Hudson's dinner, on Thursday, March 31, 1826.

Out of respect to an old favourite in the prize ring, the amateurs mustered strongly at the Tennis Court, on Tuesday, April 18, but it was not made known to the visitors that poor Ned had departed this life on Monday (the preceding day) at two minutes before five in the afternoon. The sets-to, generally, were well contested.

Randall and Scroggins mounted the stage, and having made their bows, the former came forward, and spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen, I am re-

requested by the friends of poor Turner to come forward and express their thanks in his behalf, for the kind and liberal manner in which you have this day manifested an interest in his fate. Gentlemen, Ned and I have been opponents in the ring, but we have always been friends in private, and no man feels more for his situation than I do. That we shall be able to see him here at any future time, I think is more than doubtful; but let us hope we may all see him hereafter" (loud applause). Randall appeared much affected. Jack Scroggins followed. "Gemmen," said he, "Ned was always a gentlemanly sort of a man—he is now gone to his long home, and I hope God will forgive him, as well as everybody else. Let us all live while we can, and when we can't live no longer, why, I suppose we must die; and I don't see why a fighting man shouldn't see eternity as well as anybody else."

"Well! so I've floor'd those 'fancy' fighting cocks,
And finish'd them in style! Presumptuous fellows!
They chaff'd of science—and, forsooth, would box
With one whose 'hits' are sure to touch 'the bellows'!
Conceited mortals! thus to 'spar' with Death!
The greatest champions that the world e'er saw
By turns have bow'd obedient to my law.
Look back at history's page,
In every clime and every age,
You'll find I 'mill'd' the mightiest of them all.
No matter how they sparr'd,
My blows were sure and hard,
And, when I threw them, fatal was their fall.
From Alexander down to Emperor Nap,
Whene'er I chose to give the rogues a slap,
Not one could parry off a single rap.
No, no! nor had they each a thousand lives,
Could they have stood against my rattling bunch of fives!"*

Turner's remains were removed on Sunday, April 23, 1826, between the hours of one and two, from the house of his cousin, Mr. Baxter, hat maker, in East Smithfield, and deposited in a deep grave in Aldgate Churchyard. The funeral was of the most respectable description. The hearse was followed by two mourning coaches. In the first coach were Mr. Turner (father of the deceased), Mr. Baxter (a cousin of Ned's), Mr. Leslie, Tom Owen, and Pierce Egan. In the second mourning coach were Tom Cribb, Josh. Hudson, Jack Randall, Harry Holt, Harry Harmer, and Mr. Price Morris.

"From an early hour in the morning," says the report, "the house of Mr. Baxter was surrounded by numbers of persons anxious to pay respect to the remains of a man who once stood so high amongst the admirers of the art of self-defence. The church and churchyard also were crowded. We noticed many of the *corps pugilistique*. Scroggins, for the feeling and respect he paid to the deceased, deserves the highest praise. Forgetting all former differ-

ences; nay, more, following the side of the hearse, and dropping a tear over the grave of the man who had proved his conqueror, speaks a volume in his favour, as a generous-minded English boxer. Every person present appeared sorry for the loss of Turner. In all his battles he behaved like an honest, honourable man; in fact, throughout his life he was never known to have committed a dishonourable action—his conduct was always upon the square. His last moments were marked by resignation and Christian-like behaviour; and he expired without a sigh in the arms of his cousin, Mr. Baxter. Turner was in the thirty-fourth year of his age."

The reporter adds, "Turner was a most difficult boxer to be got at; standing with his right leg first, he proved at all times a truly awkward and dangerous customer. In a set-to with the gloves with Tom Spring, at a benefit in the city of Norwich, previous to the fight between Painter and Oliver, the science of Ned Turner was so much admired, and his blows were so effective, as to produce thunders of applause

"In point of true courage, Turner was never excelled in or out of the ring. He was a most modest, unassuming fellow, and, notwithstanding his intercourse with various grades of society, he was a 'bashful' man. In company he was cheerful and good-natured, always anxious to serve his brethren in the prize ring, and throughout the sporting world he was as much respected for his civility as his high courage."

CHAPTER VIII.

JACK MARTIN (THE "MASTER OF THE ROLLS").
1813-1828.*

JACK MARTIN, on whom the ring reporters conferred the punning title of "Master of the Rolls," from his calling as a baker, was born on the 10th of July, 1796, near Kennington Church.

"Boxiana" contains the usual preliminary narrative of a "big coal-heaver," "a sheriff's officer, a well-known good man," "a butcher," etc., whom Martin disposed of while "a boy." We shall pass these, and come to young Doughy's first reported battle, which was with Tom Oliver's brother George, at Ilford, in Essex, for 20 guineas, on Thursday, July 18, 1816, in a twenty-four feet ring, after the fight between Ford and Harry Lancaster. George Oliver was seconded by his brother Tom and Jack Clark, Martin by Harry Harmer and Bill Richmond. Five to four on Oliver.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The attitude of Martin was free and good; it spoke more of the sparring school than that of his opponent, which was by no means that of a scientific boxer. Martin immediately went to work and nobbed his opponent without ceremony, till they got into a close, when, after hugging and pummelling each other for a few seconds, they broke away, and some hits were exchanged at arm's length. They again closed and a violent struggle took place against the ropes, when they both went down. This round occupied one minute and a half.

2.—Both full of activity, but the flurried manner of Oliver was evident to every one, and his fists crossed each other with the celerity of a smoke-jack. He presented no security from attack, and his mug got pinked in style. In closing, they both went down.

3.—The Master of the Rolls put in two severe facers, and beat his opponent down against the stakes. On commencing this round Oliver tried to trip up his adversary, but his brother told him it was wrong.

4.—Oliver, although brought into the ring by his brother, really seemed to have no notion of fighting. He hit at random, and did but little execution. The baker again milled his face, and ultimately threw him.

5.—This was a dreadful round for punishment. In closing, some heavy hits passed between them, and they broke away. The blood was running down Oliver's face; notwithstanding, he fought his way into a desperate rally, in which his nob received a couple of desperate blows. In closing, they both got suspended on the ropes, and a violent struggle took place before they went down.

* Another of the too-late battles. Martin closed his real ring career, in 1824, by a drawn battle with Jem Burn.

6.—Some sharp milling; and, in closing, both fell out of the ring.

7.—Oliver displayed no science whatever; his chief aim seemed to be struggling with his opponent; but even in closing he failed, as Martin generally brought Oliver down.

8.—The right hand of Martin again punished Oliver's nob, and the claret flowed in abundance. In closing, both down.

9.—The hugging system again prevailed. Both down, but Oliver fell completely over the ropes.

10.—Martin went in with great spirit and bored his adversary to the ropes. In closing, both down.

11.—Oliver appeared rather distressed, and came slowly up to the mark. The right hand of the baker was again at work, and Oliver's mug was getting fast out of shape. Both down.

12.—In this round Martin showed he possessed scientific knowledge, had completely the best of it, and sent his opponent down.

13.—Oliver seemed anxious to do something, and went sharply up to his man, when they closed. In struggling they broke away, and several heavy blows were exchanged. They again closed, and both went down, Oliver bleeding profusely.

14.—The movements, in general, of Martin were scientific, but they were soon lost sight of in the overpowering close of Oliver, who always endeavoured to force his adversary to the ropes, and tire him out by struggling. Both down, and their backs and loins were much marked by their suspension on the ropes.

15.—Martin, upon setting-to, nobbed Oliver with effect, when they again closed, and both fell out of the ring. Oliver required

the assistance of his second to get him off the ground.

16.—The strength of Oliver was leaving him fast, and in this round he got dreadfully punished. The baker hit him in every direction; Oliver was thrown completely over the ropes. (Seven to four upon Martin.)

17.—No chance for Oliver, except closing; he caught hold of Martin, and both went down.

18.—More hugging, and both on the ground. 19.—It was all up with Oliver; the fight was taken out of him, and he had not strength to close with his opponent. In fact, he only stood up as a mark for punishment; and the baker put in some severe hits till Oliver dropped like a log.

20.—Oliver could scarcely stagger to the scratch. He immediately went down from a punishing hit.

21 and last.—Oliver had had quite enough of milling, and turned away from his adversary to avoid. The baker lost no time, he saw victory was certain, and with two hits completely finished his opponent. Twenty-nine minutes had elapsed.

REMARKS.—Oliver, as a scientific boxer, had no resemblance to his brother except his name. In fact, he was a complete novice in every sense of the word; relied entirely upon main strength for victory, and pulled and hauled his opponent about. It was widely different on the part of Martin: he exhibited those promising traits of science that appear only to want practice to improve, and which, at some future period, may develop themselves in a more conspicuous manner. Martin is in height about five feet nine inches, and eleven stone in weight. He is extremely active, and possesses a decisive mode of hitting.

This promising *debut* inspired Martin to issue a challenge at eleven stone, but two years elapsed before he got suited with a customer in "Paddington Johnson," for 50 guineas a side. The battle came off at Coventry Farm, the Hale, Middlesex, on Tuesday, September 15, 1818. Johnson was well known to the ring, from his conquests over Roo, Harry Lancaster, and Purcell, also as a right-handed hitter, and an acknowledged game man. Martin was better known for theory than in practice, and more as a sparrer than a pugilist. In consequence Johnson was the favourite, six to four. The latter first showed, and threw his hat in the ring, and Martin soon followed the example in a very modest unassuming manner. Johnson was seconded by the veteran Joe Ward and Paddington Jones; Martin was waited upon by Ben Burn and Spring. The Baker, it seems, disdained the ordinary mode of milling in drawers, and appeared in a loose fashionable pair of white trousers. This change was generally considered an improvement. Five minutes to one o'clock the men set-to.



JACK MARTIN (THE "MASTER OF THE ROLLS").

From a Drawing by A. WYVILL, 1824.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, Johnson appeared the rounder and bigger man. His face was full of colour, and he looked well; but the judges of training thought him too bulky; however, he was considered generally to be in excellent condition. Martin, on the contrary, looked pale; but in other respects his canvass was as sleek and as smooth as a thorough-bred greyhound. Upon the combatants taking their attitudes, Johnson exhibited the highest confidence, and made a sort of springing run to mill his opponent in his usual rushing style; but the leariness of Martin stopped him by a slight musler. The latter almost instantly surprised Johnson with another header, that not only operated on his vision, but tapped the claret. Johnson endeavoured to feel for the alimentary reservoir of the baker, when a close took place, and Johnson tried to fib his crusty foe without effect. In struggling, Martin appeared the stronger man, as Johnson was undermost on the ground. The "dead men" smiled at this favourable commencement of their hero, but the six to four blades did not half like it.

2.—Martin seemed perfectly prepared for his enemy, with the skill and caution of an experienced tactician. He planted his hits upon the nob of Johnson with as much *sang froid* as if he had been aiming at a sack of flour. The "Paddington boy" rather enraged at this sort of treatment, tried again to rush into doughy's victualling office, but the latter got away, and in return mugged him so severely, that Johnson went half round in a singular style, and in a struggle Johnson was again undermost. The odds were now completely turned, and the Baker was the favourite; in some parts of the ring two to one.

3.—The handy-work of Martin upon his opponent's title-page was now apparent; one of his peepers was already in mourning, and the other had been taken measure of for black drapery, added to the claret trickling down his face. The rushing of Johnson was also stayed, and some long sparring occurred before any work was attempted; the latter, however, tried to body the Baker, but the science of Martin prevented any serious effect; and in return he gave him one, two, severely. In closing, Johnson also napt upon the fibbing system, and, in struggling to obtain the throw, he was compelled to yield to the superior strength of the "Master of the Rolls." The batch lads were roaring with delight, and "Bravo!" was echoed through the fraternity at the talent displayed by Martin.

4.—This round decided the fight; the execution done by Martin positively made the odds the monument to a bodkin. On setting-to, the Baker gave his opponent three stag-

gering facers. Johnson turned round from the force of the last hit, but his game never deserted him, and he returned to the attack like a trump. Johnson's right hand told slightly on Martin's side, but as to anything like punishment he could not administer any. It was a long round, occupying five minutes, without any closing, during which time, notwithstanding Martin hit frequently short, he planted twelve facers with ease and dexterity. Martin followed Johnson so closely up, that he was at length hit down on his knees, and measured his length on the grass quite exhausted. The "dead men" were all upon the *qui vive*, and, in the pride of the moment, offered to the hitherto confident Westminster and Paddington costermongers, a peck loaf to a halfpenny roll; but the donkey proprietors shied it.

5.—Johnson's nob now exhibited a Fuseli aspect—it was so changed, as to call forth the observation of "an old friend with a new face." Martin went to work with both hands so quickly, that his opponent's sensitive plant rolled about like a humming-top, and he fell out of the ring. (Great shouting, and any odds offered.)

6.—Johnson was quite abroad, gasping for breath. He could not get at Martin; but was compelled to act as receiver-general till he could no longer stand to take it.

7.—Johnson only came up to take, and one, two, and three, were put in so terribly upon his already damaged mug, that he reeled in all directions. He was also punished round the ring, and Martin lost his balance in hitting Johnson as they were both going down. Loud cries of "Foul" and "Fair" took place; but this attempt to create a diversion would not do, and the fight proceeded.

8.—Martin missed several hits, although he nobbed his opponent grievously; Johnson, from a desperate effort, got Martin down. Hats were now thrown up, "Well done, Johnson; now you'll see him go to work," etc., and loud applause followed.

9.—This was but a momentary triumph for poor Johnson, who commenced the round with much spirit, and fought away like a truly game man. Martin, however, cautious and collected, put in one, two, straight shoulder-hits upon Johnson's distracted upper works that must have operated stunningly upon his senses. The Baker broke away from his opponent with surprising agility, and ultimately gave Johnson so tremendous a nobber, that he went down as if shot, and rolled over upon his face. (Twenty to one, but scarcely any person would take it.)

10.—It was all up with Johnson, and he again received so much nobbing that he laid himself down.

11.—Martin, eager to finish the contest, gave Johnson no chance of recovering from his paralyzed state, but ran in to him, and flogged him *sans ceremonie*.

12.—Johnson, who had hitherto been cheered with the smiles of conquest, still endeavoured to protract the contest. Martin again nobbed him with scarcely any return, and Johnson went down.

13th and last.—It was expected Johnson would not again show at the scratch; but it appeared that while he could lift up his hands he was determined to fight. He was, however, soon milled down; and, upon being placed upon his second's knee, it was communicated to Martin he had no longer any foe to contend against. Johnson, with true manliness, shook hands with Martin; when he became so exhausted that he was carried out of the ring, and put into a coach. Martin immediately ran and got into a post-chaise, and drove off the ground. It was over in thirty minutes.

REMARKS.—No pugilist ever left the ring less punished than did Martin; and, except a trifling mark on the side of his head, there was not the slightest trace that he had been engaged in a prize contest. He won the battle with ease, science, and execution, equal to any boxer upon the list. Johnson had not a shadow of chance with Martin; and, however the admirers of the former may urge that his constitution was broken up, yet in his prime he could never have defeated the baker. It is two to one against any puddling fighter, however game he may be, when opposed to a real scientific two-handed boxer. To judge impartially of Martin's talents, it was thought that he must be tried with a real good one, where science is opposed to skill, wariness contrasted with caution, and when in the pinch of the game bottom is exhibited to make up the grand climax. The attitude of Martin, in one or two instances, resembled Spring's; he leant his body too much upon his loins.

The above contest and two others proved a rare day's sport, and, notwithstanding the torrents of rain, which never ceased during the fights, the amateurs proved themselves game as pebbles, and kept their ground with indifference. Some funning took place amongst a few swell pedestrians, who were induced to marrow-bone it, in consequence of the fineness of the weather, chaffing that they were transformed into clodhoppers from the heavy pieces of clay clinging to their feet.

As Martin, it appears, could not get any immediate employment for his fists, he felt determined that his legs should not stand idle, and therefore backed himself in a pugilistic foot race, a few days after this battle. On Monday, September 28, 1818, in Hyde Park, at eight o'clock in the morning, a muster of amateurs assembled to witness a race for a rump and a dozen, between Spring, Ben Burn, Martin, and a novice. The distance 200 yards. The latter declined previous to the time of starting. The race was spiritedly contested, but Martin took the lead, kept it, and came in first. Spring was second at the winning post; Ben Burn, though last, ran in good style, and was but a little distance behind Spring. The 200 yards were run in 25 seconds.

The Master of the Rolls having now made progress towards celebrity in the prize ring, was, from the following unexpected circumstance, again brought before the judgment of the amateurs, in opposition to a boxer who, notwithstanding his defeats by Turner, still stood high in the opinion of the fancy in general. At Pariah's benefit, held in a large room at the Coal Exchange, near Billingsgate, the principal feature of the evening was the bout between Martin and Scroggins, which was interesting as a test of

the capabilities of the crusty hero. The length and height of the Master of the Rolls over his opponent was evident to all. Scroggins in this combat proved himself a tragi-comic performer of talent; and, under the mask of fun, he not only produced roars of laughter, made his audience frequently look serious, and worked upon his adversary's feelings, but concluded by exciting their utmost astonishment. In short, if the conqueror of Johnson did not gammon it, and it was a real thing, the fact then is that neither the length nor the science of the Baker could prevent the boring qualities of Scroggins from doing heavy execution (so well known and felt by all his opponents, except Turner), and ultimately sending Martin down. Upon Scroggins quitting the room, with the best of the bout, "another round" was loudly called for by the partizans of the baker. Scroggins immediately returned, went to work again without delay, and, as the grand climax, hit Martin down with the celerity of a shot, then turning round, said, with much naïveté, "Gentlemen, are you now satisfied?" "Quite, quite," were the replies; and the little tar left the room overwhelmed with peals of applause.

Several amateurs were so decidedly in favour of Scroggins, that a deposit was immediately put down to make it a match for £100 a side, and a purse of £50 for the winner. But in consequence of the amateurs withdrawing the purse of £50, this match was off, and the friends of Scroggins forfeited their deposit of £5. However, a few days afterwards a new match was made, and the following articles agreed to:—

"Castle Tavern, November 3, 1818.

"T. Belcher on behalf of Scroggins, and B. Burn on the part of Martin, have deposited £20 a side for the above men to fight on Tuesday, the 8th of December, within thirty miles of London, in a twenty-four feet ring, for £100 a side. To be a fair stand-up fight; half minute time. £50 a side to be made good at Belcher's on Tuesday, November 24; and the whole of the stakes to be completed at B. Burn's, the Sun, in Windmill Street, Haymarket, on Thursday, December 3. If not, the above deposit to be forfeited. The £200 to be placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson, who will name the place of fighting. The above deposit of £40 to be lodged in the hands of Mr. Franklin. One umpire to be chosen by each party, and the referee by Mr. Jackson.

"(Signed)

"T. BELCHER.
"B. BURN.

"Witness, T. CRIBB."

The odds were immediately five to four on Martin, and in some instances higher.

This mill took place at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, the 8th of December, 1818, where the amateurs met more numerously than could be expected, considering this battle was only two days after that of Randall and Turner. The name of Scroggins still made some impression on the fancy; but the odds were, six to four and two to one against him. It was four years previous (December 8, 1814), on the same spot of ground that the celebrated

Dutch Sam lost his laurels with Nosworthy; and it was also on the same piece of turf that Scroggins conquered Nosworthy, in the short space of eighteen minutes. The little hero seemed as if animated by the recollection of this affair, and looked more than cheerful. Martin appeared in the ring first, and threw up his hat, attended by Oliver and Ben Burn as his seconds; Scroggins, attended by Belcher and Richmond, soon followed. Both men were in good condition, particularly Martin. Randall was present, and frequently encouraged Scroggins by offering to bet upon him. At one o'clock the men shook hands, and the battle commenced. Mr. Gully was the umpire.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Scroggins with smiling confidence set-to, but Martin did not seem eager to go to work. Some long sparring occurred, when Scroggins hit first, which was returned by Martin. Some exchanges; the men closed, and Scroggy got Martin down. (Shouts of applause, and "Bravo Scroggins!")

2.—The forehead of the Baker appeared rather raised, and Scroggy gave him another nobber with his right hand. The latter endeavoured to make a rush, but was stopped by a facer. The round was finished by some sharp fighting; both went down, Martin undermost.

3.—The Baker did not take the lead in that high style which had been anticipated. Scroggins, with much dexterity, planted a desperate hit on the side of the Baker's right ear. Martin returned upon him, and they fought sharply at the ropes till both went down, and Martin undermost.

4.—Martin endeavoured to put in a sharp nobber, but Scroggy, smiling at his efforts, stopped it cleverly. In closing, both down, when Scroggins again got his opponent undermost. (Loud shouting, and "Go it, Scroggy.")

5.—Martin put in some good hits, and followed Scroggins to the ropes, when the little one, with lion-hearted resolution, returned upon him and drove him back, planting some sharp blows. In struggling for the throw, Scroggins was undermost. (The high odds on the Baker had changed, and in many parts of the ring it was even betting.)

6.—Scroggins showed good science, and appeared not so easy to be got at as Martin had anticipated. The latter paused a good deal before he attempted to hit. After some milling on both sides, Scroggins got Martin down in the close, and undermost.

7.—Scroggins hit Martin twice, and sent him out of the ring. (Thunders of approbation, and "The little hero is as good as ever," was the cry.)

8.—Although Martin did not perform what

was expected, or smash his opponent off hand, yet ultimately it was thought he would be victorious. Scroggins hit and got away in good style. Martin again paused. At length they commenced fighting, and Scroggins' nose was severely pinked. Both down, Scroggins undermost.

9 to 12.—Displayed no particular points, reciprocal in most instances; the youth and strength of Martin the principal advantages.

13 to 16.—The former three rounds displayed little variation; but the latter was excellent. Scroggins got Martin at the ropes in such a peculiar situation that he might have severely punished him with ease and effect, but disdained to take any advantage, holding up his hands and walking away. (Tumultuous applause from all parts of the ring at his manly conduct. But it was observed by the judges of pugilism that Scroggins had given a chance away, and this generosity might eventually lose him the battle.)

17 to 24.—In all these rounds it would be difficult to assign the "best" to either. Scroggins was rushing in to make a hit, when Martin stopped him, but the latter fell from weakness.

25.—This was a good round. Martin hit and got away; and Scroggy also stopped with judgment. In closing, Scroggins threw Martin out of the ring. (Shouts of applause.)

26 to 28.—Scroggins laughed at Martin, when the latter ran in and gave him a nobber for it. Both down.

29 to 32.—These were milling rounds, and good on both sides. Counter hits passed. The nose of Scroggy looked rather queer, but he made some excellent stops. Martin's right eye was damaged. In closing, Scroggins acted again with much manliness, disdaining to fall upon the Baker, which he might have done. (Applause, and two to one was offered in some places by the friends of Scroggins.)

33, 34.—The amateurs felt rather astonished that nothing decisive had as yet been

affected. Scroggins showed good science, good pluck, full of laughter, and proved an ugly customer for the Baker. Martin in this round met Scroggins well as he was coming in by a fa er; but the latter returned, and in closing, fell upon him heavily. He said to his second, "It is as right as the day," meaning he should win it.

35 to 37.—Martin bled in the latter round from severe fa ers. Both down, but Martin undermost.

38.—Cautious sparring, during which time Scroggins smilingly observed to Martin, "I am not so easy a customer, Jack, as you expected." "Never mind," replied Martin; "how are you to win it?" Both down.

39.—Scroggins hit down just above the mark.

40 to 45.—Scroggins began playing some antics with his feet. Not unlike his displays of fun at the Fives Court. He seemed quite at ease, and some parts of the ring took him for choice as an old favourite. One hour and thirty-two minutes had elapsed, and nothing decisive done, excepting that the youth of Martin was likely to serve longest.

46.—The face of Scroggins was the worse for the fight; Martin was piping—his mug, too, rather changed, but he scarcely bled.

47 to 50.—They both got weak, and Martin went down from some hits, each frequently gave a "hem" for wind. Scroggins received a dreadful floorer on the nob that appeared to make him so groggy that he did not know where he was, and the cry was, "It is all up." Oliver took off his hat—the spectators run from the outer ring towards the ropes; some confusion ensued, and the horsewhips went to work to clear the ground; the time-keeper found himself pressed upon by the crowd, and for safety got into the roped ring; order was at length restored; but it is thought a minute and a half elapsed before "Time" could be or was called. Great murmurings occurred from the friends of Martin. Belcher here showed his excellent qualities as a second.

51.—Scroggy recovered, to the astonishment of the ring; the 51st, 52nd, 53rd, and 54th rounds were downright milling, and Scroggins was as good as his opponent.

55.—Scroggins floored Martin, and took the bottle to drink himself.

56 to 60.—To describe these rounds would be impossible, both men fought in the most distressed state, yet more execution was done in them than in the whole fight put together. The men continued fighting till they absolutely rolled against each other; in fact, till the hitting had left them both, and it was thought once Martin had lost it, it being difficult to get him off the ground, but he revived a little and sent Scroggy down, when he could not come again. It was anybody's battle at last—the toss-up of a halfpenny. As a proof of the nicety of the thing, in the 63rd round Martin was hit down. 64th, Scroggins down. 65th, both down. Two hours and two minutes had elapsed, Scroggy in a state of stupor, and Martin little better. The latter, however, walked to a post-chaise, and received loud cheers from the spectators.

REMARKS.—In point of fame, Scroggins did not lose one inch of ground, although the decision of the fight was against him. He was, however, more punished than in any other of his battles; he also showed more science, and evinced game of the first quality. Martin is nothing else but a good and a game man; but in taking two hours to beat a stale one, and that too merely from chance (excepting the 50th round, when the ring was broken, which, in point of truth, was in his favour), operates as a considerable drawback towards establishing a character as a first-rate finishing fighter. It was the constitution of Martin that won it. With a man of fine science it becomes a question as to what place on the list he might claim. The amateurs expected much more from him. Martin also was severely punished.

Scroggins showed in town on the Friday following, but not in an exact state to sit for his likeness, when the little hero observed, "that Martin was the best man he had ever been opposed to." Martin was very ill, and did not arrive in town for several days.

The success of Martin now prompted him to obtain a higher situation among the milling heroes; he therefore entered the lists with Randall. (See RANDALL, *ante*, p. 346.) In this contest his enterprising spirit received a check, and he was doomed to experience defeat.

Martin, it seems, was not dismayed at the above reverse of fortune, but endeavoured to recover his lost laurel with the game and scientific Turner. (See TURNER, *ante*, p. 367.) In this battle Martin also experienced defeat,

To use his own words upon this occasion, Martin observed, "he should not have been satisfied in his own mind if he had not fought with Randall and Turner." He also, with great candour, stated "that these heroes were too good fighters for him, and he therefore acknowledged, with the utmost sincerity, they were his superiors."

Martin, in addition to his milling capabilities, was also a good pedestrian. Previous to his battle with Scroggins, he offered to make the best of his way to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles, in eight hours, for a wager of fifty guineas.

The Master of the Rolls, always ready to fight, accepted a challenge from Joshua Hudson for fifty guineas a-side. This affair took place on Tuesday, December 14, 1819, at Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire, eighteen miles from Hyde Park Corner. Hounslow Heath originally was the appointed place, but the beadle of the parish gave the hint it would be stopped, and "a beak" shortly afterwards confirmed the injunction. The motley group then pushed forwards to Colnbrook, where a field was soon procured, and at three o'clock Martin, followed by Spring and Randall, threw up his hat. Hudson shortly afterwards appeared, accompanied by Tom Belcher and Clarke. The parties soon shook hands and set to. Six to four on Hudson.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Hudson appeared in the highest condition — good humour, manliness, and confidence seemed smiling on his brow. Martin looked equally well, and there was a steady composure about him, as if victory was his sole intention. It was generally expected that a slashing fight would be the result, from the well-known bull-dog qualities of Hudson; but, upon the combatants placing themselves in attitudes, a minute elapsed in manoeuvring, both anxious to obtain the first advantage. At length Martin let fly, hit Hudson's left shoulder, and also got away. The latter endeavoured to plant a severe right-handed blow, which Martin stopped cleverly. Sparring was again resorted to, and caution used on both sides. Some trifling exchanges took place, when Hudson put in a tremendous hit under Martin's left eye, that not only measured it for a suit of mourning, but the claret instantly followed. This conduct rather surprised Martin, but he endeavoured to return with his left hand. More sparring. The combatants now made counter hits on the mouth, but the blow from Hudson seemed most effective. Martin tried to make one of his severe right-handed hits, which was stopped, when Hudson, in return, put in so severe a facer, that Martin went staggering away two yards towards the ropes, and it

was expected he must have gone down. The blood was now seen trickling from his nose. Some more cautious manoeuvring occurred, when the men fought their way into a close, and both went down, Martin undermost. Loud shouting, "Bravo, Hudson—£100 on Josh."—Six and seven to four were currently offered. This round occupied upwards of seven minutes and a half.

2.—The appearance of Martin was much against him; in fact, he looked rather exhausted. The blow he had received on his eye was on the same that Randall and Turner had so severely peppered. Martin got away from a well-directed facer meant by Hudson, and, in return, put in a severe blow on the ribs of his opponent. Some little sparring, but fighting was the order of this round. Martin soon received a severe "snorter" that produced the "pink" instantly; but after this blow he had it all his own way. With his right hand he planted a blow just above the temple of Hudson, which looked red, and also put in a sharp hit under the left ear of his opponent. Josh. seemed rather staggered, but he returned manfully to the charge, and some exchanges took place in a partial close, till they got out of it, when Martin made himself up, and a tremendous hit, which he put in upon the point of Hudson's left shoulder, operated so power-

fully that he turned pale, and staggered towards the ropes in a confused state, and Randall bid Martin follow up his success. The accident was not known at this period, and Hudson was too good to fall. Martin now approached him, and, with a slight left-handed blow on Hudson's head the latter went down.—“Well done, Martin; that's the time of day to win.” During the time Hudson sat on his second's knee he communicated to them that his shoulder was dislocated; and on “Time” being called victory of course was declared in favour of Martin. The fight was over in nine minutes.

REMARKS.—There is scarcely room for observation, in consequence of the shortness of the contest, but the general opinion of the ring was that Hudson would ultimately have proved the conqueror. Fortunately, a medical man was upon the spot, and Hudson's shoulder was set in less than five minutes afterwards. The accident he thought little about; but he shed tears on losing the victory. Hudson walked about the ring afterwards, and appeared at the Castle Tavern in the evening with his arm in a sling.

Martin, it seems, determined to keep the game alive, made no hesitation in entering the ring against the “iron-hitting Cabbage,” as the latter was termed. This battle was for one hundred guineas a-side, and took place on Tuesday, March 28, 1820, at Farnham Royal, near Dawney Common, contiguous to Stoke House, near Stowe, Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London. Maidenhead Thicket, in Berkshire, a distance of twenty-nine miles from the Metropolis, was the spot fixed upon for the day's play, and the length of road made it necessary for the amateurs to start as soon as daylight peeped. The “toddlers” were quite out of it, as nothing but good “pruds” could attempt a distance of sixty miles. The stage-coaches made out well upon the occasion; and, notwithstanding the numerous vehicles of this sort upon this great road, many amateurs were disappointed. There was considerable attraction about the contest, and a greater sprinkling of Corinthians than usual adorned the ring with their presence. Cabbage had derived great notoriety from being the champion of the light weights in Bristol, and also for being one of the most determined boxers on the list. A large company mustered at an early hour in the town of Maidenhead; but one of the beaks, it seems, got hold of the scent, and a warrant was issued against Cabbage. This circumstance alarmed the milling coves; it was soon communicated to the motley throng that “it wouldn't do;” so Gibbons brushed off with the stakes, and formed the ring at Farnham Royal, in a field of private property, without delay; and thither he was followed by horse and foot in rapid confusion.

At thirty-seven minutes past one o'clock Martin appeared and threw his hat in the ring, followed by Oliver and Randall as his seconds; Cabbage soon appeared, attended by Cribb and Clarke. Randall tied the blue colours to the stakes, and Cribb covered them with the yellow-man belonging to Cabbage. It was seven to four current betting in favour of the latter—in many places two to one.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The condition of Cabbage was tight; he was as fine as a star, and his frame compact and firm as an oak. Not so Martin, he did not look well, was not fit to fight, and had also had a recent attack of rheumatism. Some trifling sparring, when Martin made a hit, which was well stopped by Cabbage. The Master of the Rolls appeared clever compared with the rough customer before him, availed himself of the science he possessed, and put in two nobbers, but not heavily, when Cabbage rushed in, and both went down. Two to one on Martin.

2.—Both combatants made offers, but retreated sparring. The right hand of Martin again nobbed his opponent, and Cabbage in return attempted to be busy. Both down, but Martin undermost.

3.—Although Cabbage was decidedly the favourite, it was evident he was no fighter, but showed amazing strength and resolution. Martin got away from him, and attempted to put in a severe bodier, and also one on the head; but the rushing qualities of the latter bored Martin to the ropes, where, after a severe struggle, both went down.

4, 5.—Martin showed science, still the odds were getting up against him, and Richmond observed he would not take ten to one and stand it.

6 to 10.—A slight tinge of the claret was seen on Martin's face, and he appeared weak. It was almost booked that he would be tired out, as his strength seemed fast leaving him.

11 to 24.—In all these rounds, notwithstanding Martin put in repeated facers, little impression appeared to have been made on the iron mug of Cabbage until this round, when his right eye received a severe hit upon an already damaged place, and bled.

25 to 41.—The amateurs expressed themselves much disappointed in Cabbage, and the Commander-in-chief declared "he saw no choice between them."

42 to 48.—Cabbage was now so much the favourite that three to one was laid upon him.

49 to 60.—Martin still kept nobbing his opponent, but he could not reduce his strength. The Master of the Rolls was also getting very weak, and fell down at times exhausted. It was a manly, good-natured contest, and the combatants behaved to each other fairly in the extreme.

61 to 70.—It was thought by a few that Martin was now getting the best of it, and Randall said it was all right. But this was not the general opinion.

71 to 73.—Martin, encouraged, took the lead, and Randall again assured him "It was as safe as the Bank."

74.—Martin stopped Cabbage, gave him a facer, and ran him down.

75th and last.—In this round, in struggling together, Cabbage got a sudden jerk or twist on the neck, that totally disabled him from showing at the scratch when time was called. A medical man immediately rendered him his assistance, and he was taken from the ring. The fight lasted one hour eleven minutes and a half. Great danger appeared, and it was thought Cabbage would not recover.

REMARKS.—Few, if any, remarks are needed upon the above contest. Cabbage belonged to the same school as Scroggins, depending upon rushing forwards, and was positively a chance hitter. His left hand was always open, and he continually hit round the neck of Martin. It was thought that Cabbage would never be able to cut any figure amongst the London boxers, and it was also urged, from the above specimen, that he was the worst pugilist from the renowned Bristol nursery. Martin, in winning this fight, raised himself considerably in the estimation of the fancy. He was extremely ill, very weak, and not fit to fight.

One evening, in the month of June, 1820, it appears that six well-dressed blackguards were returning from the Coburg Theatre,† about eleven o'clock, and for a "bit of a lark" endeavoured to take a respectable young woman from her husband, when the latter in the most manly way resented the insult, but was overpowered by numbers. The Master of the Rolls was accidentally passing at the time with a friend. The latter immediately remonstrated with the "dandies" upon the impropriety of their conduct, but he received a facer for his interference, and one or two of the party also struck at the Master of the Rolls. This was enough, or rather too much, for

* Mr. John Jackson.

† Now the Victoria, in the Waterloo Road.

Martin. He let fly his right on the nob of the first that approached him, and the dandy went down as if he had been shot; the second shared the same fate; the third was no better off; the fourth came in for "pepper;" the fifth got a severe "quilting;" and the sixth received for his insolence so severe a blow on his mouth as to dislodge some of his ivory. It was truly laughable to see the ridiculous pickle these bullies were in, the claret trickling down their cheeks, and holding their hands up to their heads. When Martin's friend exclaimed, "Go it, Martin, give it them," the name operated like a thunder-clap upon their nerves, and they bolted like race-horses in a *sauve qui peut*. Martin lost part of his coat in the scuffle, but did not receive a scratch upon his person.

The charms of a purse of £50, given by the Pugilistic Club, at Norwich, and also £25 a-side, induced Martin to enter the ring with Sampson (denominated the Birmingham Youth), at North Walsham, sixteen miles from the above city, on Monday, July 17, 1820, immediately after the battle between Oliver and Painter. Sampson was seconded by Turner, and Paul from Manchester. Martin was attended by the Champion of England and Spring. The odds were six to four on Martin; in fact, it was almost booked that he must win

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, Martin appeared in prime condition, and his legs being decorated in ribbed silk stockings, gave him an attractive appearance. Sampson was also well, but had too much of the greyhound about his loins, to indicate the possession of strength. Sampson did not appear so eager to go to work as had been anticipated, and a considerable pause occurred before any blows were attempted to be made. At length Martin made an offer with his left hand, but Sampson got away. Another long pause, when Sampson put down his hands as if tired. Martin made another attempt to hit, but Sampson again retreated. A sort of rush took place between the combatants; some sharp hits were exchanged, and, in closing at the ropes, Martin fibbed his opponent, and also put in a heavy blow on Sampson's neck, when both went down. (Loud shouting, and seven to four on Martin.)

2.—Martin now stood to no repairs, but rushed in upon Sampson. Some exchanges occurred, when, in closing, Martin pulled down his opponent, and fell heavily upon him.

3.—This was a sharp round, and something like pepper occurred on both sides. Severe fibbing at the ropes, and, in struggling for the throw, Sampson was undermost.

4.—The claret was now trickling down both their faces, and one of Martin's peepers appeared rather damaged. The latter ran in, and endeavoured to put in a most tremendous fencer, but missed his aim, and had nearly slipped down. Martin, however, caught hold of Sampson, and ran him down. (Two to one on Martin; but some marks of disapprobation were expressed by the Johnny Raws.)

5.—Sampson missed a hit, and went round. Martin slipped down in running after him, but got up again, when some sharp blows were exchanged, till both of them went down. Thirteen minutes had elapsed.

6.—Sampson had been very busy, and Martin's face exhibited some severe punishment. His left eye was bleeding. Both down.

7.—Sampson, with considerable dexterity, broke away from the weaving system. It was altogether a good round, till both measured their lengths on the ground.

8.—Martin missed a hit, and ran himself down.

9.—The Master of the Rolls slipped about all over the ring, as if he had been sliding on a pond, and at length went down.

10.—Martin ran Sampson out of the ropes. Both down.

11.—It was complete pully-haully on the

part of Martin, and he fell heavily on his opponent. (Disapprobation.)

12.—Sampson fought well, and with great spirit, but he could not resist the strength of Martin. Sampson was severely flogged at the ropes, till both down.

13, 14.—From superior strength, Martin had the best of these rounds.

15.—Sampson went to work in great style. He nobbed his opponent, flogged him terribly at the ropes, and ultimately fell upon Martin. (A great burst of applause from all parts of the ring, and to Sampson the cry was, "Another such a round and you may win it.")

16.—Sampson commenced this round well, and again sharply nobbed his opponent; but Martin run in upon him, and by main strength pulled Sampson down by his thighs at the ropes. "Foul, foul." "Fair, fair." But the umpire did not notice it.

17.—At the ropes Sampson was so weak that he could not hit Martin, when the latter kept administering pepper severely, till his opponent went down. It was evident Martin's strength could now win it.

18.—Martin went down after a few exchanges. (Great shouting for Sampson; and the expressions were, "We wish he may win it, because he has fought so well.")

19.—Martin now had got his opponent to his wishes; he began to fight well, and nobbed Sampson all over the ring. The claret was running down his face in profusion. The rain too was coming down in torrents. (Two and three to one, but no takers.) Thirty minutes.

20.—Sampson went down from a severe blow in the wind market. He could hardly be got up.

21.—Sampson was much distressed, and soon went down. ("Take him away, he can't win it.")

22.—Sampson again down, but he would not give in.

23.—Sampson was going very fast: he had not a shadow of chance.

24 to 27.—All but gone; and a guinea to a shilling was offered.

28, 29, and last.—Sampson, after being hit down, could not come to the scratch when "Time" was called; and Martin of course was pronounced the victor.

REMARKS.—This fight did not add to the reputation of Martin; on the contrary, it tended to reduce him in the estimation of the amateurs as a scientific boxer. He defeated Sampson more from pulling and hauling than from severity of hitting.

Martin, who was on a sparring tour, met with a little job on the second day of the Lewes races, Friday, August 11, 1820, in consequence of a Gipsy having boldly offered to fight any man on the ground. A purse of twenty-five guineas was made up, and so confident was the Gipsy of victory, that he begged the money (£6 or £7), collected for the loser, might be added to the fund for the winner, which was accordingly done. Clarke seconded Martin, and Davis the Gipsy. The battle was in a roped ring, and lasted seventeen minutes. It is unnecessary to give the details of the ten rounds. The Gipsy's strength was foiled by the Baker's science, and Martin gained an easy conquest. The Gipsy was severely punished. Martin scarcely received a scratch, and afterwards walked to Brighton. Oliver was time-keeper. The greatest order prevailed, and it was quite a treat to many of the fashionable visitors at Brighton, and to the country joskins.

The above fight also, it seems, rather tended to reduce than raise Martin's character as a pugilist. Indeed, so much so that David Hudson was matched against Martin with the utmost confidence for fifty guineas a side. This match took place at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, October 24, 1820.

Bright Sol put the fanciers all in high spirits, and the swells and kids left their beds with the expectation of having a gay milling day. Moulsey Hurst, that delightful spot for a scientific contest, was again the appointed place to muster, and the Bonifaces along the road, as soon as the office was

given, were seen rubbing their hands, their mugs smiling with glee, and upon the look-out to welcome the old faces once more to their houses. The Daffy Club, with its president, gave Bill Just a turn, at the Half-way House, the Waggon and Horses, Kew Bridge, and Bob Lawrence's, at Hampton, were overflowing with company in every part. The road, at an early period, exhibited lots of vehicles, and when the rain came on the lads were too game even to mention it, except observing one to another, "Push along, keep moving." In a heavy shower of rain, at half-past one, Martin appeared, and threw his hat in the ring, but the high wind blew it out. Martin did not like this omen; he went and picked it up, and again threw it in the ring. Dav. Hudson appeared soon afterwards, and throw his hat also in the ring. Both the combatants were loudly applauded. Owen and Belcher were the seconds for David Hudson; and Randall and Spring officiated for Martin. The odds were in favour of Hudson; in fact, it was booked to a certainty that the latter must win, and nothing else. Five and six to four against Martin. Hudson tied his colours, the yellow-man, to the stakes, Tom Owen, observing, at the same time, he was the best little man in England; and Spring tied the blue handkerchief for Martin over them.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, both men appeared in the highest condition. Numerous as prize-fights have been, one of the greatest novelties occurred in the first round that had been witnessed. The men stood before each other for upwards of seven minutes in attitude, without making an attempt to hit. The staidness of Martin was beautiful, and his length was so impressive that Hudson was all caution, and did not like to give the first blow. The latter was at length tired, and put down his hands, saying, "Martin, if you do not give a hit, I shall wait all day." Hudson, however, made an offer, and Martin got away. Hudson again made a hit, which Martin stopped, and, in return, with his left hand he gave the latter a facer. The combatants closed, but broke away, when Martin nobbed his opponent in style. Another close took place, and, in breaking away, Martin had again the best of his opponent. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, both down. The shouting was loud on both sides; but Martin was the favourite ten to seven. This round occupied ten minutes.

2.—The superiority of Martin not only astonished the ring, but Hudson could not reach him; his right hand, in all his former fights, was dreadful, but he now used his left hand with equal facility. He drew the first blood on Hudson's right cheek;

but, in closing, both down. ("Martin for £100.")

3.—The goodness of Hudson was the praise of the ring, but he was overmatched. Martin was nearly a stone heavier than his opponent. The length of Martin enabled him to put in facers with ease, but Hudson returned, and got Martin down. (Loud shouting.)

4.—This was a short round, and ultimately in favour of Martin. Both down.

5.—Hudson showed he was not deficient in strength, and, in closing this round, he threw Martin with considerable dexterity.

6, 7.—The confidence of the amateurs began to forsake them, and Martin was the hero of the tale; his steadiness and fine fighting quite astonished all present; in fact, he was quite a general, till both down.

8.—Hudson received a dreadful blow on the top of his nose, which produced the claret instantly; but he attacked Martin with all the gameness of a man determined to obtain victory, till the round finished. Both down. (Seven to four on Martin.)

9.—From the situation in which the men were placed, it was evident that Martin must prove the conqueror. Hudson was too short to commence the attack; he could not plant a hit with any degree of safety; in fact, he was beaten at both points—at in and out fighting. Martin went down from a slip.

10, 11.—In struggling for the throws, also, Martin showed improved qualities.

12.—After considerable difficulty at the ropes, Martin went down; but Hudson was severely flogged by Martin.

13.—This was altogether a fine round on both sides. The courage of Hudson was of the highest quality; but there was a mastery about the science of Martin that astonished the ring, on reflection, that ever Randall or Turner should have defeated him. Martin hit Hudson terribly in the body, and also nobbed him till he went down.

14.—Hudson's left eye was nearly closed, and he had been much distressed for wind in several of the preceding rounds, but Martin was a little weak, and went down.

15.—Every round was now closing to the disadvantage of Hudson. The length of Martin enabled him to hit his opponent in all directions, till he went down exhausted.

16.—Hudson now appeared like a drunken man, and came staggering to the scratch, when Martin hit Hudson away from him three times, with severe facers and also punished him down. ("It's all up," was the general cry.) Martin slipped down.

17.—It was only the goodness of Hudson that could have induced him to continue the contest. His hits were short; in fact, he could not get at Martin, the guard of the latter was so lengthy and firm. Hudson again received some tremendous nobbers on

the right side of his head, till he went down.

18 and last.—Hudson was punished in all directions till he went down. He was lifted up by his seconds, but when time was called he could not answer the sound, and victory was of course declared in favour of Martin, in thirty-nine minutes and ten seconds.

REMARKS.—Martin, it seems, was held much too cheap. It was expected by the amateurs in general that he would have been beaten off hand. He has, however, raised himself by his superior fighting in this battle to the top of the tree. He has conquered one of the best little men of the day, with a heart like a lion, and considered also a first-rate boxer. This circumstance alone is saying a great deal for him in the sporting world; but he has also conquered in succession, Josh. Hudson, Cabbage, the Birmingham youth, a big Johnny Raw, at the Lewes Races, and, lastly, Dav. Hudson. Martin has only been defeated by Randall and Turner; and the former has also beaten Oliver's brother, Paddington Johnson, and the hardy Scroggins. Hudson did not hit Martin heavily, while the blows of the latter operated with the severity of a horse's kick, and he retired from the ring little the worse for blows. Martin could have beaten another Dav. Hudson in the same ring. The latter was severely punished. Martin weighed eleven stone six pounds on this occasion.

We have already noticed Martin's pedestrian capabilities. On Thursday, March 11, 1819, at Brixton Causeway, Martin cleverly defeated a well known runner, "the Chicken Butcher," in a half mile race for £10, the professional giving Martin a start of twenty-five yards.

Martin now considered that experience and success in the ring would justify him in calling upon Turner for a second trial of skill. Preliminaries were arranged and Tuesday, June 5, 1821, appointed as the day of battle. The rendezvous was Crawley Hurst. The cognoscenti booked this affair as a "gift" of 100 guineas to Turner; and as he had beaten Martin so cleverly in 1819, in one hour and seven minutes, with a bad knee, it was now betted evens that he won the battle within an hour. Turner was first in the ring, attended by Tom Belcher and Randall; Martin soon after him, waited upon by Tom Spring and a Norwich amateur. Colours—light blue for Martin, and dark blue for Turner, were tied to the stakes by their respective seconds, and the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The Master of the Rolls commenced practice without delay, but hit short with the right hand, Turner getting away. Martin, not dismayed, followed Turner so quickly, endeavouring to plant some hits,

that the latter was nearly falling, but he recovered his balance, when an exchange of blows occurred. Martin appeared so impetuous in his attack, that Turner sang out, "Hollo! hollo! Go it, my lad!" The

Master of the Rolls planted a heavy blow on Turner's throat. A pause. Turner got away from some blows, and, with his left hand put in a severe hit on Martin's eye, which almost closed it. Martin, with his left hand, gave a heavy body blow; he also put in a facer. Ned now went to work, sharp blows passed between them, and, in closing, the weaving system was resorted to, till both went down.

2.—Turner hit Martin's guard down. A pause. Ned's left hand again told on the nob of his opponent, and he got away. In closing at the ropes, some sharp milling took place, when Turner was down, and undermost.

3.—It was evident that Martin meant nothing but fighting, and they alternately followed each other over the ring. In closing, Martin held Turner fast, and punished him till he slipped or went down from a slight blow.

4.—Martin confidently put in another body blow, and also a facer, when Turner was nearly falling, but he recovered his position. This was a good round; both men fought till they were distressed, and the knees of Turner trembled considerably. Martin bored in, and got Turner down.

5, 6, and 7.—These rounds were well contested, and although Turner fought at points he did not do that execution which had been so decidedly witnessed in his former battles. Martin, however, showed the first blood.

8 to 11.—Turner stood well in the opinion of the amateurs. He had proved himself a game man, a dangerous fighter, and one that would not go away for a trifle; but if Turner put in a hit, he got a blow in return for it. Martin fell very heavy on Turner. Randall cried out to Martin he would bet seven to four. "I'll take it," answered Martin, and went to work to win it.

12 to 15.—Martin put in several severe blows about the lower ribs of his opponent, and also some facers. In fact, Martin was now getting the best of it; but the friends of Turner were so much attached to him they could not perceive the fact.

16.—The Master of the Rolls put in a batch of hits—three facers without a return. Turner endeavoured to turn this round in his favour, but, on the contrary, Martin put in a severe body blow, and Turner fell.

17.—A long pause. At in-fighting Martin proved himself the best man; he also put in a blow on the nose of his opponent that produced the claret. In closing, Turner went down, undermost. The odds were all used up, and even betting, but Martin for choice.

18, 19.—Turner went down awkwardly. Murmuring, and an appeal to the umpires. Several amateurs insisted Turner went down without a blow, but the fight went on.

20 to 25.—Martin, in the whole of these rounds, if he did not show off in style, had the best of them.

26 to 30.—In the last round, on Turner's going down, an appeal was made to the umpires.

31 to 36.—Turner could not stop the body blows of his opponent; in fact, he was getting weak, and also getting the worst of it. ("One hour," said the time-keeper, "has passed away." Martin answered, "I can fight for six hours.")

37 to 40.—Two to one in favour of Martin. An appeal was made to the umpires that Turner had again gone down without a blow. "You are mistaken," said one of the umpires, "I should not like to have had it." The other umpire appeared to have doubts on the subject, when the referee observed he saw nothing foul.

41.—Martin put in another body blow without any return being made. Some blows were exchanged as Martin followed Turner over the ring, when the latter went down.

42.—Both down after an exchange of blows.

43.—Turner seemed getting second wind, and put in a severe left-handed hit on Martin's forehead that made the claret follow profusely. "It's all right now," said a few of the over-the-water-boys; "give him the Bermondsey screw, Ned." Martin, although getting the worst of this round, followed up his opponent till he went down.

44, 45.—Turner made some sharp hits, but was down in both these rounds.

46.—Turner hit Martin bang in the head, and got away. Some exchanges were made, and when Martin followed Turner, the latter once more dropped; the former again remarked "That Ned went down without a blow," and immediately went up to the umpires to complain. "Foul, foul," and "Fair, fair," resounded from all parts of the ring. In consequence of so much scandalous dereliction of duty, Martin, in a violent passion, said "he was not used well," and endeavoured to get over the ropes: in fact, one of his legs was half out, and he would have bolted if Spring had not, with great presence of mind, held him fast, and thus saved him from losing the battle. Mr. Jackson here interfered, and observed to the pugilists in the ring, that neither the fighting men nor their seconds had any right to interfere; nor, indeed, any other person but the umpires, who were appointed to watch the motions of the men, and if they disagreed, then a final appeal must be made to the referee.

47.—Martin still appeared very angry, and it was thought that he was giving a chance away, from the effects of passion. But he cooled upon it, a good round was the result, and Martin sent Turner down. (Loud shouting from the "dead men" party, and exclaiming, "It's all right again, and Jack's alive.") Turner, while sitting on his second's knee, however, seemed to think he was winning the battle, as he gave the office with a smile to some of his friends, by putting one of his fingers to his tongue.

48 to 50.—Some fighting on both sides, but Turner went down in all these rounds.

51.—Turner put in a sharp facer. Martin

followed him and exchanged blows. A trifling pause. Martin, in following Turner till down, again complained that he went down without a hit. "I shall decide fairly, depend upon it," said Mr. Jackson; "he not only received a hit, but his foot caught in a hole," pointing to the place.

53 to 54.—The two first rounds were well fought. In the last, Martin again made an appeal to the umpires. Mr. Jackson repeated, that if anything unfair occurred, the umpires would notice it.

55.—Exchanges. Martin put in a severe facer. During a short pause Martin said, "You are a game man, Ned but you must lose it." Ultimately Turner went down. The latter appeared to hit round, and it seemed as if one of his hands had gone. Martin's right hand was also in a bad state.

56.—Turner was getting quite weak, but he seemed to have no idea of losing. Martin hit Turner on the head, and he went down terribly distressed.

57.—Both down, Martin uppermost.

58.—Few, if any, persons round the ring had an idea that the battle was so near

over. This was a severe round to Ned; in fact, it was the tie-up of the fight. He received a severe blow on the body, and also a sharp one upon his head, when he went down.

59.—Turner endeavoured to make play, but it was all up. Martin fished him severely at the ropes, got Turner down, and fell on him with his knee nearly on his throat.

60 and last.—In a struggle Martin fell with all his weight on Turner. Turner was placed on his second's knee. Martin, who was most anxiously viewing the state of his brave but fallen opponent with one eye, was with the other looking anxiously for the umpires to call "time." The game Turner did not hear it, and Martin gave a jump on being proclaimed the victor, and ran out of the ring towards his vehicle. After Turner had been taken care of, and led out of the ring, Randall (apparently in great rage) threw up his hat and offered to fight Martin for £300 a-side, in three months. "I'll bet five to one," said an amateur, "no one dares to make it."

The amateur, in offering the above bet, had miscalculated, for Martin, having turned the tables upon one adversary, appeared to think it would be an easy task to do so with another, and very shortly after the above fight reminded Randall of his offer, and declared his readiness to accept it. This was just the proposition that suited Randall, and the match being made, came off, as we have already stated (*ante*, p. 351), on the 11th of September, ending in the defeat of Martin, in one round and eight minutes and a half.

Martin was matched for £100 a side with Aby Belasco, but the Jew's friends paid forfeit.

The following matrimonial announcement may serve as a specimen of sporting paragraphs half a century ago.

"**GREAT RING MATCH.**—None but the brave deserve the fair! A celebrated pugilist, who has twice entered the lists with Randall, made a tie with Turner, disposed of Oliver the second, conquered Paddington Johnson, floored the hardy Scroggins, got the best of Josh. Hudson, polished off a big Gipsy, caused Dav. Hudson to blink and Cabbage to wink, and finally lowered the leek of the gallant Ned Turner—who has lately moreover become known as a first-rate 'turf-man,' and at all times as an upright and well-behaved man—appeared a few days since at the hymeneal scratch, at Lambeth, where he duly signed articles (for a match of £2,500 down) with a young lady, no time specified, but understood to be for life.

Of his feats and his battles he surely may sing,
Whose first and last prizes were gained by the ring."

Martin, from this period, was well known and universally respected. He became a bonifacio, and it would have been well had he not been tempted to return to the ring he had quitted as a conqueror.

After a lapse of seven years, diversified only by a match with Jem Burn, to fight in October 20, 1824, which ended in a "draw" of the stakes, Martin was induced by irritated feelings to challenge young Dutch Sam (Samuel Evans). The circumstances of his defeat, which took place November 4, 1828, at Knowle Hill, Berks, will be found under the memoir of the victor in Period VI.

Martin for many years was the landlord of the Crown at Croydon; he subsequently removed to the Horns Tavern, Kennington. He finally retired, first to St. Alban's, and afterwards to a rural retreat in Devon, where he long resided. He died in the year 1871, aged 75, having become a convert for many years to the doctrines and practice of total abstinence from liquor, and a strict vegetarian.



CHAPTER IX.

JOHN PALMER, KNOWN IN THE P. R. AS 'JACK SCROGGINS"—1803-1822.

To whom this hardy little hero, who so long performed "clown to the ring," was indebted for his grotesque *sobriquet*, is a point upon which history is silent, nor can its elucidation be expected, even from the editor of "Notes and Queries," assisted by his staff of contributors. There was, however, a popular comic song by George Colman the Younger, in which the loves of Giles Scroggins and Molly Brown were involved with "a horrible" ghost story, and possibly the mere oddity of the name suggested itself as an *alias* for this eccentric pugilist.

John Palmer was born, December 31, 1787, near New Cross, Deptford. It should seem that as Hercules in his cradle betook himself to serpent strangling, by way of prefiguring his future monster-destroying propensities, so Jack was pugilistic from his cradle; and, although not an ill-natured lad, was continually fighting the hove of New Cross, till his victories were so numerous, that he was considered as the cock of the walk. At a more advanced age he went to live as a servant on the farm of Mr. Giblett (the great butcher of Bond Street), at Kilburn. Here he had frequent turns-up with the hardy race of navigators belonging to the Paddington Canal, and here he first received the name of "Scroggins," which continued with him throughout his services in the navy, and stuck to him to the end of his boxing career. The oddity of this nickname was merited by a corresponding *grotesquerie* of personal gesture and appearance. In height only five feet four inches, in weight hard upon eleven stone, "his appearance when stripped," says Boxiana, "is not unlike the stump of a large tree, and from his loins upwards he looks like a man of fourteen stone." Add to this, much native humour, the antics of a merryman, undaunted courage; and a love of riotous fun, and the reader will admit that the comic lyric poet of *Bell's Life in London* could not have chosen a better known or more comic public character



JOHN PALMER ("JACK SCROGGINS").

From a Portrait by G. SHARPLES, 1819.

than "Ould Jack"—or, after his departure for another world of spirits beyond the grave, "Ould Jack's Ghost"—for the vehicle of his fancy facetize. What follows here is a *résumé* of the introductory pages of the memoir of Scroggins in "Boxiana."

In May, 1803, when sixteen years old, he was ill-treated by one Bill Walters, at the sign of the Waggon and Horses, at Brentford. Walters was a full grown man, possessing strength and some knowledge of milling, but Jack was not easily to be intimidated, and an immediate turn-up was the result, in a field near the above inn. The battle continued upwards of an hour, when Scroggy was proclaimed the victor. Jem Belcher witnessed the mill, and praised Scroggy for the hardy courage he displayed.

Not long after this occurrence, Scroggins dined at a club-feast, at the sign of the Swan, Sunbury Common. The harmony of the company experienced great interruption from the improper conduct of a fellow named Sam Beak, better known as the "Bully of Harrow." His name was a sort of terror to all present, and the company would have been compelled to endure his insolence for the remainder of the evening, had it not been for the pluck of little Scroggy, who insisted upon his quitting the room. The threat produced a regular fight out of doors, and after a severe battle for nearly an hour, Beak was glad to give in.

Scroggins also fought a brick-maker, weighing thirteen stone, near the sign of the Fox and Goose, at Appleton, near Harrow-on-the-Hill. It was thought by the spectators, from the great disproportion between the combatants, that little Scroggy must ultimately be annihilated; but the smashing activity of Jack reduced the brick-maker to his own pitch, when he finished him off in quick time.

A navigator, known by the appellation of Long Will, fought with Scroggins near Harrow. It was a desperate battle, and contested with alternate success for a long time, till victory crowned the exertions of our little hero.

At Cowley, near Uxbridge, Scroggins entered the lists with Burke Smith, denominated the second Robin Hood, from his attachment to deer, a man of great activity, and distinguished for his great jumps over the canal. In the hands of Scroggins he was soon glad to acknowledge he was defeated.

Billy Lee, the gipsy, had a desperate set-to with Scroggins, at Kilburn, in the year 1804. The bruising qualities of the gipsy were well known in the neighbourhood of Paddington; but Scroggins not only nobbed him severely, but punished his body in such a hammering style that he hastily relinquished the contest, acknowledging the superiority and goodness of our hero.

By moonlight, at Kilburn, between twelve and one o'clock on a Friday

night, a chap of the name of Blinko, otherwise designated as "No Nose!" had a turn-up with Scroggins, but the severity "No Nose" met with, in the course of a few rounds, induced him to give in. Upon being shown Scroggins the next day, he said he was not the same he fought with, but would fight him for the whole of his week's wages on the next Sunday morning; but, when the time arrived, "No Nose" was not to be found.

A strong athletic farmer's man, of the name of Bill King, was also beaten by Scroggins, at Sandford Green, near Harrow.

At Appleton, after a very severe battle, Jack Matney surrendered to the conquering arm of Scroggins.

It was owing to the following circumstance that our hero was compelled to leave milling on land, to fight the battles of his country at sea, by entering into the navy. In a row with one Ellis, a constable, at Sandford Green, the representative of the law, it appears, felt rather heavily the indignation of Scroggins. In consequence of which turn-up, an application was made to the magistrate (Dr. Glasse), when our hero was depicted in such terrible colours, that a press-gang of seventeen was considered necessary to convey him in safety out of the neighbourhood.

On the Point Beach at Portsmouth, Happy Jack, the terror of that then uproarious sea-port (so termed from the numerous conquests he had obtained over various Jack-tars), was, in the presence of some thousands, wofully cut down from the severe punishment he received in combat with Scroggins; Happy Jack, for once in his life, being made miserable by defeat.

During the time Scroggins was on board the *Argo*, the ship was a scene of milling adventures, and, it should seem, when off duty, his leisure was filled up in boxing.

Before our hero was suffered to realise the title of the Champion of the *Argo*, the best men in the ship were pitted against him; but it would be beneath the dignity of our history to record the undistinguished names of the mere commoners who fell beneath the conquering arm of Scroggy, who, notwithstanding his pugilistic *pouchant*, was the life and soul of the ship, and as remarkable for his readiness to assist a weaker messmate as to promote the general mirth of the crew. His practical jokes and general good humour were long the standing talk of the *Argo's* galley. Toogood, a man of colour, of first-rate weight, and possessing prodigious strength, had a regular battle with our hero on board the *Argo*. Notwithstanding his athletic powers, Scroggins compelled him to strike his colours.

A caulker, a tall, strong, bony man, who came on board the *Argo* to make some repairs, presuming on his strength, took off the boiler and placed his

frying-pan on the fire, in defiance of the whole mess. Scroggins at length appeared, and took the fellow's frying-pan from off the fire. A fight was the immediate consequence; but the caulker was so often floored, met with such severe punishment, and was so chaffed by the whole ship's crew, that out of revenge he complained to the captain of Scroggins, and our hero was compelled to stand and take two dozen lashes, or, what is called in the old sea phrase, a "dry holy-stoning."

Scroggins had scarcely set his foot on terra firma, when he had a turn up with two dragoons, before the door of the Prince of Wales, at Woolwich. Notwithstanding the heavy force Scroggins had to contend against, our little hero bustled through it with so much true courage, that in the course of a few minutes he came off triumphant, having floored both the soldiers with ease.

Scroggins' first battle in the ring, after his return from sea, was with Jack Boots (whose real name was Wilford), at Wilsden Green, in 1814, for one guinea a-side. It was a fight without training, and took place entirely from accident. Boots, it seems, had previously talked about fighting our hero, and both of them meeting at the above place to partake of the diversion afforded by Caleb Baldwin's Bull, they instantly agreed to decide the dispute in question, upon Scroggins observing to Boots, "that he thought they were as capable of amusing the amateurs as the bull had done." In consequence of this agreement the sports of the day closed, unexpectedly, with a regular mill. Upon the bull's quitting the ground a ring was immediately formed, and Scroggins and Boots, without further preface, set-to. The latter was well known, from having fought several battles; but Scroggins was a complete stranger to the fighting circles. It was a punishing mill for sixty minutes, during which period the pantomimic tricks exhibited by Scroggins occasioned roars of laughter; he, however, displayed all the fortitude of a sailor bent on obtaining victory. Anything like a regular system of tactics he appeared to despise, and scrambled his way in to mill his adversary; but, notwithstanding this nondescript boxing, his hits were so tremendously sent home, that Boots could not resist their desperate effects. The friends of Boots perceiving that he must eventually lose, were about to resort to some manoeuvres to prevent Scroggy from being proclaimed the conqueror. This conduct was observed by old Joe Ward, who was standing in a cart viewing the battle; and although he was severely afflicted with the rheumatism in both knees, he hastily jumped out and made for the ring, where he insisted upon fair play being observed between the combatants. Scroggins was ultimately declared the victor. The spirited conduct of the latter so

pleased the amateurs that £4 were collected for him as a reward for his exertions.

The friends of Scroggins, not without reason, thought, from this specimen, that there was good stuff in him. Accordingly, Dolly Smith was selected as a game active boxer, and a good trial man for the hardy little tar. The battle was contested at Coombe Warren, on Wednesday, January 11, 1815, in a twenty feet roped ring, for 20 guineas a-side. Smith was seconded by Bill Cropley; Scroggins was attended by Richmond and Oliver.

Smith was well known as a boxer, and considered a good man, from his game battle with Dick Hares the previous year, on the same ground, while Scroggins was scarcely known to any person connected with the ring. He was viewed by the amateurs as an ambitious adventurer, a rough and daring commoner, opposed to science and experience; the betting was, in consequence, five to four upon Smith. The combatants in point of weight were nearly equal. The first round proved a good specimen of the whole fight; but the impetuosity of the "hardy tar" was so overwhelming, that the science of Smith, however well applied, could not prevent its conquering effects. Scroggins' singular mode of attack astonished the spectators. Immediately on receiving a hit from his opponent, he went resolutely in to mill, protecting his head with his left hand over it, like a ship running in to attack a fort or shore battery, dealing out terrible punishment with his right hand, and thus took the lead and kept it, although he was opposed in the most manly and skilful style by Smith, who was not long in darkening one of the peepers of the sailor. Scroggins fought at the body with dogged determination, and had the advantage in a striking degree in throwing, Smith experiencing some severe cross-buttocks and desperate falls. Smith, too, was frequently out of distance, and hit over instead of punishing his adversary's nob. It was a determined battle on both sides, and Smith did not disgrace his character in defeat. The blows of Scroggins were terrible, and he was never off his pins but once during the battle. For three quarters of an hour it was rattling hard fighting, at the end of which time Smith was so severely beaten, that he was compelled to cry "enough."

The milling fame which Nosworthy had acquired by his conquest of the renowned but worn-out Dutch Sam, at Moulsey, on the 8th of December, 1814, rendered him an object of no small attraction in the milling sphere. Scroggins, it seems, was eager to make a dash; his ambition soared above commoners, and he viewed the victorious baker as a competitor worthy of his aspirations. Some little time, however, elapsed before he was accommodated; at last they met on the 6th of June, 1815, at Moulsey Hurst, for £50 a-side.

Belcher and Gibbons seconded Scroggins; Cribb and Clark picked up Nosworthy. The patrons of pugilism mustered very strongly upon this occasion, and the "crusty coves" of the metropolis felt so confident the Master of the Rolls would gain the cause, that, the evening previous to the fight, they laid the odds of five to four with cheerfulness and alacrity. Nosworthy had won his late battle with such seeming ease, that no doubt was entertained by his admirers as to the issue. At one the men set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The notoriety Nosworthy had obtained in conquering the Jew phenomenon created intense interest, and every eye was on the combatants setting to. A short time elapsed in sparring, when Scroggins made a good hit; the Baker, in return, missed his aim. Some heavy milling occurred, when they closed, and both went down; Nosworthy undermost, Scroggins heavily on him. (Five to four on Scroggins already.)

2.—Nosworthy appeared bleeding at the scratch. Determined fighting was the order of this round; and both the men seemed bent upon proving each other's courage. Ilit for hit was returned with as much indifference as if their bodies were insensible to feeling; and, although both of them were frequently hit away, they returned to the attack. The rally was dreadful, and Nosworthy was, at length, sent down.

3.—It was evident to the spectators that Nosworthy had got enough to do to make a win of it. No finishing on either side. They stood up to each other like a couple of bull dogs. Scroggins took the lead in gallant style, and punished his opponent in the most terrific manner, by planting a hit under Nosworthy's ear, so powerfully, that he went down in a twinkling. Nosworthy's importance was now all at an end; and two to one was offered on Scroggins, without the least hesitation.

4.—The game displayed by Nosworthy

was admirable, but he had received so plentifully that his strength was somewhat reduced. Another terrific rally occurred, in which the superiority of Scroggins was manifest. He never left his adversary till he went down. (Three to one on Scroggins.)

5.—Nosworthy fought like a man, but the chance was decidedly against him. Scroggins had it all his own way in this round, and planted his hits with all the success of a first-rate fighter.

6.—Upon setting-to, Scroggins, with much severity, floored his antagonist.

7.—Nosworthy, notwithstanding the punishment he had sustained, came to the scratch full of pluck, and made a desperate effort to effect a change in his favour. He with much dexterity put in a tremendous blow upon one of Scroggins's eye-lids; but the latter returned upon him severely, and had the best of the round.

8.—The head of Nosworthy seemed an easy mark for Scroggins, who peppered it with the utmost sang-froid. The baker was again floored.

9 to 15 and last.—The courage of Nosworthy was the admiration of the ring; he continued to fight till not a shadow of chance remained. He was so severely beaten in the fifteenth round, that, on time being called, he was unable to quit the knee of his second. The battle was over in eighteen minutes.

From this triumph Scroggins rose rapidly in the esteem of the best patrons of the ring, and was considered one of the best "little men" of the day. Scroggins was scarcely known up to this time to the scientific circles, and his rambling mode of fighting, so peculiar to himself, was rather the subject of mirth than serious discussion; still it was thought, in some instances, that he exhibited the prominent traits of the once terrific Hooper, a method that would not be denied from boring in, and, when once in, must triumph from its close and heavy half-arm deliveries, except in very rare instances. Although Nosworthy was defeated, it was viewed as a determined and skilful battle on

his side. The springing hits of Scroggins were truly tremendous ; and covering his head with his left hand, not only prevented him from receiving much punishment at going in, but gave him additional vigour in "smashing" his adversary.

Scroggins, it was urged, had offended several of his patrons, in consequence of his insisting on the whole of the battle-money of the late fight being given to him ; and many of them felt determined, if possible, to select a scientific boxer who should take the fight out of our hero. Bill Eales was therefore chosen, and backed for this special purpose ; but the knowing ones were much divided in opinion respecting their merits. Two of the most complete adepts in the ring took them under their care and training. The sporting knowledge of Gully rendered him at all times, in the ring or on the turf, no mean judge how to select his object, or to lay out his money ; and Tom Belcher's experience had taught him too well to know the value of success to give half a chance away : therefore when Gully selected Scroggins as his favourite, and Belcher preferred Eales as the most competent pugilist, it might not be inaptly observed that, "when Greek joins Greek, then comes the tug of war !" The backers, as well as boxers, it was certain, meant to win if possible. Eales was remarkable for his complete knowledge of the tactics of the milling art, and possessed the important advantages of height and length ; while Scroggins was a nondescript, who disdained copying the mode of any pugilist, and fought after his own method, if method it could be termed.

On Saturday, August 26, 1815, near the George, at Kingston Hill, contiguous to Coombe Warren, this interesting and singular match was decided. At an early period in the morning the various roads leading to the scene of action were crowded beyond description. All sorts of vehicles were so close upon each other as to defy enumeration, and pedestrians were numerous beyond precedent. A great many high personages mustered on the turf, among whom Earl Yarmouth, Lord Fife, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, etc., were observed. A few minutes before one the men entered the ring, attended by their seconds. Tom Belcher and Harmer for Eales, Joe Ward and Oliver for Scroggins. The spectators were struck with the great contrast between the size of the combatants. Joe Ward tied the colours of the sailor, "true blue," to the stakes, as a token of defiance ; and Belcher knotted over it the "yellowman," as the colours of Eales. Both men looked well and confident. The ceremony of shaking hands being gone through, the set-to immediately commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—From the scientific pretensions of Eales, it was generally expected the first round would clearly evince his superiority over his short and sturdy opponent. Scroggins, however, with the heroism of a British tar, boldly bore down to the assault. The display of Eales, although more scientific than effective, was much admired. Scroggins, equally anxious to commence the fight favourably, exhibited some degree of caution. Eales let go once or twice, but beyond effective distance; at length Scroggins put in a well directed blow under the left ear of his opponent, and, in closing, threw him. (The odds looked rather queer, and Scroggins was pronounced the favourite.)

2.—This round was decisively in favour of Scroggins, who exchanged blows with his opponent in the most gallant style of courage, till Eales was at length felled.

3.—Both the combatants were now alive to the interest of the scene in which they were engaged. A good rally occurred, and they returned and exchanged liberally; in the rally Eales went down.

4.—This was altogether a severe round. If Scroggins planted some severe blows, Eales returned punishment with equal courage. Strength was evidently on the side of Scroggins, who appeared merely getting into work; while Eales, on the contrary, showed symptoms of weak constitution, and fought till he again went down.

5.—Eales, notwithstanding his superior science, could not make that impression upon his opponent which was expected by his friends. He succeeded, it is true, in dexterously putting in some heavy blows, which the hardy tar was not a degree behind hand in returning, keeping up a battering rally, till his opponent went down.

6.—The strength of Eales did not keep pace with his judgment; he, nevertheless, evinced good pluck. This was a pantomimic round; altogether a piece of harlequin and clown antics all round the ring. Eales exerted his best skill to obtain a favourable turn, and a terrific rally ensued; but, in closing, the singularity of Scroggins excited roars of laughter. In throwing Eales he went down, then rolled over and over from his adversary till he rose upon his legs with all the comicality of a merry-andrew. Eales displayed weakness, and the odds were five to one on Scroggins.

7.—The combatants soon fought their way into a sharp rally, and the science of Eales prevailed to a certain extent, till Scroggins went down. (Applause.)

8.—A little discretion seemed necessary on both sides; some sparring occurred before a hit was made. Scroggins bobbed his head to avoid the threatened blows of his opponent, but returned fighting hand over head. The punishment was severe in this round,

but reciprocal; however, Scroggins went down.

9.—The combatants attacked each other with the most determined resolution; anything like stopping was out of the question, till they both found themselves upon the ground. Eales could not lay claim to any advantage; neither had Scroggins the worst of it.

10.—Another equally desperate round followed, and a tremendous rally took place. The blows on both sides did great execution—punishment without stopping was the order of the day.

11.—Eales, notwithstanding the exertion of the last round, came to the scratch with considerable spirit, and showed off in such good style upon his opponent, that Scroggins again dropped his nob to escape the intended milling.

12.—The science of Eales was exhibited to great advantage, and Scroggins' upper works seemed under the direction of a chancery practitioner, till he was sent under the ropes. The round was contested with much resolution on both sides.

13.—Eales again tried it on with some success by planting three severe hits on the nob of Scroggins; but the latter, determined not to be deficient in this part of the practice, liberally returned the favours which had been bestowed, and concluded the round by cross-buttocking his antagonist.

14.—The spectators now perceived that Scroggins was too much for Eales, as the strength of the latter was evidently on the decline every round. Scroggins punished Eales in all directions, and gave him three heavy hits on his nob, stomach, and neck. In closing, both down, but Scroggins fell upon Eales with a plunge enough to send the wind out of his body.

15.—The advantage of strength was completely on the side of Scroggins, who came up to the scratch smiling with confidence. Eales, although weak, fought with much spirit, and contested every inch of ground in a sharp rally, till Scroggins again threw and fell upon him.

16.—Eales endeavoured to gain time by cautious sparring, but Scroggins fought his way pell mell into a sharp rally, and adopted the same mode as in the two preceding rounds, by tripping up his adversary, then falling upon him, depriving Eales of what little wind he had left.

17.—From the terrible heat of the sun, and the severe punishment both the combatants had experienced, it did not excite any degree of surprise to see them both at the scratch in an exhausted state. The little hardy tar, who had so often braved the changes of climate, seemed of the two least affected by the scorching rays that now poured so heavily upon their persons, and

commenced fighting with great spirit. In closing, he peppered Eales considerably, and then cross-buttocked him. From this severe touch it was expected Eales would not be able to meet his man again.

18.—Eales, though much exhausted, again opposed his man, but the chance was decidedly against him; Scroggins threw him as before. (Any odds, but no takers.)

19.—The fight was nearly taken out of Eales; he was at the mercy of his antagonist. He was again thrown.

20.—Eales tottered to the scratch; but Scroggins gave him another cross-buttock as if a child had been opposed to his strength.

21.—The strength of Eales was quite reduced as to effective punishment; he, nevertheless, evinced good bottom, and did more than might have been expected from one so nearly beaten. Scroggins laid himself open, but Eales was too weak to turn it to account. In falling, Scroggins went down on him.

22.—It was now a horse to a hen, and Scroggins threw his man with apparent ease.

23.—Eales, to the astonishment of the spectators, once more appeared at the mark; but it was all up with him, and, by way of a quietus, Scroggins put in so tremendous a hit under his right ear that he was floored like a shot. He could not come again. The battle lasted twenty-two minutes.

REMARKS.—Scroggins, in defeating a scientific boxer like Eales, completely astonished every amateur present. It was singular to observe the severity of his blows, and the punishment he administered to his opponent, though a man four inches taller than himself. Indeed our little hero was confidence itself. He assured his friends previous to the battle, that he would win it and nothing else. As an in-fighter, Eales had decidedly the best of his opponent; but his distances were so incorrect at times in out-fighting that numerous blows were thrown away. Some of the partisans of Eales attributed his loss to a severe hurt received on the back part of his head, in falling violently against the stakes; but the general opinion was that he lacked stamina to resist the finishing qualities of his antagonist. Eales was the heavier man, weighing eleven stone and half a pound. The bets never varied from the commencement of the fight; Scroggins was the favourite throughout. It was altogether a sharp contest, but a great deal of time was consumed in struggling to obtain the advantage in throwing. Notwithstanding the great superiority Eales had in standing over his opponent, united with his first-rate skill, he could not prevent Scroggins from going in. The admirers of science were much disappointed at the defeat of Eales.

From the success Scroggins had met with in his boxing career, and the numerous patrons of the art who rallied round him, he was enabled to commence publican. He accordingly opened the Waterman's Arms, at Stangate, Lambeth, for the entertainment of the sporting world. His house in summer time was then pleasantly and attractively situated, commanding a view across the Thames, a part of the venerable Abbey, and Westminster Hall, with the old St. Stephen's, and the Houses of Parliament, destroyed by fire in 1836. The name of John Scroggins, in large letters, at the top of the premises, might be seen from the other side of the river, operating as an inducement, not only to sporting characters, but to many an old shipmate of the *Argo* to call and give our hero a friendly turn. He did not want for company of every description. Peers and costermongers all contributed to make the pot boil; and, though Scroggy could not boast of the eloquence of a Cicero, yet he never suffered any of his customers to depart without receiving a ready answer. Life, in a variety of shapes, was to be seen under the roof of this little caterer for the public. In another part of his dwelling, the "saloon" was not the least importance in the picture. In ruder hands it was merely a skittle ground, but, under the taste and judgment displayed by "Scroggy," it assumed a new and prominent feature. A gallery was now added to it, in addition to its being boarded over for the accommodation of spectators, and

embellished with chandeliers. Every Tuesday night it was opened as a school for the art of self-defence; and here this remnant of the Olympic games was conducted with characteristic spirit to overflowing audiences. Scroggins himself usually appeared as a first-rate actor, assisted by several professionals, in most of these performances, to explain and render the art attainable. Here many a novice was floored for his temerity, by way of initiation, and as a sort of preparatory step to a better acquaintance with the practice and use of the gloves. The "tip" for admission was upon a reasonable scale, a single sixpence, and liquor to its estimated value was allowed. The sporting dinners given by Scroggins were excellent; and the Waterman's Arms generally afforded amusement to those persons who were disposed to take a peep at the fun and frolic there exhibited, under the management of this comic hero of the ring.

Four months had scarcely elapsed when Scroggins again made his appearance in the prize-ring, but under very different circumstances. Having in his last combat defeated one of the most scientific boxers of the day, he was now called to enter the lists with a complete stranger, and a mere novice. It appears that Whittaker, from Denbigh in Yorkshire, an oilman by trade, had criticised the milling talents of Scroggins rather freely in company; which criticism resulted in a battle between them. The sum contended for was fifty guineas a side, and so much confidence did the Oilman feel upon entering the ring with Scroggins (notwithstanding his name was a sort of terror to pugilists in general), that he put down thirty-two guineas of the stakes out of his own pocket. Scroggins viewed Whittaker with so much indifference that he thought he had merely to take off his coat and win the fight. On Tuesday, the 9th of January, 1816, the fistio heroes met to decide this trial of skill at Moulsey Hurst. The Oilman was understood to be a clever and determined boxer, and so much interest was excited in the sporting circles that upwards of ten thousand persons witnessed the battle. The odds were two to one upon Scroggins, who was seconded by Oliver and Clark; Whittaker was attended by Cribb and Richmond. The men shook hands, and at one o'clock the set-to commenced:—

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The amateurs expected more of a smashing than a scientific fight; Scroggins thought so little of his adversary, that he went to work *sans ceremony*, but hit short with his left hand; the Oilman, in return, planted a slight nobber. The combatants fought their way into a rally, and some sharp blows were exchanged, at the end of which

the claret was seen trickling down Whittaker's face (no variation in the betting).

2.—The Oilman seemed full of pluck and eager for battle. Scroggins again hit short, but Whittaker improved on the opening, and made a sharp left-handed blow. Some desperate milling occurred; no want of spirit on either side. In closing much strug-

gling took place, when the Oilman got away, but was ultimately sent down,

8.—This was altogether a well-fought round. If the Oilman did not show superlative science, he evinced qualities that convinced the spectators he was not to be beaten off hand. Scroggins attacked his adversary with much determination, and Whittaker showed equal resolution in a sharp rally, till he went down.

4.—Science was not the forte of the combatants; downright milling was the order of this round. Scroggins missed several hits, and did not appear to such advantage as was expected. The Oilman fought with much steadiness and composure, and his left hand, in some instances, was successful. The men rattled in a close, when the Oilman, with much dexterity, threw his adversary. The odds nevertheless were still high upon Scroggins.

5.—It was evident that Scroggins had paid little attention to training; and, at this early stage of the fight, his wind appeared rather treacherous. The Oilman attacked his adversary in good style, and had the superiority of hitting. Scroggins slipped in making a hit, but soon recovered himself upon one knee, and with much force levelled his man.

6.—Both combatants on their mettle; reciprocal fighting took place. The Oilman proved himself a much better man than he was thought to be. The odds fell to six to four.

7.—Scroggins came to the scratch much distressed and out of wind. The Oilman improved upon this circumstance and made several telling blows, ultimately finishing the round in his favour. (Applause.)

8.—Scroggins could not recover his wind; and, to avoid receiving punishment, resorted to some strange manoeuvres to amuse his adversary. Whittaker was not to be deluded, and stuck to Scroggy hard and fast till he was thrown.

9.—Scroggins came up fresher, and attacked his opponent with unshrinking courage. A rally took place, which was desperately contested; but finished to the advantage of Scroggins, who darkened the Oilman's left peeper.

10 and 11.—Both of these rounds were fought with manliness and resolution. It was plain Scroggins had considerable work to get through before victory would crown his efforts.

12.—Whittaker seemed more conspicuous for high game and wrestling capabilities than a sound acquaintance with the principles of the pugilistic art; he threw Scroggins in great style.

13 and 14.—Rather in favour of Scroggins.

15.—Here the Oilman showed to much advantage. He put in several blows, both down.

16 to 20.—Several trifling changes occurred during these rounds; in one of which Scroggins met with an accident in falling,

which might have terminated the battle; but his fortitude as well as policy was so great, that, notwithstanding the excruciating pain he suffered, he did not even communicate the circumstance to his second, but fought on under considerable disadvantage. From the numerous antics and manoeuvres he played off, he recovered himself in some degree, and succeeded in damaging his opponent's remaining eye.

31 to 40 and last.—It is unnecessary to detail the whole of these rounds; suffice it to observe the Oilman contested the whole of them with resolution and true game. He fought till without the power of directing his blows. He resigned the contest with reluctance; urging his not being reduced in bodily strength. In fact, he was humanely persuaded by Mr. Jackson and his friends, to retire, as he had no chance whatever, from his defective vision. In other respects there is no doubt but he might have protracted the battle.

REMARKS.—Scroggins had nearly given the chance away on this occasion by overweening self-conceit, and the contempt with which he viewed the pretensions of Whittaker. The victory indeed was more owing to his good fortune than to judgment. He laughed at the idea of training to beat a novice, and never left his home for a single night. In consequence of this neglect, he took an hour and sixteen minutes to beat Whittaker, which, had he been in good condition, it is presumed he might have accomplished in half an hour. Scroggins (almost too late) found out the fault he had committed from neglect of training. It was a fortunate moment for our hero when the Oilman was taken from the ground. The memorable defeat and ruin of Broughton ought always to operate as a useful lesson to all pugilists—more especially to conquerors—respecting their preparatory conduct. Scroggins had nearly fallen a victim to this blind confidence. His fame was tottering on a precipice. Scroggins too was extremely incorrect in his distances, but neither of the combatants fought upon the defensive. Whittaker was evidently the better wrestler, and Scroggy appeared more punished about his nob than in any other battle. Had not Scroggins succeeded in closing the remaining peeper of Whittaker, the termination might have been rather doubtful, as the latter was not seriously disabled in body nor distressed in wind. Though he retired from the ring a defeated man, it is but common justice to state that a gamer pugilist than Whittaker never quitted the field. Thirty pounds was collected on the ground by Mr. Jackson, as a reward for the bravery the loser had displayed. Notwithstanding the latter resigned the contest, he still entertained an opinion that Scroggins was not the best man, and attributed the chance going against him to his being a stranger to the tactics of the prize-ring.

From the rapid conquests he had obtained, Scroggins was at this period the envy of the boxing circles. His house was numerously attended; he was enjoying the fruits of peace and the reward of his victories; smoking his pipe with ease and pleasure, and laid up as it were in ordinary, resting from the fatigues of war. But peace was not the element in which Jack was seen to advantage; therefore, out of numerous challenges offered to him, he accepted one from a countryman of the name of Church, a native of Gloucester, who, it seems, "had heard of battles," and thirsting to obtain fighting glory, had determined to lead "a dull inglorious life" no longer. He left Gloucester for the avowed purpose of challenging our hero; and Colonel (afterwards the Earl of) Berkeley, his patron, had so high an opinion of his qualifications, that he backed him for 100 guineas.

Church, it appears, had milled all the best men in Gloucestershire, was well known as a staunch man, was taller than his adversary, and possessed a hardy and erect frame. Upon the match being made he went into training near Enfield; during which period he gave proof that he was capable of performing no little in the milling way. Three countrymen called at the house where he resided, and rudely challenged him to fight. Church, shamefully careless about the engagement he was under, with more rashness than judgment, accepted their offer; fortune favoured him, for in a very short time, it was reported, he disposed of the whole three, and public rumour ran that he was likely to turn out a troublesome customer for Scroggins.

On Tuesday, August 20th, 1816, the men met, and Moulsey Hurst was once more the theatre of pugilistic display. Myriads of persons left the metropolis, in all directions, to view the renowned Scroggins, among whom were Lord Yarmouth, Colonel Berkeley, Captain Barclay, etc. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the barouche and four to the scavenger's mud-cart, were in requisition at an early hour, to reach the destined spot; the blood-horse, in all the pride of high breeding, was galloping by all, and the more humble donkey and the spare nacker trotting and snorting along the road, to be up in time. Pedestrians of all ranks formed a moving scene, and by twelve o'clock many thousand persons crowded the Hurst. Church appeared first, and threw his hat into the ring; Scroggins shortly following his example. The former was seconded by Tom Belcher and Bill Gibbons, the latter by Cribb and Clark. At a quarter past one the men shook hands. Three to one on Scroggins. The battle lasted fifty-eight minutes, and fifty rounds took place, as follow :—

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Scroggins, on setting-to, seemed anxious to be at work, but hit short. He, however, soon made up for this deficiency by giving his opponent two desperate facers, which produced the claret in a twinkling. Church seemed electrified by the severity of his hits, exchanged a few blows, turned round in confusion, and was ultimately sent down. (Three to one on Scroggins.)

2.—Church appeared at the scratch bleeding. Scroggins set-to determinedly, and soon showed his opponent the severe punishment he was likely to encounter, by putting in two severe blows, right and left, on his nob. Church again turned round confusedly, but drew the cork of his antagonist. Scroggins evinced his superiority, and finished this round decidedly in his favour, by sending his man down. In this early stage of the fight, the spectators made up their minds to the ultimate event, and four to one was offered.

3.—Church did not know what to do with his antagonist; he was quickly sent down by Scroggins, who held up both his hands.

4.—The position of Church was good, but there was nothing of the scientific boxer about him; nevertheless, he put in some good hits, and, in closing, both went down. Scroggins rolled over like a tumbler.

5.—This was rather a severe round, and, in closing, Church endeavoured to fib his opponent; both down.

6.—Scroggins went furiously in to mill his opponent, which he did most effectually, and sent Church down. Both their mugs began to show the effects of punishment.

7.—Scroggins seemed determined to finish his opponent, but twice hit short: he rushed in and took great liberties with his nob. Church again went down.

8.—Church appeared to have no notion of protecting his head from the attacks of his opponent. He not only received two desperate facers, but was punished severely at the ropes, and milled down.

9.—In this round Scroggins had it all his own way: he hit Church quite out of the ring. (Great applause.)

10.—Some good exchanges. In closing, both down, Church undermost.

11.—Church broke away from a close, and got into a rally, but he was at length sent to the ground.

12.—In favour of Church; he put in two good blows, but, in closing, both went down.

13.—Scroggins hit him quite round against the ropes, and Church was sent down.

14.—Scroggins put in a facer, and Church went down.

15.—Church made a hit and fell down. (Nineteen minutes.)

16.—Scroggins put in two facers, turned suddenly round with all the agility of a

dancing master, and ended by flooring Church.

17.—Scroggins broke from a close, and exchanged some blows; but Church ultimately threw him.

18.—Church made one or two good stops, but was sent down.

19.—Scroggins milled his opponent in all directions without receiving any return, till Church went off his legs.

20.—Scroggins was the principal receiver in this round. In a close, both down.

21.—Scroggins, with the utmost *sang froid*, on setting-to, floored his man, and stood over him with the utmost contempt.

22.—Scroggins measured his distance again well, put in a tremendous facer, and ultimately threw his opponent.

23.—Church felt for Scroggins' nob twice, and threw him.

24.—Scroggins received a hit at going in, but, in closing, both went down.

25.—Church put in a facer, but Scroggins soon floored him.

26.—Church, with much severity, hit his opponent quite away from him, and had the best of the round. In closing, both went down.

27.—Church seemed in this round totally off his guard. Scroggins put in seven severe facers in rapid succession, till he sent Church down. (Twenty to one.)

28.—Scroggins determined to lose no time, pursued his advantage with the utmost spirit, dealing out punishment at every step. His rush was not to be resisted, and Church again went down.

29.—Church gave his opponent a check upon his nob as he was going in, but it did not ultimately prevent Scroggins from boring him to the ropes, and getting him down. (Any odds.)

30.—Church was completely on the taking system; the knowledge of giving he seemed totally ignorant of. A greater glutton was never seen, no common caterer could serve his inordinate appetite. Scroggins hit his adversary off his legs.

31.—Church only appeared as a mark to hit at. Stopping his adversary was out of the question; he again measured his length on the grass.

32.—Scroggins was truly conspicuous in this round. He did as he liked with his antagonist, till he sent him down.

33.—It was astonishing to see Church, considering the severe milling he had received, continue to face his man with such confidence. He had no chance whatever, except being knocked down.

34.—Church exchanged some blows in this round rather to his advantage, but almost laid himself down from exhaustion at the conclusion of it.

35.—Scroggins, in making a hit, literally pushed down his opponent.

36.—Church was hit down almost upon setting-to.

37.—Scroggins, eager to put a finishing stroke to this game article, rushed in furiously and sent him down.

38.—Church's face looked deplorable; he received three tremendous blows. Scroggins put in also a severe body blow with his left hand, when Church as usual went down.

39.—The battle might be said to be at an end, but Church's game was not yet exhausted. Scroggins again sent his man down.

40.—Scroggins ran in to his adversary like a bull, head foremost, at his body, and caught hold of the waistband of his breeches, but instantly recollecting, as it were, that he had committed an error, he slid his hands upwards. It might have been accidental, but the seconds of Church considering such an attack contrary to the established rules of fighting, thought that to fulfil their duty they ought to take their man out of the ring. The umpires, however, passed it over, and thus, fortunately for Scroggins, saved him from the disagreeable circumstance of a wrangle, or perhaps making a drawn battle of it.

41.—Though Church could not win, yet he now and then felt for his antagonist's nob sharply, and in this round he put in a severe facer, but Scroggins sent him down.

42.—Nothing. Church went down upon setting-to.

43.—Scroggins again nobbed his opponent, and, to add to the severity of the punishment, Church received a severe body blow before he found his way to the grass.

44.—Scroggins hit his adversary cleanly down, and it was apprehended that he would not be able to come again; indeed, his backer wished him to desist from the contest. The seconds of Scroggins took the hint, and threw up their hats in the air as the token of victory. The outer ring immediately gave way, but Church insisted upon fighting longer, and the

45th round commenced during this confusion. The spirit of Church was good, but his strength could not keep pace with his

wishes. Scroggins was awake that victory was certain, and sent his adversary down in quick time.

46.—Church was now going very fast, and was sent down upon setting-to.

47.—The mortification of surrender urged Church to continue the battle while he was able to stand upon his legs; but it was all up, and he was only receiving unnecessary punishment, being sent down every round.

48.—Church went down completely exhausted.

49.—Notwithstanding the reduced state of Church, he made a couple of hits, but it was only to be sent down.

50 and last.—On coming to the scratch he was floored, *sans ceremony*, and not able to meet his man any more. He was led out of the ring dreadfully beaten.

REMARKS.—A gamer man never entered the ring than Church; he proved himself a complete taker, but as to the winning consequences of giving he had much to learn. Scroggins was completely at home; cautious of himself, his judgment was excellent in perceiving when his antagonist was exhausted, and going in promptly to finish him off. He, however, gave a chance away, by running head foremost at his opponent's body, a proceeding which at the present day would have lost him the battle. Scroggins, however, did not win this fight without considerable punishment about the nob, one of his eyes being nearly closed, and his face much beaten. He never exhibited anything like such marks before. Church sprained his ankle severely in the third round; and had not this accident occurred, he might have stood up much better, perhaps with more chance of ultimate success. His confidence never deserted him throughout the battle; and he talked to his second between every round of his capabilities to continue the contest. After the great success of Scroggins in the two first rounds, when he in fact reduced winning almost to a certainty, many of the fancy expressed some little astonishment that fifty-eight minutes should elapse before Scroggins was able to send his man out of the ring. Mr. Jackson collected £20 to reward the bravery of Church.

The friends of Tom Hall (known as the Isle of Wight Hall), were extremely anxious to match him with Scroggins for 200 guineas a-side; but, after four meetings upon the subject, the last of which was held at the Mansion House Coffee House, February, 1817, the partizans of Hall offered to pay half the deposit between Scroggins and Turner, in order to induce the former to relinquish that match. Hall also proposed to add ten pounds which had been forfeited to him in a previous instance, to the battle-money; but the offers were declined. Scroggins had no objection to fight Hall, provided he weighed no more than eleven stone. However, it was the

general opinion among the best judges of pugilism that Hall was too heavy for our hero.

After six months' interval, Scroggins again entered the prize ring. His antagonist on this occasion was the afterwards celebrated Ned Turner. The affair came off in a field near Hayes Turnpike, Middlesex, on Wednesday, March 26, 1817; Scroggins fighting Turner £100 against £50. This contest ended in a draw, the particulars of which will be found in the memoir of Ned Turner, *ante*, p. 374.

A second match was afterwards made on the 10th of June, 1817, Scroggins fighting Turner £120 against £80.

Upon a review of the merits of the drawn battle above mentioned, some doubts appeared to exist in the minds of the backers of Scroggins respecting the result of the coming fight. The following contest, however, which took place *ad interim*, not only tended to remove the doubts in question, but operated so strongly towards increasing their former confidence in Scroggins as to raise the odds to three to one that he was the victor.

A meeting was held at Tom Oliver's house in Peter Street, Westminster, on Friday, May 2, 1817, to complete the stakes for the match between Sutton and Ned Painter. Several pugilists were present upon this occasion, among whom were Scroggins, Carter, West Country Dick, Ballard, Purcell, etc. Scroggy having drank freely during the evening above stairs, descended into the parlour and ridiculed Dick upon his defeat by Randall. He also offered to bet two to one upon himself against Turner, which was immediately accepted by Richmond; and, upon the latter's taking up the money to deposit in some person's hands, Scroggins seized hold of the man of colour. Scroggins now gave some ludicrous imitations of Richmond's mode of milling, calling him everything but a good one, and offered to fight the man of colour in the room for any sum. The latter was much pressed to give Scroggins a thrashing for his improper conduct, but Richmond kept his temper, although called a cur for suffering such a little fellow to insult and triumph over him. Richmond was not to be moved from his resolution, and very properly observed, "That as Scroggins was under an engagement to fight Turner, the sporting world should not experience a disappointment from his disabling the man from fulfilling his agreement." This conduct on the part of Richmond was admitted to be handsome and manly by all present. Scroggins, however, would not be denied—fight he would with somebody, and to accommodate his penchant, a match was proposed between him and young Fisher for twenty guineas a-side, to be decided instantly, the latter having gallantly beaten the rough and hardy Crockey, before the Grand Duke of Russia, at Coombe

Warren. Previously, however, the opinion of Mr. Jackson was taken respecting the propriety of Scroggins fighting, considering his engagement with Turner. Mr. J. thought he ought not. Scroggins overruled this objection, by declaring that nothing should hinder him from having a mill, provided Mr. Farmer would make the match. Shelton, in conjunction with some other persons, then put down the money for Fisher. The large room at the back of the premises was lighted up, the scratch made, bottles, lemons, etc., produced; the spectators retired to each end of the room, and the door was locked. Mr. Jackson acted as umpire. Carter and Clark attended Scroggins; Richmond and a novice waited upon Fisher. Three to two on Scroggins. The parties shook hands—half minute time was allowed, and sixteen minutes before twelve o'clock at night the battle commenced. More spirited betting or greater order never was observed at Moulsey, Shepperton, or Coombe Wood.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On setting—to mischief being meant, little science was displayed between the combatants; Fisher put in a slight body hit. Scroggins reeled in after his usual mode, and both went to work slap bang—some sharp nobbers were exchanged, and, in closing, both down, Scroggy undermost. ("Well done, Fisher!")

2.—Fisher, full of gaiety, again hit, first on the body, and seemed resolutely determined upon following up his success. They both nobbed each other smartly; and in struggling to obtain the throw, Scroggy, as before, was undermost.

3.—Scroggins, from the effects of lushing, came quite noisy to the scratch, and laughing at Fisher, told him if he could hit no harder than he had done, he must lose it, and he (Scroggins) would soon convince him of that fact. Fisher, not dismayed by this threat, not only fought with his opponent manfully, but threw him completely on his face. ("Go it, Fisher!")

4.—This was a good round, and Fisher pelted away so sharply, that Scroggy seemed rather soothered by the contact. Ceremony was out of the question, hit for hit was reciprocally given, till Fisher slipped and went down. (Two to one on Scroggy was vociferated by his partisans.)

5.—Fisher came to the scratch in the most lively style, and set-to with as much coolness as if he had been fighting a mere commoner. They soon closed, Fisher undermost.

6.—Nothing but milling was the order of this round; both down.

7.—Scroggins rushed at his opponent with the impetuosity of a bull-dog, and made his one-two tell upon Fisher's mug: the latter

stood to him like bricks, and contended gamely till he found himself undermost in the throw. (This change on the part of Scroggy brought offers forward of four to one in his favour.)

8.—Fisher went to work manfully, and Scroggins slipped down from a hit, but, instantly recovering himself, instead of finishing the round, he rushed at Fisher, when some sharp blows were exchanged till both went down.

9.—Fisher with the utmost ease sent Scroggy down. ("Bravo, Fisher—stick to him, my lad!")

10.—One of Scroggins's peepers seemed a little damaged, but his canvas appeared so impenetrable that the claret scorned to make its appearance. Both again down; but Scroggins, while on the knee of his second, gave two or three loud hems, as if to improve his wind.

11.—This was a truly punishing round. Fisher hit Scroggins slightly down—he was up again in a twinkling, and most furiously went in to mill his opponent; he was, however, ultimately sent down.

12.—Fisher put in a good facer; but, in closing, both down.

13.—As yet, nothing was the matter with Fisher, and considering Scroggins was three parts groggy upon commencing the fight, he convinced those around him what a fine constitution he possessed. Fisher was also viewed with admiration—and making allowance for his "greenness" in contending with a pugilist at the top of the tree, he proved himself an ugly customer for this modern Dutch Sam. In this round Fisher had the best decidedly.

14.—Scroggins went down in closing, but

the advantage was on his side. When on his second's knee, he sneeringly observed to Fisher, that "he could not hit hard enough; he had better give it in, as a few more of his hits must finish him."

15 to 17.—Nothing material on either side.

18.—In this round Scroggy was floored. Great applause to Fisher.

19 to 23.—Though Scroggins was the favourite, yet many present considered the event at this stage of the fight doubtful. (Upon several offers being made, Scroggy observed, "Aye, bet away, gentlemen, I can win it like fun. I lay two to one on myself.")

24 to 29.—Fisher appeared still frosh, and notwithstanding the desperate rushing forward of Scroggins to take the fight out of him, he never flinched from his man, but fought with Scroggins like a gamecock. At the conclusion of this round, which was in favour of the oove of Stangate, he exclaimed with the utmost confidence, "Who can beat me, alive? I can mill any of 'em!"

30 to 32.—Scroggins had the worst of these rounds. He appeared rather distressed, and from the effects of the grog reeled about. Fisher exchanged many blows to his advantage.

33.—This round was complete hammering. Scroggins wanted to put an end to the fight, and fought his way in with all the determination of a lion. His blows were terrific—and although he went down from a sharp hit, he instantly jumped up again and milled Fisher furiously till he got him down. Carter now offered a guinea to half-a-crown. "Bravo, Scroggy—he is an astonishing fellow!" was the general cry.

34 to 36.—Well contested on both sides: but in the latter round Fisher missed putting in a blow, that might have materially turned the fight in his favour. He had hit Scroggins away from him twice, near the corner of the room, that laid him open, and instead of following up the chance, he retreated and got sent down. Scroggins again loudly hommed, upon his second's knee, for wind.

37.—Scroggins sent down Fisher in a

twinkling. This blow was on the face, and from its tremendous severity, his countenance changed. Scroggins shouted with glee, and offered to bet anything.

38.—Fisher again went down from a slight hit. Scroggins, with much contempt and confidence, "What do you think of that? I'll bet a hundred to one, I'll win it."

39 to 42.—Fisher fought manfully, but a change had taken place; he showed signs of weakness, and went down in all these rounds. (£250 to £100 on Scroggy, and his partisans roared with delight.)

43.—Scroggins now began to finish in high style, and dealt out some tremendous punishment. (Guinea to a shilling was offered, but not taken.)

44 and last.—Fisher came to the scratch much distressed, and Scroggins again milled him down. On time being called, Fisher could not rise from his second's knee, being very faint and rather sick, upon which Scroggins was declared the conqueror. The battle lasted forty-one minutes.

REMARKS.—Fisher must be pronounced a good man, and had he fought more at the head he might have been able to have given a better account of the battle. His mug was a little battered, but in other respects he did not exhibit severe marks of punishment. He attributed his loss to the very heavy falls he experienced more than to the blows he encountered, and walked from the scene of action without any help. Scroggins fought under disadvantage; but the confidence he possessed was truly astonishing. He urged that he could beat all the light weights, and entertained an idea that six men in the whole kingdom did not exist who could conquer him. He was much incriminated, and the danger he was likely to experience by losing a chance in his ensuing fight with Turner, seemed not in the least to operate on his mind. Though the above conquest was not an easy fight, he was as anxious to bet upon himself as the most interested looker-on, offering terms almost on every round. He was more beaten about the face than his antagonist.

It was now decidedly two to one, and in many instances the odds were still higher throughout the sporting, that Scroggins would add another laurel to his wreath, in his second combat with Turner, on the 10th of June, 1817, at Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, but the smiles of fortune abandoned our hero, and, for the first time in his life, he found himself in defeat. (See p. 377.)

The only consolation Scroggins experienced, after his mind had overcome the shock was attributing his loss to an accidental blow he received upon the throat in the third round, and which swelled so rapidly as almost to deprive him of the power of breathing; nothing could satisfy his wounded feelings

but another opportunity to retrieve his lost laurels. Turner, without hesitation, agreed to accommodate him, and Scroggins was so confident of victory, that he put down the principal part of the money himself, to make the stakes £150 a-side, the combat to take place on Tuesday, October 7, 1817. But the charm was broken—the invincibility of Scroggins, in the sporting world, was at an end—no longer a winning man his defects were too prominent to be overlooked. A material falling off was observed at his benefit and he was altogether so much reduced that the odds on the third contest were seven to four against him.

During the time allowed for training, Scroggins, as on a former instance, unmindful of the necessity of paying attention to his health, in an inebriated moment had an accidental turn up with Bob Gregson at Belcher's. In this skirmish he went down, and sprained one of his legs so severely that he did not recover from its effects for upwards of a month; but, to make amends for this indiscretion, so much did he fancy this match, that he sold his house, quitted the character of a publican, and became a private individual, "in order," as he observed, "to be more able to keep to his training."

His third battle with Turner was fought at Shepperton October 7, 1818 (which, as well as the former, will be found under the Memoir of TURNER, p. 382). Notwithstanding his professed contempt for regular training, Scroggins appeared in the ring in better condition than his opponent. It was evident to every one present that Scroggy strained every point to win; and it is but common justice to remark, that his character as a boxer rose higher, in every point of view, on that day than in any of his previous battles.

Poor Scroggy's course was now a downward one. He had survived his fame; and, never heeding the cautions of prudence, he paid the penalty, which men in every profession, pugilism by no means excepted, must pay for disregarding her dictates.

He was successively defeated by Jack Martin, the opponent of Randall, (see p. 398), at Moulsey, on the 18th of December, 1818, after a game fight of sixty-five rounds, in two hours and two minutes; by Josh. Hudson, at the same place, August 24, 1819, in eleven rounds, occupying eighteen minutes; and twice by David Hudson, the first time in May, the second in July, 1820.

Scroggy, however, was still game, and ready for anything. Determined as he himself said, "to lick somebody afore the year was out, perving he could get backers," Jack looked in on the 30th of November, 1820, at a "spread" given at Randall's in Chancery Lane, by sundry patrons of the

fistic art. Spring, Purcell, Randall, Turner, Martin, Phil. Sampson, Harry Holt, and others, were among the guests, and the patter turned on battles past and matches to come. A swell observed, that "if he could be got into condition, he should like to see a mill between Holt and the Old Tar, on account of the contrast of their styles." Holt expressed his approbation of the proposal, and six weeks was mooted as the period. Jack, always rough and ready, replied, "Why, as to that there matter, 'tain't no match between me and Holt; I can lick him like a babby. I never was so ill with a cold in all my born days; but as to time, why I'll fight him any time you like, even now, bad as I am." Holt returned Scroggins thanks for his candour; but, in return, thought Scroggins would have no chance; "however," concluded Cicero, "far be it from me to aggravate the gentlemanly sort of man's impatience: I too think, if it can be managed, there's no time like time present." "I'm ready," retorted Scroggins; "but the winner shall have the whole of the purse." "And I am agreeable," replied Holt. Ten guineas were quickly posted, and the usual preparations were made for the contest. Turner and Martin seconded Scroggins; Purcell and Sampson were for Holt. Spring was time-keeper. Five to four on Scroggins on one side of the room, and five to four on Holt among the other party.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The attitude of Holt was elegant, and he appeared also difficult to be got at. Scroggins was not long in commencing his favourite rush, and he bored in upon his opponent till he absolutely ran down Holt in the corner, and fell upon him.

2.—This round was all fighting; and the wisty-casters flew about till both went down, but Holt undermost.

3.—The fine science of Holt here told; and he planted two nobbers with his left hand without any return. Scroggins, however, went in upon the old tack when, after some exchanges, Holt got him down.

4.—After some exchanges of blows upon their nobbs, the combatants closed, and Holt weaved his opponent in the Randall style. Scroggins got the throw, and Holt was undermost.

5.—The left hand of Holt told severely, and Scroggins went away with the force of the hits. Both down.

6.—Scroggins rushed in on Holt, but in making a hit he missed his opponent, and fell. He immediately got up, and said, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon; I could not help it."

7 and 8.—Nothing else but giving and taking without finching,

both went down. "Bravo!" from the Pinks, "it's an excellent fight. Both are good men; and Jack's as good as his master." Scroggins seemed rather touched in the wind, and he gave a loud hem.

9.—Holt, in this round, was everything. He gave Scroggy three facers without any return, and also hit him down. "Scroggy, he'll spoil your beautiful mug, if you don't take care."

10 and 11.—Two slashing rounds. In the last, Scroggy went down from a slip. Ten minutes had elapsed.

12.—Holt, after making a slight blow, slipped down. Six to four on Holt.

13 to 15.—The blows of Holt were not effective enough to take the fight out of Scroggins. It was hard milling in all these rounds. Scroggins said to his seconds, "Don't water me so much; it's all right; I can't lose it."

16.—Holt's left eye was rather damaged, and the claret had made its appearance on his mug. This was a tremendous round, and Scroggins threw Holt; but he behaved handsomely to his fallen opponent,—instead of falling upon him, as he might have done, he walked away. "Bravo; you are a good little fellow."

17.—Scroggins's nob was a little changed,

and he again received two facers. Scroggins also went down.

16.—After an exchange of blows, Scroggins laughingly observed to Holt, "If you don't hit harder, my boy, you can never win it." Both down.—Twenty minutes.

19.—Sharp fighting; but Scroggins went down. Here Randall took some brandy to Holt, and gave him advice. "How many seconds are there to be?" said an amateur. "If there are forty it will make no odds," observed Scroggins.

20.—In this round, Scroggins received a severe hit on his throat; two facers were also added to it; but he would not be denied, and scrambled his way in, till they both went down.

21.—Scroggins now began to wink, and he was as much distressed as an old, worn out, broken winded post prad; he, however, got Holt down.

22 and 23.—"Go along, Harry, it's all your own; he'll not come above two more rounds." The left hand of Holt did some execution, and Scroggins had now the worst of it.

24.—This was a tremendous round. Scroggins went to work like a blacksmith hammering at a forge, and bored Holt into a corner. Hit for hit was exchanged, till they both went down; but Holt was undermost, and the back part of his head came in contact with the window-seat. "It's all up;" and Martin offered fifteen to ten.

25.—Holt was quite an altered man, and he seemed stupefied from the effects of the fall. The whole of the falls throughout the fight were heavy indeed. When time was called, Holt came to the scratch with great difficulty. Scroggins down and undermost.

26.—The science of Holt was much admired; and, although terribly distressed, he put in two facers before he went down. "He's nothing else but a game man," from all the swells.

27.—Holt got better, and Scroggins, in going down, was undermost.

28.—It was not yet safe to Scroggins. Both down.

29.—This round was severely contested; but the heavy fall Holt received shook him all to pieces. Ten to five on Scroggins.

30.—Holt was game to the last; he exerted himself, and got Scroggins down.

31.—Scroggins was very much exhausted, but the fight was not out of him, and he came up first to the scratch. Both down. Ten to three.

32.—It was evident Holt could not win, and he was sent down in an instant. Ten to one.

33 and last.—Holt was sent down, and his second could scarcely get him on his knee. When time was called, the Birmingham Youth said he should not fight any more. Scroggins immediately came up to Holt, and said, "Harry, give us your hand; you are a good fellow, and here's a guinea for you!" Great applause from the swells, and "Jack, you shall lose nothing by your generosity and feeling."

REMARKS.—For two men out of condition, nay, both unwell, particularly Scroggins, it was a much better fight than has frequently been seen when boxers have been in regular training. Scroggins had still some tremendous points about him, and the old tar's rumbling, hardy mode of boring in, told severely at close quarters. It was a gallant battle on both sides; but the blows of Holt were not hard enough to stop the rush of Scroggins. The accident Holt received in the twenty-fourth round perhaps lost him the fight; he also complained of a sprained thumb before he commenced the battle. In a ring some of the amateurs thought Holt might have stood a better chance. The smiles of victory, which had not been familiar to Scroggins in his last six battles, seemed to give him new life. It was an out-and-out concern altogether; and the patrons of the science, manliness, and true game had a treat.

This flush of success was followed by another gleam of sunshine. Scroggins found backers, and was pitted against Joe Parish, the Waterman, who having beaten Davis, Harry Holt, and Lashbrook, was thought a promising plant, in spite of his having fallen beneath the all-conquering arm of the Nonpareil, Jack Randall. Banstead Downs, in Surrey, on Saturday, March 8, 1831, were the spot and time, and fifty guineas the sum; it was the second fight on the above day. The rain was pouring down in torrents when Scroggins appeared and threw his hat into the ring, attended by Randall and Paddington Jones as his seconds. Parish showed soon afterwards, followed by Spring and Harmer. Both men appeared in excellent condition. For one hour and a quarter, the rival pugilists exerted themselves in the highest

style of courage to obtain the victory. The changes were frequent indeed ; two to one on Scroggins—three to one on Parish—three to one again on Scroggins—then other changes. In the fifty-second round, from the distressed state of Parish, Randall threw up his hat, as it did not appear that Parish would be again able to appear at the scratch. He, however, recovered, and fought till the sixty-ninth round ; but in the last three rounds, it was a hundred pounds to a farthing in favour of Scroggins. The latter behaved extremely well, was remarkably steady, and reminded the spectator of his best days. He was, however, terribly punished. The greatest anxiety prevailed among the old fanciers, who were more than friendly in their good wishes towards their old favourite. In the second round, Scroggins fell with his shoulder against one of the stakes (which circumstance was not known to the spectators, and operated as a great drawback to his exertions). Had not this accident happened, Scroggins thought he could have won it in much less time. Parish was punished but little about the head ; yet he remained in a state of stupor a short time after the fight was over ; and Spring carried him in his arms out of the ring. Parish displayed a great deal of game, and suffered very severely from heavy falls. If Parish had gone in to fight first, he might have given a better account of the battle. Spring this day convinced the amateurs he was entitled to their praise, not only as a most attentive second, but as a most active one ; and it would not be doing common justice to the anxiety and exertions he displayed to make "ould Jack" win, to pass them over without notice.

On the Thursday after the above fight, at Josh. Hudson's benefit, Parish addressed the Court, observing, "that although he had been defeated by Scroggins, he was not satisfied, and was ready to have another trial." Scroggins, in reply, said, "from the advice of his friends, he had not intended to have fought any more ; but as how he was too much of a gentleman not to accommodate Mr. Parish, who was also a gentlemanly sort of a man ; so he would give him another trial." A guinea a-side was deposited ; but on the arrival of the night to make the stakes good, Parish did not make his appearance, and the guinea, of course, was forfeited.

This sunshine, however, was evanescent, and the course of Scroggins's history tends henceforth downwards. In April, 1822, as related in the life of Tom BLOKHA, p. 165 *ante*, the hardy hero came in contact with the scientific Tom ; on this occasion if Tom was stale Scroggy assuredly was but a shadow of his former self, and he was moreover in that state of lush which had now become almost habitual to him. Still, however, "ould Jack," as he was already called, haunted the ring at every mill of note, unable to quit the

arena of his many triumphs. The milling "spirit strong within him," was shown on the 12th of June, 1822, at Moulsey Hurst. On that occasion the fights between Ward and Acton, and Burke and Marshall, having gone off unsatisfactorily to the patrons of boxing there and then present, a brace of countrymen offered themselves for a purse, and had actually "peeled," when Scroggy roared out, "Gentlemen, as you've had but little fun to-day, suppose I fight the Gipsy, that will produce sport?" Cooper instantly replied that he was ready; and the extemporaneous mill quickly commenced. Scroggins was seconded by Harry Harmer and Bill Eales; Abbot and Turner picked up the Gipsy. In this battle the rash and hardy little Tar showed the folly of entering the ring out of condition. He was full of oranges, ginger beer, and heavy wet, taken as antidotes to the heat of the day, and as unfit to fight as a stall-fed ox; nevertheless he came up to be set down for twenty-five minutes, during which seventeen rounds were fought; Scroggins was at length persuaded to leave off. He afterwards observed, "he could not win, but he wasn't half-licked." This was our hero's last appearance in the P. R.

Poor Scroggins now became a mere hanger-on of pothouses: a droll, diverting vagabond, occasionally picking up a few shillings as a second, or receiving precarious assistance from those who had known him in more prosperous days. Among these Cribb was long his friend, and "wittles" (for which Jack had an inordinate penchant, until brilliant Juniper utterly destroyed his digestion) were often set before him from the larder of the generous host of the Union Arms. Occasionally too, Jack would get in office as a waiter at one or other of the Sporting Houses; but his invincible love of liquor soon lost him these temporary asylums. The editor of *Bell's Life in London* (V. G. Dowling, Esq.), by frequent generous appeals, and taking Jack's name as the comic pseudonyme for innumerable admirable burlesque poems on public affairs, political and pugilistic, kept the once formidable pugilist, now the poor pothouse buffoon, from actual starvation.

May the example of John Palmer have its proper weight with every man whose physical capabilities lead him to adopt pugilism as a profession; and enforce the truth, that no constitution, however good, no strength, however superior to that of ordinary men, no amount of courage no degree of determination, can supply the want of caution, of attention to training, of prudence, of moderation; in short, of steadiness of conduct and becoming behaviour in and out of the ring. This is the deduction which every attentive reader of this history cannot fail to draw from a perusal of the lives of our

most eminent boxers—that in the ring, as in every other pursuit, honesty of purpose, self-denial, and sobriety are indispensable—at least while engaged in struggles to attain distinction.

Scroggins departed this life on the 1st of November, 1856, in extreme poverty, having not quite completed his 49th year.

In *Bell's Life in London* of November 6, appeared a "monody" of great length, and on the 13th the subjoined—

"EPITAPH ON OLD JACK SCROGGINS, P.P.

BY SIR FROSTY-FACED FOGO, BART., P.L.F.*

"Beneath this turf, and number'd with the dead,
 Poor old Jack Scroggins rests his weary head.
 His form grotesque departed, never more
 To set the Castle parlour in a roar.
 His spirit now unconscious of distress—
 His active limbs all stiff and motionless—
 Proof against pain, or poverty's attack.
 Here lies a Nonpareil—alas, poor Jack !
 'Twas in the proud and palmy days of fight,
 That first his wond'rous prowess came to light;
 And long the annals of the ring shall tell,
 Floor'd by his fives, how many a prime one fell;
 How many a gallant miller, tried and tough,
 As victor hail'd him, crying, 'Hold, enough !'
 How from his lips this language oft hath dropp'd,
 'I bears no malice to the man I've whopp'd !'
 But his last fight is fought—the Champion grim,
 To whom we all must yield, hath vanquish'd him
 His allies sure—pale sickness, max, and age—
 Have fairly driven old Scroggins off the stage;
 Stretch'd the tough veteran on his lowly bier,
 With none to comfort, and with nought to cheer.
 Fogo's salt tears, since thou art gone, old blade,
 Shall oft bedew the spot where thou art laid;
 And to thy memory in thy place of rest,
 He oft will take a drop of Seeger's best.
 A long farewell, from care and sorrow free,
 Neglect and kindness are alike to thee;
 Yet a poor brother bard, to friendship true,
 Weeps o'er thy grave, and sighs a last adieu."

* Post Laureate to the Fancy.—Ed.

APPENDIX TO PERIOD IV.

CAPTAIN ROBERT BARCLAY, ALLARDYCE OF URY.*

A HISTORY of Boxing without mention of Captain Barclay would be incomplete. As a thoroughbred sportsman, who practised what he studied, and achieved what he attempted, his name will be long preserved. Whether following the hounds after fox or deer, labouring to improve the system of agriculture, displaying his extraordinary feats of pedestrianism, exercising his judgment in training men for foot races and pugilistic combats, or in his encouragement of Highland sports and pastimes, Captain Barclay was always foremost. His knowledge of the capabilities of the human frame was complete, and his researches and practical experiments to ascertain the physical powers of man would have reflected credit on our most enlightened and persevering physiologists. The sporting pursuits of Captain Barclay were scientific, and his plans so well matured that his judgment generally proved successful.

Robert Barclay, Allardyce of Ury, succeeded his father in the eighteenth year of his age. He was born in August, 1779; and, at eight years of age, was sent to England to receive his education. He remained four years at Richmond School, and three years at Brixton Causeway. His academical studies were completed at Cambridge.

The Captain's favourite pursuits were, the art of agriculture as the serious business of his life, and manly sports as his amusement. The improvement of his estates occupied much of his attention, and, by pursuing the plan adopted by his immediate predecessor, the value of his property was greatly augmented. His love of athletic exercises was seconded by the strong con-

* See Note A, p. 222.

formation of his body and great muscular strength. His usual rate of travelling on foot was six miles an hour, and to walk from twenty to thirty miles before breakfast was a favourite amusement. His style of walking was to bend forward the body, and throw its weight on the knees; his step short, and his feet raised only a few inches from the ground. Any person trying this plan will find his pace quickened, and he will walk with more ease to himself, and be better able to endure the fatigue of a long journey than by walking perfectly erect, which throws too much weight of the body on the ankle joints. With sound sense Captain Barclay tells us he always wore thick shoes and lambs'-wool stockings, to preserve the feet from injury, and impart a lightness and activity when for a time a lighter shoe is adopted. The Captain possessed uncommon strength in his arms. In April, 1806, while in Suffolk with the 23rd regiment, he offered a bet of 1,000 guineas that he would lift from the ground the weight of half a ton. He tried the experiment, and lifted twenty-one half hundred weights. He afterwards, with a straight arm, threw a half hundred weight the distance of eight yards, and over his head the same weight a distance of five yards.

The following list contains the most prominent public and private pedestrian exploits performed by Captain Barclay.

The Captain, when seventeen years of age, entered into a match with a gentleman in London, in the month of August, 1796, to walk six miles within an hour, fair toe and heel, for 100 guineas, which he accomplished on the Croydon Road.

In 1798 he performed the distance of seventy miles in fourteen hours, beating Fergusson, the celebrated walking clerk, by several miles.

In December, 1799, he accomplished one hundred and fifty miles in two days, having walked from Fenchurch Street in London, to Birmingham, round by Cambridge.

The Captain walked sixty-four miles in twelve hours, including the time for refreshment, in November, 1800, as a sort of preparatory trial to a match of walking ninety miles in twenty-one hours and a half, for a bet of 500 guineas, with Mr. Fletcher, of Ballingshoe. In training, the Captain caught cold and gave up the bet. In 1801 he renewed the above match for 2,000 guineas. He accomplished sixty-seven miles in thirteen hours, but, having drank some brandy, he became instantly sick, and unable to proceed. He consequently gave up the bet, and the umpire retired; but, after two hours' rest, he was so far recovered that he had time enough left to have performed his task.

Captain Barclay felt so confident that he could walk ninety miles in



CAPTAIN ROBERT BARCLAY (ALLARDYCE OF URY),

From a Miniature, 1798. Plate 19.

twenty-one hours and a half, that he again matched himself for 5,000 guineas. In his training to perform this feat he went one hundred and ten miles in nineteen hours, notwithstanding it rained nearly the whole of the time. This performance may be deemed the greatest on record, being at the rate of upwards of one hundred and thirty-five miles in twenty-four hours.

On the 10th of November, 1801, he started to perform the above match, between York and Hull. The space of ground was a measured mile, and on each side of the road a number of lamps were placed. The Captain was dressed in a flannel shirt, flannel trowsers, and night-cap, lambs'-wool stockings, and thick soled leather shoes. He proceeded till he had gone seventy miles, scarcely varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in twenty-five minutes and a half, taking refreshment at different periods. He commenced at twelve o'clock at night, and performed the whole distance by twenty-two minutes four seconds past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, being one hour, seven minutes, and fifty-six seconds within the specified time. He could have continued for several hours longer if necessary.

In December the Captain did one hundred miles in nineteen hours, over the worst road in the kingdom. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in seventeen hours and a half, or at the rate of about five miles and three-quarters each hour on the average.

As an additional instance of the Captain's strength, he performed a most laborious undertaking, merely for his amusement, in August, 1808. Visiting at Colonel Murray Farquharson's house in Aberdeenshire, he went out at five in the morning to enjoy the sport of grouse shooting, when he travelled at least thirty miles. He returned to the Colonel's house by five in the afternoon, and after dinner set off for Ury, a distance of sixty miles, which he walked in eleven hours, without stopping once to refresh. He attended to his ordinary business at home, and in the afternoon walked to Laurencekirk, sixteen miles, where he danced at a ball during the night, and returned to Ury by seven in the morning. He did not yet return to bed, but occupied the day in partridge shooting. He had thus travelled not less than one hundred and thirty miles, supposing him to have gone only eight miles in the course of the day's shooting at home, and also danced at Laurencekirk, without sleeping, or having been in bed for two nights and nearly three days.

In October, 1808, Captain Barclay made a match with Mr. Webster, a gentleman of great celebrity in the sporting world, by which Captain Barclay engaged himself to go on foot a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour, for a bet of 1,000

guineas, to be performed at Newmarket Heath, and to start on the following 1st of June. In the intermediate time the Captain was in training by Mr. Smith, of Owston, in Yorkshire. To enter into a detail of his matchless performance would be tiresome; suffice to say, he started at twelve o'clock at night on Thursday, the 1st of June, 1809, in good health and high spirits. His dress from the commencement varied with the weather. Sometimes he wore a flannel jacket, sometimes a loose great coat, with strong shoes, and two pairs of coarse stockings, the outer pair boot stockings without feet, to keep his legs dry. He walked in a sort of lounging gait, without any apparent extraordinary exertion, scarcely raising his feet two inches above the ground. During a great part of the time the weather was very rainy, but he felt no inconvenience from it. Indeed, wet weather was favourable to his exertions, as, during dry weather, he found it necessary to have a water-cart to go over the ground to keep it cool, and prevent it becoming too hard. Towards the conclusion of the performance, it was said, Captain Barclay suffered much from a spasmodic affection of his legs, so that he could not walk a mile in less than twenty minutes; he, however, ate and drank well, and bets were two to one and five to two on his completing his journey within the time prescribed. About eight days before he finished, the sinews of his right leg became much better, and he continued to pursue his task in high spirits; consequently bets were ten to one in his favour, in London, at Tattersall's, and other sporting circles.

On Wednesday, July the 12th, Captain Barclay completed his arduous undertaking. He had till four p.m. to finish his task, but he performed the last mile by a quarter of an hour after three in perfect ease and great spirits, amidst an immense crowd of spectators. The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying he did not like such parade. The crowd, however, became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so much interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his last mile with apparently more ease and in a shorter time than he had done for some days past.

With the change of weather he had thrown off his loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and walked in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat, he said he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awaked twice or thrice in the night to avoid the danger of a too

sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. One hundred guineas to one, and indeed any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success that no bets could be obtained. The multitude who resorted to the scene of action in the course of the concluding days was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured on Tuesday night at Newmarket, Cambridge, Bury, or any of the towns or villages in the vicinity, and every horse and vehicle were engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed the conclusion of this extraordinary performance were the Dukes of Argyle and St. Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Beaborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley, and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, etc. The aggregate of the bets is supposed to have amounted to £100,000.

Captain Barclay, as noticed in our memoir of CARR, gave his training experience to the world in a modest publication. His papers upon agriculture in various magazines published in England and Scotland, were remarkable for their sound sense, plainness, and practical knowledge. That the severity of his athletic feats did not prematurely wear out the animal machine may be inferred from the fact that he enjoyed a green and active old age at Ury, near Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, his patrimonial estate, until his 79th year, respected as strongly in private circles for his kind and gentlemanly demeanour as celebrated for his public exploits, sporting and athletic.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, M.P., 1801.

It would indeed be the ignorance which casts away pearls were we to pass unnoticed an illustration of manhood identified with the practice of pugilism, wherein the honoured name of the greatest engineering genius of an engineering age was the prime actor. George Stephenson, therefore, the practical originator of the locomotive, the creator of railways as we now see them, the constructor of the most complete, permanent, and stupendous works on mainland, coast, and sea, that an age of wonders has seen, finds a place in *PUGILISTICA*. The facts and text of the narrative of this episode in the early life of George Stephenson are from Smiles's "Lives of George and Robert Stephenson," p. 80, edit. 1864. We may observe that George Stephenson (born June 9, 1781) would be twenty years of age in 1801.

"Not long after Stephenson began to work as brakesman at Black Callerton (near Newcastle), he had a quarrel with a pitman named Ned Nelson, a roystering bully, who was the terror of the village. Nelson was a great fighter, and it was therefore considered dangerous to quarrel with him. Stephenson was so unfortunate as not to be able to please this pitman by the way in which he landed him when drawing him out of the pit; and Nelson swore at him grossly for the alleged clumsiness of his 'brakeing.' George defended himself, and appealed to the testimony of his fellow workmen. But Nelson had not been accustomed to George's style of self-assertion, and, after a torrent of abuse, he threatened to kick the brakesman, who defied him to do so. Nelson ended by challenging Stephenson to fight a pitched battle. The latter coolly accepted the challenge, and a day was fixed on which the fight was to come off.

"Great was the excitement in Black Callerton when it was known that Georgie Stephenson had accepted Nelson's challenge. Everybody said Nelson would 'kill him.' The villagers, the young men, and especially the boys of the village, with whom George was a great favourite, all wished he might beat Nelson, but they scarcely dared to say so. They came about him while he was at work in the engine-house to inquire if it was really true that he was going to fight Nelson? 'Ay, ay; never fear for me, I'll fight him,' replied George coolly. And fight him he did. For some days previous to the appointed day, Nelson went entirely off work for the purpose of training, whereas Stephenson attended to his daily work as usual, for he was always temperate and in good condition, and did not seem in the least disconcerted by the prospect of the battle. So, on the day appointed George went into the Dolly Field, where his already exulting opponent was ready to meet him. George stepped, and went in like a practised pugilist, though it was his first and his last pitched battle. After a few rounds, George's wiry muscles, sound wind, cool self-possession, and practised strength enabled him so severely to punish his opponent as to secure an easy victory. This circumstance," concludes Mr. Smiles, "is related in illustration of Stephenson's pluck and courage; and it was thoroughly characteristic of the man. Yet he was the very reverse of quarrelsome. But he would not be put down by the bully of the colliery, and he fought him. There his pugilism ended. They shook hands, and continued good friends. In after life Stephenson's mettle was hardly tried, but in a different way; and he did not fail to exhibit the same resolute courage in contending with the bullies of the railway world that he showed in his encounter with Ned Nelson, the 'fighting pitman,' of Callerton."

JOHN SHAW. THE LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

ONE OF THE HEROES WHO FELL ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

•
THIS stalwart soldier, whose martial exploits and honourable death are recorded in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, Sir W. Napier, and the military annals of his country, bade fair to become a bright star in the pugilistic sphere, had not his career been so speedily terminated in the field of glory.

John Shaw was a native of Woolaston, in Nottinghamshire, and brought up as a farmer until eighteen years of age, when, tired of leading a dull, inglorious life, he enlisted, on the 16th of October, 1807, as a private in the Life-guards. Europe, we need hardly tell the reader, was then involved in the flames of war by the martial spirit and aggressive designs of the French nation and its military Emperor, and young Shaw—

“Had heard of battles, and had long’d
To follow to the field some warlike lord.”

When Shaw was a mere stripling, during the time he was fighting with a man three stone heavier than himself, at Woolaston, and in danger of being defeated, Jem Belcher, who was at Nottingham, suddenly made his appearance in the ring. That experienced hero went up to Shaw, and advised him how to alter his tactics so as to secure success. Shaw, learning that it was the renowned Jem Belcher who thus stepped forward to direct his efforts, felt inspired with fresh courage, acted promptly on the advice given him, and, in the course of a round or two, so turned the battle in his favour that he ultimately gained the victory in great style, and earned the praise of Jem Belcher. From this incident he attached himself to scientific pugilism.

Shaw possessed, in an eminent degree, many requisites for a first-rate pugilist. He was in height six feet and half an inch, weighing, when stripped, close upon fifteen stone; and he derived great advantages from repeated exercise with the dumb-bells, as a part of his military discipline; his continual practice of the broadsword also gave increased strength and elasticity to his wrists and shoulders. Discipline, too, had taught him coolness, in addition to a most excellent natural temper. He was introduced to the Fives Court under the patronage of Colonel Barton. In his first exhibitions he was considered rather slow; but from the frequent use of the gloves, in competition with the most experienced and scientific boxers, he rapidly improved. His height, length, weight, and strength, united with a heart

which knew no fear, rendered Shaw a truly formidable antagonist. His public displays were considered far above mediocrity, and he felt great pride in getting the best of the then terrific Molineaux. In a trial set-to at Mr. Jackson's rooms with Captain Barclay—who never shrunk from punishment, or hesitated in milling his adversary, scorning anything like the delicacy of "light play,"—the latter received such a convincing blow, that a dentist was called in to replace matters in *status quo*. The best critics were satisfied he was a thorough-bred one, and it was proved to be very difficult to hit him without being returned on. In retreating he made use of his left hand with much effect, and was thought to fight something after the deliberate manner of Cribb.

In the neighbourhood of Portman Square our hero milled three big fellows in the course of a few minutes with comparative ease, for insulting him on the "stay at home" character of his regiment, at that time a favourite taunt of the vulgar. They were compelled to acknowledge their misconduct, and glad to cry for quarter.

Shaw's first appearance in the P. R. was on Saturday, July 12, 1812, at Coombe Warren, with Burrows, a sturdy West-countryman, who had fought a good battle of an hour's length with the tremendous Molineaux, when the athletic powers of the latter hero were undebauched and in full vigour; but, in the hands of Shaw, the West-countryman had not the slightest chance. In the short space of seventeen minutes, in which thirteen rounds were fought, the superior science of Shaw had so nobbed Burrows that he could not see his way, and he was led out of the ring. Burrows never once drew blood from Shaw, who quitted the field without a scratch.

Nearly three years elapsed before Shaw made a second appearance, during which period, it seems, from the considerable practice he had with the gloves, he was materially improved in science. On April 18, 1815, at Hounslow Heath, for a purse of fifty guineas, he entered the lists with one of the bravest of the brave, namely, Ned Painter. Victory again crowned his efforts in twenty-eight minutes, and he retired from the contest little, if any, the worse for wear. See PAINTER, Vol. II., Chapter III., p. 77.

It is certain Shaw had an eye upon the championship, for he now formally challenged all England. The amateurs were divided in opinion, but Shaw felt confident, in his own mind, that no boxer existed who could conquer him. Six weeks had scarcely elapsed after the above battle, and no time allowed for either Cribb or Oliver (who would not have suffered such a challenge to pass over unnoticed) to have an opportunity of entering the lists with Shaw to decide the point, when the Life-guards were ordered

abroad, and Shaw soon found himself, with his comrades, on the plains of Waterloo. His heroism on that memorable occasion has been handed down to posterity in those glowing colours which real courage and love of country merit. Sir Walter Scott has thus sung the fame of Shaw:—

“The work of Death is done, yet still her song
In Britons’ praise the muse would fain prolong,
Would, were her power but equal to her will,
Swell to a mighty stream her slender rill,
Exalt her voice to praise each gallant son,
But chiefest these, O godlike Wellington !
But who can count the sands ? then might he name
The lengthen’d numbers of the sons of fame :
Nor ’mongst her humbler sons shall SHAW e’er die,
Immortal deeds defy mortality.
Posterity shall read the glowing page
That paints the glories of a former age,
Then shall their bosoms burn with patriot fires,
And, if their country calls, they ’ll emulate their sires.”

In “Paul’s Letters to his Kinsfolk,” Sir Walter, writing from Paris of the Battle of Waterloo, observes:—“Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Among these should not be forgotten SHAW, a corporal of the Life-guards, well known as a pugilistic champion, and equally formidable as a swordsman. He is supposed to have slain or disabled ten Frenchmen with his own hand, before he was killed by a musket or pistol shot.”

The “science of the sword” was possessed by Shaw in a superior degree, which, backed by British strength and resolution, tended to secure the fortune of the day, in reducing the confidence of Napoleon’s hitherto invincible cuirassiers:—

“A desperate charge the cuirassiers oppose,
And thrust for thrust, and blows return for blows,
But still in vain the British sabres fall,
Whose strokes rebounded from a brazen wall.
At length more wary, with experience stor’d,
They now apply the science of the sword :
Just at the juncture of the arm and chest,
Where meet the mail-plates of the back and breast,
In gentle curve, they leave an opening way,
To fit the shape and give the shoulder play ;
Some watch the moment while the uplifted arm,
Urg’d by a feint, protects the head from harm,
To reach, with lightning speed, the unguarded part
And through the opening penetrate the heart ;
Some, skill’d with dextrous art, deceive their foe,
Cut through the face and lay the opponent low ;
Some at the breast-plate thrust with upward glide
Flounces the jaw, or else the neck divides ;
And some, more quick, the unguarded throat observe,
Drive to the spine, and cut the dorsal nerve.”

It appears, on the first day, previous to the Battle of Waterloo, Shaw was

wounded in the breast, and was ordered by his commanding officer to remain in the rear; but after the wound was dressed, and feeling little inconvenience from it, he nobly disdained to shrink from the post of honour, and on the 18th took part in the grand decisive charge. After having performed his duty towards his country in a giant-like manner, and exalting his character as a man and a soldier, he fell on the 18th of June, 1815, covered with glory.

It would appear, from the statement of the author of "Anecdotes of Waterloo," that Shaw, though prostrated by a pistol shot, was yet alive on the morning of the 19th, but *in articulo mortis*, having received an immense number of lance-wounds after his fall from the French light-cavalry, armed Polish fashion, who galloped over the ground. A soldier of the 73rd gave the expiring hero a draught of water; but he was "past all surgery," and soon afterwards expired without the possibility of removal to hospital.

"While martial pomps rise on the view,
And loud acclaim exalts the brave,
The tears of beauty shall bedew
The fallen victor's laurel'd grave;
Flow, mournful flow, and sacred be the tear,
To grace the hero's fall, whose bright career
Is clos'd in victory."

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI."

GEORGE NICHOLLS, THE CONQUEROR OF CRIBB.

GEORGE NICHOLLS finds a niche here, principally from the circumstance of his early victory over the renowned Tom Cribb; his other fistic exploits, though numerous, not being of celebrity sufficient to entitle him to this distinction. Nicholls was one of the numerous offshoots of the Bristol school, and was born in that city in the year 1795. In the third volume of "Boxiana" Pierce Egan has given an account of twenty-five pugilistic engagements, but, like the exploits of heroes before Agamemnon, they find no record, save in his pages. The most remarkable of those are thus narrated.

At seventeen years of age George entered the ring with a man of the name of Hooky Harding. It was only for a guinea a-side, and it took place on Durdham Downs. Nicholls had for his seconds Applebee and George Davis. In forty minutes Harding was defeated, and the punishment he received was terrific. This latter boxer had gained considerable notoriety in having made a drawn battle, after a desperate fight with the celebrated Bill Warr.



GEORGE NICHOLLS.

From a Drawing by G. SHARPIEN.

A week after the above battle, the brother of Harding, anxious to have a turn with Nicholls, fought him on Durdham Downs for a guinea and a half a-side, but, in the second round, Harding, receiving an ugly knock, exclaimed, "I've had enough; George shall not serve me as he did my brother." Applebee and Davis were also seconds to Nicholls on this occasion.

A sailor, who weighed thirteen stone, challenged Nicholls for a guinea a-side. This battle took place in the Back Fields, near Lawford's Gate. The man of war was a troublesome customer, and did not give in till one hour had expired.

Bill Thomas, a butcher, of Chopstow, had so good an opinion of his milling qualities, that he sent a public challenge to Bristol to fight the best man in that city. Nicholls accepted the challenge without delay, and he also won it off-hand.

Leonard, the champion of Bath, was matched against Nicholls for five guineas a-side. Bob Watson and Tom Davis acted as seconds to our hero. This battle took place on Lansdown, the same day that Spaniard Harris and Bill Cox fought. The Bath champion was dreadfully beaten, and both his peepers were soon closed; while Nicholls received but a slight injury.

It is stated by Pierce Egan that Nicholls was victor in forty-nine battles out of fifty.

We will now quit these dateless records of Nicholls's triumphs over the "illustrious obscure," to come to his crowning achievement, the exploit which has preserved his name. It has been repeatedly urged that this overthrow occurred during the brave Tom's noviciate; but he had previously beaten that renowned pugilistic veteran, George Maddox, Tom Blake, and Ikey Pig, all of them men of notoriety as pugilists. The success of these contests had rendered Cribb somewhat conspicuous, and he was rising fast into eminence and fame, when he entered the lists with Nicholls, for a subscription purse of £25, at Blackwater, thirty-two miles from London, on Saturday, July 20, 1805, made up by the amateurs, to compensate them for being deprived of witnessing the intended fight between the Game Chicken and Gully. Tom Jones waited upon Nicholls, and Dick Hall was second to Cribb. The odds on setting-to were greatly on the side of Cribb, who was the favourite; but Nicholls, aware of Cribb's method of fighting, fought him after the style of Big Ben in his contest with Tom Johnson. Nicholls, like a skilful general, armed at all points, was not to be deluded by the feints of the enemy. The system of milling on the retreat, which Cribb had hitherto practised with so much success, in this instance failed. The coolness and good temper of Nicholls appeared so eminently throughout the

fight, that not only did he preserve his fortitude, but added vigour to his judgment. Hence, both in attack and defence, the future champion found in Nicholls a steady and decisive fighter. Cribb became perplexed at finding his tactics foiled. The advantage he had derived in former contests by drawing his opponents, and then punishing and irritating them in their pursuit, so as to make them throw their blows out of distance, and consequently render them feeble, ineffective, and uncertain, was rendered entirely unavailing. George would not suffer Cribb to play round him, but, with a guard like Ben's, firm in the extreme, his attitude was impregnable. Nicholls could never be induced to quit his position without putting in a tremendous hit, waiting with the utmost skill for the attack of his opponent, and then giving the counter with stinging severity. George scarcely ever failed in breaking through the defence of his adversary, and ultimately concluded the round with a knock-down blow. Nicholls was a tremendous hitter; and his one, two, rendered him truly formidable. The science and ability displayed by Nicholls in this contest completely astonished the sporting world, many of whom, in obtaining such knowledge, found that they had procured it at no trifling expense.

We have not met with any good or detailed account of this remarkable battle, and shall therefore add another report, which we find in "Pancratia," pp. 237-238.

"As so many amateurs had collected and come from town, a distance of thirty-two miles, to be present at this famous match, they were determined to knock up a fight, and Tom Cribb, the Black Diamond, who ranked very high as a pugilist, was matched against a man of the name of Nicholls, a Bristol man, and who, like Gully, had never fought on a London stage. The former was seconded by Dick Hall, and the latter by Tom Jones. At setting-to Cribb was the favourite, and odds were greatly in his favour. In the first round Nicholls, however, brought him down; but this was thought nothing of, as it was well known Cribb frequently threw himself back to avoid a blow. In the fourth round Cribb put in a most severe blow, and cut his opponent under the right eye. Nicholls still fought with great spirit, and perfectly cool and good-tempered. By the end of the twentieth round Nicholls had perfectly closed one of his antagonist's eyes, notwithstanding he fought with great dexterity, and made several good rallies. At the end of the fortieth round Cribb appeared distressed in his wind; he, however, had somewhat recovered the sight of his eye, but began to fight very shyly, and shift: his blows were frequently short, and he several times fell back from his own hits. At the end of the fifty-second round he gave in, and the

knowing ones were done, as they were sanguine of Cribb, even to the last. Nicholls was by all acknowledged a prime fellow: his superiority consisted of very expertly breaking on his adversary, in the style of Slack, by projecting his arm suddenly against his antagonist's face when he swung forward to put in a blow. It has been asserted in the public prints that Cribb never has been unsuccessful throughout his pugilistic career; but this must be the consequence of ignorance on the subject."

Nicholls now retired from the ring, and, returning to his native city, invested the money he had gained, and which had been somewhat augmented by the subscriptions of several patrons of manly courage, in a butcher's shop, in Gloucester Lane, Bristol. Here he added another to the innumerable contradictions to those maligners of pugilism, who would identify it with ruffianism, by earning in a long life the character of a quiet, inoffensive, nay, a retiring man. In fact, all who remember him describe him as "shunning general company, rarely visiting a public house, and of a somewhat religious turn of mind;" the leisure time his business afforded him being occupied in angling, his favourite recreation. He died at his native place, June 6, 1832, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

DAN DOGHERTY—1806-1811.

As the name of Dogherty is continually found scattered up and down the reports of ring affairs for many years, and also in the pages of "*Panercratia*" and "*Boxiana*," we shall devote a few paragraphs to a sketch of his ring career, chiefly from the latter work.

Dogherty's first act-to was early in June, 1806, with a Jew, at Wilsden Green, where he proved the conqueror; and shortly afterwards, at the same place, on the 17th, he easily beat one Wall.

On Lowfield Common, near Crawley, Sussex, August 21, 1807, he conquered Dick Hall; and on his return home that day had a turn-up in the road with Jack Warr, whom he milled.

George Cribb he defeated twice. See *GROVER CARRS*.

On Epsom Downs, Tom Belcher conquered Dogherty. See *ante*, p. 156.

Dogherty fought one Pentikin, a Scotch Baker, at Golder's Green, Hendon, June 11, 1808, for forty-five minutes, when Pentikin gave in. Dogherty

At Moulsey Hurst, October 25, 1808, Dogherty fought with Jack Power for an hour and a quarter. It has been considered rather a disputed point, but Dogherty claimed it, and got the money. It should be remembered that Power was but a mere stripping at that period.

On Epsom Downs, February 1, 1809, Dogherty beat a turnpike man.

On the 18th of January, 1811, he met with a reverse of fortune in being defeated by Silverthorne, at Coombe Wood, but he was then considered in bad condition.

In November, 1811, he beat with considerable ease, at Chichester, Ben Burn.

Dogherty for a long time was engaged on a sparring excursion, not only in various parts of the kingdom, but also in the sister country. On Tom Belcher's arrival in Ireland, the superior science of that pugilist having, it is said, taken from Dogherty a number of his pupils, a battle took place between them. On the 23rd of April, 1813, for 100 guineas, they decided the contest on the Curragh of Kildare, when Dogherty again fell beneath the conquering arm of Belcher. See *ante*, p. 160. This great battle is omitted from "Fistiana," under Dogherty, though indexed under Belcher.

Dogherty, from this period, remained in his native land, where he taught sparring, and was known as a civil and active fellow: he was thus engaged as late as 1827. Pierce Egan tells an anecdote of him which we preserve.

DOGHERTY'S DUEL.—Notwithstanding Dan's penchant for the arbitrement of the fist, he accepted a challenge to fight with pistols, in order to place his opponent upon equal terms, he, it was urged, having no pretensions to boxing. It appears the meeting was a sort of hoax upon the combatants, as planned by the friends of both parties. The seconds, unknown to Dogherty and his opponent, merely put powder into the pistols. The adversary of Dogherty fired first, when the latter, forgetful of the "honourable" situation in which he stood, resorted to the scientific practice of the ring, by putting up his right arm as a natural stop to prevent the ball hitting his face, producing much fun to those who witnessed and contrived the duel.

GEORGE CRIBB,

BROTHER TO THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

CRIBB and victory have so often been coupled, that in attaching defeat to the name we almost pause ; but such is the case. While the champion, Tom Cribb, enjoyed the smiles of victory, and the patronage annexed to it, the junior hero, panting to emulate the heroic deeds of his warlike brother, encountered nothing but defeat.

George first entered the lists with Horton, near Bristol, for a purse of 50 guineas, on September 5, 1807, and notwithstanding the assistance of his brother Tom for a second, was beaten in twenty-five minutes.

On February 9, 1808, he was defeated by Dogherty on Highgate Common.

On the coast, near Margate, August 9, 1809, he entered the ring with Cropley, and was conquered in sixteen minutes. George did not let his opponent win without punishing him a good deal. It was considered an unequal match.

At a meeting of amateurs, May 1, 1810, at Bob's Chop House, after a sporting dinner, he again fought Dogherty, when Tom Cribb also seconded his brother. In this contest George proved himself a game man, and at times overcame the superior science of his adversary ; but, at the end of an hour, Dogherty was the conqueror, and had the £20 purse. It was a severe battle.

George fought with Isle of Wight Hall, on November 15, 1810, on Old Oak Common, near Uxbridge, when the odds were six to four in his favour at setting-to ; but, after a contest of one hour and nine minutes, he was reluctantly compelled to give in. He fought like a hero, and, although defeated, reflected credit on the name of Cribb.

After his brother Tom had beaten Molineaux, on September 21, 1811, at Thistleton Gap, he entered the ring, for a subscription purse of £20, with Ned Maltby, a Nottinghamshire lad. It was a determined battle for the time it lasted, thirteen rounds ; but George was again not only conquered but severely punished. Maltby was not much the worse.

George, like his brother, was a slow fighter, but sparred tolerably well. In height, five feet eight inches and a half, and nearly eleven stone in weight.

SILVERTHORNE.

From his contests with Tom Belcher, Dogherty, and Burn, we are induced to mention Silverthorne. It appears that this boxer, who came out under the patronage of Caleb Baldwin, was a native of the county of Somerset, but not a Bristolian. From his style of setting-to, Caleb, no mean judge of such matters, formed a high opinion of his capabilities, and procured him patronage for a battle for 100 guineas, with Dan Dogherty, then in high repute. The battle came off at Coombe Warren, near Kingston, June 11, 1811, Caleb Baldwin seconding his *protegé*, assisted by Bill Gibbons. Dogherty was waited upon by Dick Hall and Power. We copy the report from "Pancratia," pp. 353-355. There is none in "Boxiana."

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—At half past twelve the men stood up. Silverthorne stood five feet eight inches, and weighed eleven stone two pounds; Dogherty, eleven stone eight pounds, five feet nine inches, so that there was not a great disparity. Both sparred with great caution. Dogherty tried a right-handed hit, but was short. Silverthorne returned sharply with the left. They rallied courageously, and exchanged hit for hit, until Dogherty went down on the saving suit. (Six to four on Silverthorne.)

2.—Dogherty was touched under the eye, but smiled and put in a blow on Silverthorne's ribs that left a red mark. The latter returned at the nob, but hit round; another rally, and no best on either side. Silverthorne got Dogherty down.

3.—Both men went to work rather hurriedly, and were soon engaged in a desperate rally. Silverthorne stuck up, and though he threw away many blows by his round method of fighting, bored his opponent to every part of the ring. Dogherty exerted all his skill, and not unsuccessfully, on his adversary's head, but being at length very weak, fell by a slight hit. (Seven to two on Silverthorne.)

4.—Dogherty bled freely; but he commenced a sharp rally, and put in a good body blow, which somewhat staggered his opponent. In endeavouring to repeat, Silverthorne dexterously struck him on the head and brought him down.

5.—Exactly as in the last round. Dogherty put in a body blow, and Silverthorne returned on the head. A rally, and Dogherty brought down his opponent for the first time by a severe blow on the head.

6.—A rally; Dogherty soon laid low.

7.—Dogherty, very gay, appeared first to his time, and successfully planted a good hit over the head. Silverthorne made play, seemed discomfited, hit awkwardly, and re-

ceived a severe right-handed facer. He still, however, bored in, and commenced another rally. Hits were exchanged for a minute and a half, each appearing totally regardless of blows. Dogherty's superior science gave him the advantage, and Silverthorne at length fell through weakness.

8.—Silverthorne rallied. Dogherty threw in a good hit over his opponent's mouth, but was afterwards knocked down.

9.—Both seemed distressed for wind, and sparred for some time. Dogherty put in a more forcible body blow than could have been expected. Silverthorne returned on the head and fell.

10.—Dogherty commenced a rally, and Silverthorne, by a tremendous blow, knocked him down.

11.—It was with difficulty Dogherty could be got off his second's knee; he, however, went in with courage, and fought until knocked down.

12.—Dogherty was again brought to the scratch, and made play, although almost in a doubled state. The combatants managed a rally, but in a state of weakness perhaps unparalleled; they could stand, but although within arm's length were incapable of hitting. Silverthorne, however, recovered, and knocked down his opponent for the last time.

The contest lasted twenty-two minutes. A pigeon was immediately despatched to Jem Belcher's, but in passing over Wimbledon Common it fell a prey to the gun of some cockney spoil-sport. Both combatants were dreadfully beaten, and were immediately put to bed and bled. Silverthorne proved himself a worthy disciple of Caleb, and possessed that degree of strength which cannot fail to make him formidable to men of his own weight. Dogherty's strength failed somewhat sooner than usual, which was attributed to indisposition.

This remarkable success so elated Caleb and his friends that they at once proposed a match with Tom Belcher for 100 guineas. What came of this may be seen at pages 158, 159, *ante*.

Silverthorne, who bore the character of a steady, temperate, and well-conducted man, now publicly announced his retirement from the ring, in reply to a challenge from Dogherty, adding, he was resolved not to fight, "except when the necessity of the moment forced it upon him, when he hoped he should never be found backward to defend himself." However, in 1812, at Coombe Warren, being provoked by Ben Burn, he departed from his resolution, and gave that boxer a thorough thrashing. From this time forth, though his name is sometimes mentioned, we hear no more of Silverthorne in the ring. In 1821 (May), we find the following in "Notices of Boxers who have retired from the P. R."

"SILVERTHORNE, once distinguished for his contests with Dogherty and Belcher. He is a teacher in a Sunday school, highly respected, and follows his business as a master fishmonger."

JACK POWER.

With by no means first-rate qualifications, Jack Power is one of the examples of what personal popularity will do in exaggerating mediocrity into the foremost position. In the first volume of "Boxiana" many pages are given to Power, and in the second an obituary eulogium, from which we extract the salient points.

Power was born in London on the 8th of August, 1790, and descended from Irish parents. His father apprenticed him to a plumber, and Pierce Egan gives us the usual number of six-feet-two men, butchers, etc., who surrendered to "our hero" while yet a stripling.

Power's first regular ring battle was with Dogherty, on the 25th of October, 1808, at Moulsey Hurst. This was the third battle on that day: the first being Tom Cribb's victory over Gregson; the second, Tom Belcher's conquest of Bill Cropley. The reporter simply says, "After a game battle of one hour and a quarter, Dogherty was triumphant." Egan says, "Dogherty gave in three times during the fight; but Power being a new one, and Dogherty more experienced, it was managed in that sort of way, that the latter was pronounced the victor." What this may mean we cannot

tell, with "the Duke of York, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lords Yarmouth, Craven, Barrymore, Brook, and Somerville, and Paul Methuen on the ground" ("Pancratia," p. 322), and with Fletcher Reid as umpire.

Power's next battle was with one Frore, April 1, 1809, which he won in twenty-one minutes.

Some ridiculous "turns-up" follow ("Boxiana," pp. 458-460), which we shall omit, to come to Power's best fight, that with Joel King, for 50 guineas a-side, July 16, 1811, at Moulsey Hurst. The report is from "Pancratia," pp. 360, *et seq.* "At twelve o'clock the combatants appeared. King, who was a new candidate for pugilistic honours, was accompanied by Richmond and Hall; Power attended by Bob Clarke and Paddington Jones. Odds, five to four on Power.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—King attempted to plant a forcible right-hander; Power stopped him, and hit one two, left and right, well planted on the head and body. King fell. (First knock-down bet decided.)

2.—King did not appear intimidated; he again made play, and planted a good right-handed hit on his opponent's throat; his left-hand fell short. Power with great quickness threw in a severe left-handed facer, and brought him down.

3.—A good rally, several blows well exchanged. Power scientifically planted one with the left hand. King returned with the right. They closed and both fell. (Two to one in favour of Power.)

4.—Power hit left and right, and King returned very forcibly in the throat. They closed, and Power threw his opponent again. (Betting two points more in favour of King than at setting to.)

5.—King planted a left-handed hit, but out of distance. He followed quickly with his right, which Power cleverly avoided. They closed, and Power threw King a cross-buttock.

6.—Both made play, King with his right, Power with the left, at the same instant; the former told on the head. Some good trying hits followed, and, upon the whole, the round was in favour of King: notwithstanding Power again threw him a cross-buttock. In doing this, with too much eagerness Power received a hurt on the right shoulder against a stake, which, if it did not disable him, proved a severe hindrance.

7.—In this round Power changed his mode of fighting, endeavouring to avert the punishing right-handed blows of his adversary, and getting away to hit.

8.—Power put in a good blow on the mouth, got away, repeated it, and gave an

excellent specimen of science by repeating his blows, and avoiding his adversary's, until King fell, bleeding copiously.

9.—King commenced a rally, in which he evidently had the advantage, throwing in straight right-handed hits with great dexterity. His superior strength gave him the advantage, but at length he received a violent cross-buttock.

10.—King's face was much disfigured. Power put in a severe one two in the mouth, followed by a scientific hit on the throat, which brought King down.

11.—A good rally, and both fell.

12.—Another rally. Power hit his opponent, staggering away, with the right. King courageously renewed the rally, and returned his adversary's hits with the gluttony of a Cribb, and at length succeeded in throwing him.

13.—Power, by another blow in the mouth, brought King again on the floor. Power continued fighting at points until he was scarcely able to administer the beating his adversary seemed to require to satisfy him. In the

20th.—Betting came to six to four; and although the left side of King's head was a sorry sight for any feeling spectator to view, he still fought with such determined bravery as never can be forgotten by his enemies or too highly appreciated by his friends. At the expiration of the

40th.—When every one evidently saw he had no chance of success, he was urged, particularly by his backers, to resign, but still expressing anxiety for the continuation of the conflict, even in opposition to advice, he was allowed to go up, but merely to be sent down by a push. The token of surrender was made, and Power hailed the victor, after a game battle of fifty-seven minutes.

In October, 1801, Power's friends proposed a match with Tom Belcher, a deposit was made, but they thought better of it and forfeited.

Power now travelled through the provinces as a teacher of boxing. During this tour he ruptured a blood-vessel, and had a severe attack of pleurisy. Before his entire restoration to health, he imprudently suffered himself to be matched with Jack Carter for 100 guineas. The battle took place at Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, November 16, 1812. Power was seconded on this occasion by the Champion, Tom Cribb; Carter by Bittoon and Tom Jones.

Pierce Egan says, "It would be superfluous to detail the rounds of this battle, which continued one hour and twenty-five minutes; suffice it to say that the conduct of Power this day was worthy all praise. Passing previously a restless night, afflicted with a cough, and somewhat nervous in his habit, he entered the ring under these disadvantages to contend against an adversary, his superior in height, strength, constitution, perfectly in health, and not deficient in pugilistic acquirements. It was a tremendous task, a daring attempt; and superlative science, and that alone, gave the victory to Power. It required something more than fortitude to act thus in opposition to nature, as well as considerable ingenuity in husbanding his strength to reduce his opponent to his own level. This Power effected, when he grappled with his opponent upon superior terms; his strength gone, and his science inferior, Carter was conquered with elegance and certainty. Upon no occasion whatever were the knowing ones so completely 'out of their know.' Carter, although defeated, showed that he was not without game; but Power completely astonished the most experienced of the Fancy."

Power had a set-to with Richmond (see *ante*) at a sparring match at the Fives Court, on Dutch Sam's benefit, soon after the above contest. Something about a white feather being mentioned, Power instantly mounted the stage, and addressed the spectators thus:—"Upon the day previous to the night when I fought Richmond I was following my business as a plumber, in making paint. The fumes of white lead are of so strong and poisonous a quality, that, to prevent any serious effects operating upon the constitution, we are necessitated to drink a quantity of castor oil; in addition to which I had been drinking, which rendered me then unprepared; but now," said Power, "if Richmond can take out the white feather, as he pleases to term it, that I possess (stripping off his clothes), let him come up here, and I will fight him instantly for £50." At his own benefit he again offered to fight Richmond.

Power's excesses are thus leniently touched upon in "Boxiana:"—"In

concluding this sketch, the most painful part remains to be performed. No boxer commenced his milling career with a fairer prospect to arrive at the top of the tree, or become a fixed star in the pugilistic hemisphere, than Jack Power; but, possessing a gaiety of disposition which could brook no restraint, the fascinating charms of company and the enlivening glass proving too powerful for his youth and inexperience to withstand, he plunged into excesses which induced premature debility. In this last battle, although gaining the victory, he endangered his existence. From being stripped in the open air for nearly an hour and a half, the severity of the weather afflicted him so seriously, that for several hours his frame did not experience the least warmth whatever, notwithstanding the best medical treatment was resorted to. His sufferings were acute, and he observed, 'All the milling that he had received in the whole course of his pugilistic career was trifling in comparison with the pain he sustained on his return to a state of convalescence.' He, however, was not long in returning to the metropolis to receive those congratulations which his noble courage had so justly entitled him to. The supporters of pugilism gave him a most flattering reception, so that Power's time was principally occupied with the pleasures of society, and the enlivening charms of the bottle. Power was no churl, full of good humour in company, and his song was always ready when called for to support the cause of harmony."

At a sparring exhibition which took place at the Fives Court soon after, when Jack merely looked in as a visitor, and Carter was present, several of the amateurs expressed a wish to witness a set-to between them. It proved a sharp contest; but the superiority was decidedly, in point of science, as in the fight, in favour of Power.

A public dinner, in honour of Power's victory over Carter, took place at Mr. Davenport's, the Three Pigeons, Houndsditch, when Jack presided, supported by Tom Cribb. Conviviality was the order of the day; and, upon the introduction of Carter, the behaviour of Power to his fallen adversary was attentive, generous, and manly, and he strongly recommended him to the attention of the fancy in general. Soon after this period he rapidly declined, and endeavoured to recruit his health by a journey to Oxford. It proved too late, and the last stage of consumption was reducing him daily. He witnessed the memorable set-to of Molineaux and Carter, and expressed himself astonished to hear it termed "fighting!" He returned to his dwelling in Plough Court, Fetter Lane, not only exhausted in person, but, to add to his afflictions, one of his children took ill and died. Mr. Jackson, ever attentive to the wants of brother pugilists, on being made acquainted with his peculiar

situation, instantly made a collection for him among the patrons of the science. His disorder was so flattering that, at times when his spirits were good, he would observe, "Let me get but a little better, and I'll show the lads how to fight; many of those that pretend to teach it scarcely know anything about the sound principles of milling—they are only sparrers."

Power departed this life June 2, 1813, at the early age of twenty-three, and lies interred in the burial ground of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. He was in height about five feet nine inches and a half, and in weight twelve stone. He turned out several good pupils.

WILLIAM NOSWORTHY, THE BAKER.

As the conqueror of the renowned Dutch Sam, albeit in the day of his decadence, the name of Nosworthy is preserved from oblivion.

In his boyish days, Nosworthy, it appears, was not altogether unknown in Devonshire, both as a wrestler and pugilist. He was born at Kenn, a parish in the hundred of Exminster, of respectable connections, on the 1st of May, 1786. He was of an athletic, prepossessing appearance, and extremely well made. In height five feet six inches, and weighing about eleven stone. In disposition he was cheerful, good-natured, and inoffensive; but in the ring Nosworthy was a glutton of the first mould. Several sporting characters denominated him the "Young Chicken," from some likeness he bore to the celebrated Hen. Pearce.

"The historian" having given us the usual "servings out," "polishings off," etc., of unknown opponents, judiciously omitted by the compiler of "Fistiana," brings Nosworthy to town. Here it appears that "the Baker" attended a Devon and Cornwall gathering of wrestlers, and was matched against one Pentikin, whom he threw.* The defeated wrestler offered to post a guinea and thrash Nosworthy for the stake. The contest took place on the 3rd of May, 1808, in Pancras Fields. Nosworthy was seconded by Tom Jones and Bill Ryan. The superiority was evidently on the part of Nosworthy for the first twenty minutes, Pentikin being milled in all directions. It was presumed that, had the fight continued without any interruption.

* Egan says, "Pettikin, a Scotch baker." Certainly Scotchmen have almost a monopoly of London baking, but the reporter of the day makes Pentikin a Cornish :

"By Pol, Tre, and Pen,
Ye shall know the Cornish men."

victory was by no means doubtful on the side of Nosworthy, who had, at this period of the battle, considerably reduced the strength of his opponent. But Nosworthy was here representing a county partizanship of Devon *versus* Cornwall, and was moreover unknown in comparison to Pentikin. The ring, it is said, was broken in consequence, much confusion ensued, and some delay occurred before the combatants could appear in a new ring. The contest was renewed with increased ardour, and Pentikin appeared more fresh from the delay. Reciprocal fighting continued for one hour and twenty-five minutes, when Nosworthy was reduced to insensibility, and carried off the ground by his brother. The game he displayed was highly praised. Pentikin, although the conqueror, could not be induced again to face his fallen adversary, and forfeited three times to Nosworthy.*

After some irregular battles the bakers of the metropolis, looking upon Nosworthy as a leader in their sporting circle, a match for ten guineas a-side was made between him and Barnard Levy, a Jew, which took place at Golder's Green. Levy was known to be a good man, and proved himself deserving of that character throughout the fight. Nosworthy was not in condition, and the Jew maintained an evident superiority for the long space of two hours. The game displayed by the Baker astonished every one present—he fought undismayed, and showed himself a “taker” of no common mould. Notwithstanding the punishment the Jew had administered, he could not take the fight out of him, and at length became exhausted. Nosworthy, contrary to all expectation, appeared refreshed, and finished the Jew in high style during the last twenty-five minutes. From this conquest the Baker gained ground. The fight lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes.

Martin, an active lively boxer, and much fancied by his own people, the Jews, was now pitted against Nosworthy for a purse of 25 guineas, at Moulsey Hurst, on the 29th of March, 1814. High expectations were formed of the pugilistic talents of Martin, but the Baker soon put his skill and manœuvres at defiance. Joe Ward and Paddington Jones seconded Nosworthy, and Little Puss and Jacobs attended upon Martin. It was two to one in favour of the Jew previous to the battle, betting briak.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On setting-to considerable expectation was formed as to the talents of the Jew, who commenced with much gaiety; but Nosworthy planted a tremendous hit on Martin's mouth, which not

only drew a profusion of claret, but he went down.

2.—The Jew, more cautious than heretofore, sparred for advantage, but ultimately he was again flogged. (The two to one had

* This is set down in “Fistiana” as a victory to Nosworthy.

now all vanished, and even betting was the truth of the matter.)

3.—Nosworthy began to serve the Jew in style, and his hits told tremendously. Martin made a good round of it, but fell rather distressed. The dead men now opened their mouths wide, and loudly offered six to four on the Master of the Rolls.

4.—Martin, with much activity, planted a good facer; but Nosworthy again finished the round in high style.

5.—The Israelite's nob was peppered, and

his body also much punished; and Nosworthy, with great severity, hit him right through the ropes. (Seven to four on Nosworthy.)

6.—It would be superfluous to detail the remaining rounds. Nosworthy had it all his own way, notwithstanding Martin resorted to his old method of falling, to tire out his opponent. In thirty-six minutes the Jew was completely defeated, and Nosworthy increased his fame as a boxer.

After some minor affairs, we come to Nosworthy's great match with the Phenomenon, Dutch Sam. Pierce Egan expends pages of wonderment, conjecture, and exclamation on the fact that a strong, young, resolute man, and a good boxer withal, should have beaten a gin-drinking stale pugilist, who would not even train for the battle. We now come to the report.

Five years had nearly elapsed since Sam had exhibited in the prize-ring. The curiosity to see him once more display his great pugilistic skill drew together an unusual number of spectators. Neither bad roads nor torrents of rain could check the interest excited by this battle. Vehicles of all descriptions for weeks before were put in requisition to reach the destined spot, and pedestrians out of number were not dismayed in tramping through thick and thin for sixteen miles. The vast collection of carriages on the Hurst excited the astonishment of every one, and some hundreds were on the spot who did not even see the battle. Several marquees were erected for accommodation. The sum to be contended for, in a twenty feet ring, was £50 a-side and a purse given by the Pugilistic Club of 25 guineas. At a few minutes before one Nosworthy entered the ring, attended by his seconds, Bill Cropley and Silverthorne, and was loudly cheered for his confidence, in daring to face so acknowledged a boxer as the Jew. Sam soon followed, and received every mark of gratifying attention from the surrounding multitude. Ben Medley and Puss were his attendants. A heavy shower of rain could not delay their thirst for fame.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On the combatants approaching each other, and shaking hands in the usual way, the difference of person was so manifest that an ordinary spectator must have given the preference to the Baker, from the roundness of his frame, the firmness of his step, and the cheerfulness of his countenance. He must have been a novice, indeed, not to have discovered the wretched condition of Sam upon his throwing off his clothes. His ribs were spare in the extreme; his face, which hitherto had assumed such a formidable

aspect, and his fierce eyes that seemed upon similar occasions to have penetrated into the very souls of his opponents, appeared clouded with doubt and anxiety. It was altogether a different frontispiece. Dejection, arising from dissipation, was marked strongly on his features. As for his legs, as if Sam had anticipated that they might tell against him, he, for the first time in his life, preferred fighting in gaiters and breeches. The *tout ensemble* portrayed, a worn-out man rather than a boxer entering the prize-ring,

prepared to vanquish youth, health, and strength. But all these objections were as a feather in the scale against the Jew. Weather could not affect him; no one could punish him; he hit as hard as Cribb; he was no mannerist; he set-to a hundred different ways; he altered his mode of fighting as circumstances required. Many seemed really to think, and plenty were forward enough to urge, that Sam was as well, if not better, without training, than undergoing the systematic precaution of invigorating the *stamina*. In short, he was the phenomenon of the fighting world; everything but a losing man. The recollection that he had beaten all the best men for a series of years that had been pitted against him, gave a double confidence to these sanguine opinions; and what was Sam now called upon to perform at the top of his glory? Why, to enter the lists with a boxer, who, to say the best, was but of considerable obscurity. Who for a moment would listen to a comparison made between Nosworthy and the hardy and brave Champion of Westminster, who had fallen beneath the conquering arm of Sam? or with that truly elegant scientific pugilist, Tom Belcher, who had twice surrendered up his laurels to this distinguished Jew. Cropley too, who ought never to be mentioned without praise, ranking as a superior scientific boxer, was tremendously beaten by him; and his last antagonist, Ben Medley, possessing sound fighting pretensions, true game, and science, was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge his vast superiority. The renowned Dutch Sam was once more before his friends; and his fanciers were so confident of his adding another laurel to his brow, that bets to an extravagant amount were loudly offered. To have named the Baker as having anything like a chance, was out of the question; but, at this period, to have proposed an even bet that Nosworthy won, would have been laughed at, as betraying a total ignorance in matters of sport. Such was the state of things upon the combatants facing each other; and the great superiority of the Jew was expected to be witnessed every instant. The decision was near at hand, and the Baker, eager to commence the attack, displayed more of valorous spirit than scientific precision. In making play, his distances proved incorrect, and two blows fell short. Sam gained nothing by this opening. Nosworthy, full of resolution, followed up the Jew, appearing rather too rapid in his manner to take any particular aim, and seemed to prefer going in, to trusting to those advantages that are sometimes obtained in sparring. Sam made a slight hit upon the Baker's nob, but ultimately went down.

2.—The eagerness of the Baker appeared to supersede every other consideration. He again hit short; but Sam did not miss this opportunity, and returned right and left, drawing the cork of the Master of the Rolls.

Nosworthy, it seemed, had made up his mind to smash the Jew, and, in his haste to get at Sam, slipped and fell.

3.—The Baker, determined in his mode of warfare, resolutely made up to Sam, but the Jew ward off the force of the blows with much adroitness. Nosworthy received a hit from Sam, and went down, but his fall was attributed more to the slippery state of the turf than to the severity of the blow.

4.—This round commenced with severe fighting, and much activity was displayed on both sides. Some good hits were exchanged. The Baker drove Sam before him to the ropes, and here it was that Nosworthy showed his superiority by putting in three tremendous blows. Sam fell, evidently distressed, and his breath was nearly hit out of his body, by a terrible blow he received upon his breast. His friends, however, thought that his conduct was a mere *ruse de guerre*. In fact, nothing could shake their opinion that the Jew was playing a sure game, by letting the Baker make the most of his strength, in order that, at a more advanced stage of the battle, he would become exhausted, when he might be easily "kneaded" to answer the purpose of the Israelite.

5.—It was in this round that Sam found out what sort of a customer he had to deal with. He was also convinced, too late, that the chance was against him: he could not resist the hardy blows of the Baker, nor had he room enough to get away from him. Sam's hits produced no effect upon the courage of Nosworthy, who went in in such an unusual manner to anything the Jew had experienced with any of his other competitors, that he was confounded. His wonted fortitude seemed to have deserted him, and dismay taken possession of his mind: he went down quite exhausted. But however Sam might feel that he was sent down against his will, it did not appear in that light to his backers, who generally looked upon this as nothing more than artifice of the Jew to weaken and tire out his adversary. A few persons who were not quite so infatuated with the appearance of things, hedged off a little of their four to one. Some others ventured upon even betting; but this latter circumstance was by no means general.

6.—Sam was scarcely upon his legs and set-to, when Nosworthy put in a blow that sent him down.

7.—The Baker, always ready, proved himself a resolute and skilful boxer. He did not wish to lose time by any useless display of scientific attitudes. The proud name of Sam proved no terror or drawback to his exertions: he went in with as much gaiety as if he had been only contending with a novice, instead of fighting with a boxer who had performed such wonders in the pugilistic annals. Nosworthy planted some good blows, and the Jew was again down on the turf.

8.—The science of Sam was conspicuous in this round, but the strength of his opponent was not to be reduced. The Jew put in some good hits in a smart rally, but he could not divert the Baker from his purpose, and Sam went down again much exhausted.

9.—Nosworthy commenced this round with his usual spirit, by driving Sam again to the ropes, where he punished him severely. Sam, notwithstanding, planted some hard blows, but the impetuosity of the Baker carried all before him. The best efforts of the Jew, however well directed, seemed as useless as if he had been trying to stem a torrent. At this period the deeply-interested ones perceived something in the Baker they had not expected. That a chance must not be thrown away when four to one had been bottled. A bustle now commenced, and the outer ring was broken. The populace pressed heavily against the roped ring, bearing down all opposition to keep them off, and many persons crossed the ropes, to the confusion of the combatants. However we might be disposed to attribute this disorder of the ring as the effect of accident, owing to the great concourse of spectators, to what account can we place the conduct of a strong man endeavouring to force out of the ground one of the stakes which supported the ring, and which attempt was only prevented by the manly interference of the Champion of England? Nosworthy appeared at the mark, and called out to Sam to observe he was ready, but the Jew declined setting-to till the ring was cleared out. It may not be improper here to remark that, if Sam had decidedly felt in his own person he was, or must be eventually beaten, if he continued the contest, it is natural to infer that he would have saved the money of his friends by taking the advantage of this interruption in making at least a drawn battle; but the Jew wished to fight it out. In clearing out the ring, the confusion beggared all description. The whips and sticks were laid on heavily. In the course of about twelve minutes the desired object was attained, when the combatants once more commenced operations.

It would be superfluous to detail the remainder of the rounds, in number thirty-eight. Complete sameness pervaded the whole of them; and Sam, who had hitherto portrayed the hero, now scarcely exhibited the traits of a second-rate pugilist. The ferocity which had so terrified his opponents was no longer visible; indeed he exhibited weakness and distress early in the fight. It is curious to remark that he never once knocked down Nosworthy; but, on the contrary, was either felled or went down every round, with the exception of about three. Still the friends of Sam, and particularly those denominated "the flash side," relying on his experience and judgment, flattered themselves it was all right, that he was aiming to bring down Nosworthy to his own pitch, to obtain any conquest, and give a

opportunity of bet fully deceived themselves—change never arrived.

REMARKS.—Nosworthy's confident boxer. If his not equal to the scientific Belcher, his undaunted rage, from the commencement of the fight, reminding spectators of that peculiar Hooper. The Baker was a hitter, and seemed perfectly business before him. From attack the debilitated Jew whatever. The strength of Sam much the theme of his backers, and he appeared a mere shadow of his former self. He could not knock down worthy, or even hit him away. of a great favourite may operate as a lesson: youth and strength must be seen and never was the position more clearly decisively shown than in this instance. was turned of forty-one years of age, and his irregularities of life must have dilapidated as fine a constitution as was ever possessed by man. His opponent, a young man of twenty-eight, was in good health, of great strength, and weighed a stone and a half more than the Jew; besides, we are to take into the scale that Nosworthy was not destitute of skill, and possessed unimpeachable bottom, which had shown itself in all the battles he had fought. But calculation was out of the question. The game of chance, even, was completely lost sight of. "To a certainty, to a certainty," was the cry of nearly the whole of the fancy; and any opinion expressed in favour of the Baker was instantly silenced by four to one, treated as a want of judgment, and laughed at with derision and contempt. Upon Sam's resigning the contest, a general consternation took place among the backers of the hero. If the Jews were weighed down with grief, the Christians were equally miserable and chafed at this unexpected defeat. So complete a cleaning out, it is supposed, had not taken place in the boxing world, since the conquest obtained by Slack. It is computed that, in different parts of the kingdom, £100,000 at least were lost upon this battle. In the dismay of the moment, the exclamations of the losers were loud and vehement. "Tis impossible!" said many. "It must be a cross!" The combatants did not appear to be so much punished as might have been expected. But the case was altered; instead of giving, as heretofore, Sam now received punishment. Sam must have suffered terribly from the repeated knock-down blows he experienced; but his frame was of so close a texture that it did not exhibit marks of punishment like most other men.

But they were the wished-for

ed himself a were of Tom tion and ount to the termi many of the orte of Bill two-handed take to the mode of

not see the result of their efforts, from Sam's

appearing fresh and unhurt. Had Sam properly viewed the light of an enoiced veteran, bearing in mind that he everything to lose, and but little to gain, sequel might have proved different. experience and judgment should also pointed to him, that youth, strength, sci, and determined resolution were not be disposed of as matters of course; that it was not a mere sporting article he had to pink for his amusement—one who had presumptuously dared to enter the lists against so mighty and renowned a chief. Some caution, it might be presumed, was necessary when it was also known to

him his antagonist was above a novice; that Nosworthy was an energetic boxer, aspiring to reach the top of the tree. But the conquests of Sam had made him forget himself. Fame and flattery had cheated him. The whole race of pugilists viewed him as a phenomenon, and impressed with this character, it should seem, latterly, that poor Sam "had crept so much into favour with himself," that he vainly imagined he had only to appear in the ring, and his name alone was sufficient to vanquish any pugilist who might have the temerity to oppose him. He at length fell a victim to "self-conceit" and ill-timed flattery.

The fame which Nosworthy earned on this occasion led to several challenges, among others to one from the renowned and hardy Scroggins, which he accepted, and they met on June 16, 1815, at Moulsey Hurst. The details of this battle will be found in the Life of SCROGGINS, p. 416, who was on this, as on many other hard fought fields, the conqueror. His friends attributed this defeat to bad condition; but the truth seems to be that in Scroggins, Bill Nosworthy met a miller of his own stamp.

Bill was afterwards matched to fight George Curtis, but the latter paid forfeit from ill-health.

Nosworthy felt his defeat by the hardy little tar, and never recovered his usual spirits. Dissipation and excessive drinking hurried him into a consumption, and in the last stage of this frightful disease, he, with the assistance of a few friends, left London for Lymptor, in Devonshire; but, in October 26, 1816, while resting at Exeter, he received his final knock-down, scarcely surviving the Jew three months. His connections in Devon were very respectable, and his manners, until depraved by excessive drink, pleasing, while his appearance was prepossessing.

BEN BURN ("UNCLE BEN")—1810-1834.

THERE was nothing in the pugilistic exploits of the first of the Burn family ("Uncle Ben," as he was afterwards termed, on account of the higher merits of his "navvy") to deserve particular record. He was well known as a sparrer with the "big 'uns" at the Fives Court, a match-maker, a second, a ring attendant, and a sporting publican. He beat J. Christie on Highgate Common, January 1, 1810, for 40 guineas. Fought Flanagan for 100 guineas,

March 27, 1814, whom he also defeated. His after fights were with Doherty, Silverthorne, Palmer Jones, Tom Spring, and Tom Oliver, by all of whom he was beaten. He also had a set-to with "Gibletts" (Charles Grantham), whom he beat in twenty minutes in a room fight in Bow Street, June 13, 1821. His last appearance (which is omitted under his name in "Fistiana") was with Old Tom Oliver, in 1834, who defeated him at Hampton in six rounds, twenty-four minutes, for £25 a-side, as will be seen under the Memoir of OLIVER.

HARRY HARMER, THE COPPERSMITH—1812-1815.

THIS scientific pugilist was allied to the family of the Belchers, and was born in the place known as the Horse Fair, Bristol, in 1784. His sparring was for many years the theme of admiration. His height, five feet eight inches and a half; his weight, eleven stone and a few pounds. It does not appear that Harmer, although reared in the hot-bed of pugilists, exhibited in any public scientific contest previous to his arrival in the metropolis.

The superior style he displayed in his first battle with Maltby, the latter having vanquished George Cribb and Cope, brought Harmer into notice with the admirers of pugilism. With Jack Ford, in his second contest, he also rose a step higher; and in his third and last battle, with Shelton, he established his reputation as a game and first-rate boxer.

Harmer entered the lists with Maltby on Thursday, June 12, 1812, at Wilsden Green, for a purse of £25 guineas. Maltby was the favourite six to four, and nearly a stone heavier than Harmer, who was a stranger to the ring. Tom Jones and Cropley seconded Maltby, and Belcher and Richmond attended upon Harmer. At one o'clock the men set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Both the combatants seemed intent on fighting, and began without ceremony; they, however, soon disengaged from a close, and Harmer, with great dexterity, planted a severe right-handed hit on one of Maltby's peepers without receiving any return. Maltby, with much determination, fought his way into a close, and, in a trial of strength to obtain the throw, they both fell, Harmer uppermost. (The odds rather lowered, and Harmer became attractive.)

2.—Harmer commenced in grand style, and planted a left-handed blow upon Maltby's nose, which, added to his already damaged eye, changed the appearance of his face. A desperate rally occurred, and hit for hit took place, when Maltby was felled from a severe blow on his forehead. (The partisans of Harmer began loudly to applaud, and offered five to four upon his winning.)

3.—The men were both on their mettle,

and considerable execution was done on both sides. Maltby stood up like a hero, and satisfied the spectators he had not a particle of flinching in his composition. A rally ensued, and much reciprocal hitting occurred. The right hand of Maltby punished Harmer's body so severely that, from one tremendous hit, he went staggering away like a drunken man; but the latter, to the astonishment of the ring, returned hastily upon his opponent, and, in a finishing style of execution, Maltby went down. It was

now seen that the reach of Harmer gave him the superiority, and his friends sported the odds without hesitation.

4 to 15 and last.—At this early stage of the fight Maltby was reduced. Harmer made play in every round, and kept the lead in gallant style. From the quickness of Harry, he literally beat his man stupid. Maltby contended, in the most determined manner, for thirty-seven minutes, when nature was so exhausted, that he was carried out of the ring by his seconds.

From this manly specimen Harmer became the object of considerable conversation in the pugilistic circles; his length, quickness, and punishing hitting deterred a few of the fighting men from entering the lists with him, till Jack Ford was matched with him for a purse of 25 guineas.

This battle took place on the 23rd of August, 1813, a mile to the eastward of St. Nicholas, in Kent, upon the land of Mr. Neale, a Kentish yeoman, a short distance from Margate. The veteran Joe Ward and Hall seconded Harmer; Paddington Jones and Clark attended upon Ford.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Harry commenced fighting with great confidence by making play right and left, but without much effect, Ford having stopped and returned. In closing, they both went down. The betting, which had been previously rather high upon Harmer, was now rather reduced, it appearing that Ford would not let his nob receive that severe punishment which Harmer had dealt out so liberally upon Maltby. (Five to four upon Harmer.)

2.—A good rally, and both the combatants upon their mettle. Ford most conspicuous, but did not like the right hand of Harmer. Strength on both sides was resorted to in falling; but the advantages in this round appeared on the side of Ford.

3.—The right hand of Harmer got into work, and the forehead of Ford received a severe taste of his quality. The game of the latter, however, was not so soon frightened as to deter him from attempting to adopt his favourite mode of in-fighting; and several teasers did not frustrate Ford from boring in upon his adversary, yet he still lost by comparison, and was thrown.

4.—The truth must be told: the bad training of Ford could no longer be concealed. His wind was treacherous, and he was sparing to gain time; but he guarded himself so scientifically, that a short time elapsed before any opening occurred whereby Harmer could derive any advantage, when he at length put in a heavy body blow on his opponent, and Ford, with considerable dexterity, returned a "sender" on the head of

Harmer. Equality was preserved in this round; but Ford went down from a terrible blow. (Brisk betting upon Harmer two to one.)

5.—Ford, full of pluck, rallied with spirit, slashing away without any care respecting himself; and Harmer was no ways behind hand in hammering his opponent. Their hitting told, and the round was not terminated without considerable execution being manifest. Harmer threw Ford. Weakness now appeared on both sides.

6.—Harmer received a severe hit in the body and went down.

7.—In going in to rally, Harmer was repulsed by Ford, when the latter for a short period had the best of the milling. On getting near the ropes, Harmer got Ford's nob under his left arm and fished him so terribly that he was glad to put an end to it by falling through his hands. Harmer was now the favourite in every point of view.

8.—Ford, always brave, showed he was determined not to lose his character, and the fortitude he exhibited in this round claimed universal praise. Punishing without care-

took place upon both sides; and the hand of Harry, from a terrible hit he put upon Ford's eye, was much injured. combatants stuck to each other hard and fast, pelting away in all directions; but the strength of Ford was leaving him, and he held by the ropes, where the mastery of Harmer was evident, by holding up his opponent with his left hand and with his right putting in some weighty blows. The

betting amateurs were now satisfied it was all their own way, and offered to lay any odds upon Harmer.

9.—Ford had now received so much severe punishment that it was evident he was losing ground rapidly. He had given such decided specimens of game in his other contests, that it was well known he would not relinquish fighting while anything like a chance remained. He therefore summoned all his courage to get a turn in his favour, but was reduced to that state where superior science and strength must be served. Ford, from one leg being shorter than the other, fought under peculiar disadvantages in this respect, and when retreating, it appeared very conspicuously. It now appeared that he fell without a blow, but it was owing to this defect.

10.—Humanity of characters should never be forgotten, and it ought always to be recorded as an example to other pugilists. Ford was in an unfortunate situation against the ropes, where a blow must have finished him; but Harmer nobly disdained to take any advantage of a brave competitor while a more manly path presented itself; and he never could show manhood in a finer style than in walking away and leaving Ford to go down himself.

11.—Harmer now punished his antagonist with ease and address till he went down, and Ford was more enfeebled every round; but, notwithstanding the milking he met with, he could not be prevailed upon to give in until the twenty-third round, when he was completely told out.

REMARKS.—Ford, although defeated, showed that his pretensions to boxing were good and scientific, and that he was not to be got at without some difficulty. The importance of training does not seem to operate on pugilists in general; or, if they do understand its value, it should seem that, in too many instances, they do not strictly comply with its regulations to obtain those essential requisites toward victory—sound wind and good condition. It was evident that Ford suffered considerably from this neglect. As an in-fighter he was able to do considerable execution, but the length of Harmer was too much for him. With Oliver, Ford contended for two hours and ten minutes; and, notwithstanding it was thought that he had generally improved, yet with Harmer he was disposed of in thirty-five minutes. Ford's body exhibited some severe marks of punishment, and he was bled before he left the ground.

Harmer, after a year and a half had elapsed, was matched with Tom Shelton, the navigator. It may not be improper to premise the occasion of this battle. Shelton was introduced at the Fives Court, and ascended the stage with Harmer, at Cribb's benefit, on May 31, 1814, as a complete novice. Shelton appeared determined for a downright mill, and attacked Harmer furiously, endeavouring to show his abilities. Harry, with skill and dexterity, parried off his strength, and put in some touches that drew forth the claret. To call it sparring would be erroneous, it was complete roughing. The impetuosity of Shelton was astonishing, and it was also curious to observe the decided mode in which Harmer drove the former away from him. During the contest Shelton was so sharply met by his antagonist, that he turned completely round twice, and recommenced his attack. The science of Harmer, however pre-eminent, was not enough to convince Shelton of his superiority, and it at length became necessary for Harry to add strength to his efforts to abate the rushing of his opponent. Harmer, at arms' length, gloved him severely, but, upon Shelton rushing in to mill, Harry got his nob under his left arm, and with his right hand fibbed him so tightly that, to prevent its proceeding to an actual fight, it was deemed prudent that no more such sparring should take place between them in the Court. This was Shelton's first appearance; and, from the spirit he displayed, he was much fancied by several of the amateurs. An opinion was entertained that he only

wanted a better knowledge of boxing, in addition to his other requisites, to make him a dangerous customer for any of his weight. In the course of a twelvemonth he acquired considerable science; and, notwithstanding the character Harmer maintained as a first-rate boxer, the capabilities of Shelton were not viewed with indifference by many of Harry's friends. The match at length being made for 100 guineas, it created considerable interest in the sporting circles, and on Tuesday, April 18, 1815, they met, in a twenty-four feet roped ring, on Hounslow Heath, near the rivulet which divides the heath from Twickenham Common. Shelton was the heavier man by some pounds. Seven to four on Harmer eagerly taken by the friends of Shelton. The spectators were exceedingly numerous. Richmond and Oliver were for Shelton, and Tom Belcher and Bill Gibbons with Harmer. At one o'clock the men shook hands and set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The determined quality of Shelton was well known to the amateurs, and great anxiety was manifested. The navigator, eager to commence fighting, endeavoured to plant two left-handed blows, but his distance proving incorrect, Harmer floored him in a twinkling, and the claret was visible upon his face. (Loud shouting, and two to one freely offered against Shelton.)

2.—The Navigator, from his eagerness to do something, again hit short, as Did Harmer in returning. The men now got into a sharp rally, when Harmer, from a slip, fell down upon his knees, and received an accidental blow from the suddenness of his situation. "Foul!" "Fair!" was vociferated, but the umpires knowing the real state of the case, the battle did not suffer the slightest interruption.

3.—This round was resolutely contested on both sides, and the combatants, in a tremendous rally, exchanged hit for hit with a firmness that claimed applause from all parts of the ring. Harmer, in point of quickness, put in the most blows, and finished the round by sending his man down. (It was current betting five to two upon Harmer.)

4.—Good reciprocal boxing, when, in closing, Harmer was thrown.

5.—Shelton, full of gaiety, made play, and Harmer, from a slight hit, was again on the ground.

6.—The science of Harmer was seen to much advantage in this round. From the Navigator's hitting short, he received tremendously left and right from Harmer, and was ultimately floored. (This changed the betting again, and seven to four was sported upon Harry.)

7.—The blows upon both sides were so

hard and fast as not to be described. It was a long round, and Harmer went down rather distressed.

8.—The time appeared to be called rather too quick for both men, as both showed symptoms of distress. Some sparring occurred, when Shelton was missing in an instant: he received a blow under his left ear, and he appeared stunned, lying on the ground.

9.—It was astonishing to see with what pluck Shelton again met his man. Another desperate rally took place, at the end of which Shelton went down.

10.—Some good blows exchanged, and both down.

11.—The Navigator was on the grass from a slight hit.

12.—A short round, and Shelton thrown cleanly by his adversary.

13.—Both the combatants were no strangers to the hammering they had received. However, they got into work, and desperation seemed the order of the round. Harmer manfully strove to take out the fight of his opponent, while the latter seemed to have that precise object in view. It was hard work on both sides; but the round closed to the advantage of Shelton, who sent Harmer down. The head of the latter unfortunately, in falling, came in contact with a stake.

14.—The appearance of Harmer was against him on coming to the scratch; and none but an extraordinary man could have returned so quickly to have commenced the round. His right hand appeared also to have given way, and some alarm was felt from this circumstance. Harmer went down from a slight hit. The backers of Harry were rather puzzled, and the partisans of Shelton now boldly offered six to four upon him.

15.—Affairs were materially changed. Shelton was now decidedly the favourite; he again sent Harmer down.

16.—Harmer was still in the back-ground, notwithstanding he exerted himself to change this unfortunate aspect. Shelton again had it his own way, and Harry went down from a slight blow. The friends of Shelton looked upon victory as a matter of course, and betted seven to four without hesitation; many still greater odds.

17.—This round, to all appearance, seemed to have decided the fight. A rally took place, but Shelton was quite a hero in it; he planted blows in all directions, and, from a dreadful one that Harmer received on his nob, he was felled in a twinkling. (Five to one upon Shelton.)

18.—Harmer came up to the scratch in a tottering state. He merely placed himself in a fighting position, but was soon sent down.

19 to 21.—The game exhibited by Harmer under these circumstances astonished every one present. In all these rounds he seemed bewildered, and the advice of his seconds lost upon him. It was all against him, and in the twenty-first round Shelton was so much the superior man, that Harmer was hit out of the ring. (The odds were now so great, and the termination of the battle considered so certain in favour of Shelton, that no takers were to be found.)

22.—Harmer came almost reeling to meet his man. It was desperation in the extreme, or, in the bold language of the hero of Bosworth Field,

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

It was thought next to an impossibility that Harmer could last a round longer; but such is the uncertainty of battle, that he made a tolerable bout of it, and also had the good

fortune to hit his opponent down. The surprise this circumstance occasioned cannot be described; even betting was the fact.

23.—Harmer appeared first upon his legs, and, strange to state, so sudden was the falling off of the Navigator that, on being brought to face his man, he seemed insensible to every object around him. Harmer hit him down.

24.—Considering the exhausted state of both the combatants, this might be considered a good round. The Navigator seemed to recollect himself, and ultimately sent down Harmer. (Shelton was again the favourite, and seven to four against his opponent was viewed as safe betting.)

25.—Harmer still persevered, in spite of all obstacles, and from the advantage of giving Shelton a dreadful cross-buttock, victory turned in his favour. The fall was so heavy that the breath seemed to be all shaken out of the Navigator, and one of his shoulders received a violent contusion.

26.—Shelton was completely stupefied from the effects of the last round, and Harry merely pushed him down. (The odds now rapidly changed again, and Harmer for anything.)

27, 28, and last.—The Navigator was all but done, and a blow from Harmer on the side of his head put a period to the contest, which was decidedly finished in thirty-five minutes.

REMARKS.—It was impossible for superior courage to have been shown in any battle whatever than in this between Harmer and Shelton; a more truly sporting fight was never witnessed. It is true the amateurs felt some degree of surprise at the sudden falling off of the Navigator; but Harmer raised his fame from his manly conduct, and only won the battle from his unbounded game and perseverance.

Harmer, shortly after the above combat, in company with Fuller, crossed the water, in order to give the natives of France some practical ideas on the national sport of English boxing, and were liberally received. Their efforts were thus delicately announced in the French papers:—"Two English boxers have already given several representations in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. Persons of the most refined sensibility may be present, for these boxers do not strike so as to do each other any injury. In England, after every battle, one or two of the assailants must be declared *hors de combat*, and when they are obliged to carry him off the field in a wheel-barrow or on a shutter the pleasure is complete. At Paris we are not so greedy: we content ourselves with a few blows, and the demonstration of them is enough."

Harmer set-to with Fuller upon a stage erected on the race-course, near Montmartre, between the heats. The Duke of Wellington was one of the

spectators upon this occasion, and ordered five Napoleons to be put into the hat. This was shortly after the occupation of Paris by the allied sovereigns, and a number of distinguished characters belonging to various nations attended. At some of the minor theatres in Paris the sparring of these boxers not only contributed to fill up the ballet of action, but was loudly applauded. The liberality of Monsieur, however, was far behind the contributions of the amateurs at Moulsey. One lively instance presents itself. An English officer, a Captain of the Guards, went round to the spectators on the race-course with a hat, to collect subscriptions for Harmer and Fuller, and upon coming up to a fashionably dressed Frenchman, he generously threw in a single sous. The officer, by way of a set-off for the liberal donation, immediately held it up in his hand and, walking round the stage, exclaimed, "Behold this very handsome present given by a French gentleman!" This *nouvelle* mode of ridicule had the desired effect, and the Frenchman, not possessing nerve enough to encounter such an *exposé*, instantly took the hint and galloped off the ground, amidst the shouts and laughter of the assemblage, which was a complete mixture of English, French, Austrians, Prussians, Russians, etc.

From the conflict of opinion respecting the battle between Harmer and Shelton, the friends of the latter were induced to give him another chance. He was accordingly backed to fight Harmer, on the 26th of June, 1816; but Shelton, during his training, fell off altogether in constitution, and paid forfeit.

In December, 1817, Harmer's ring career was ended by a severe ophthalmic disorder, which so affected his eyesight as to compel him to decline all challenges. As Harry had never been defeated, he was the object of some envy. He began business as a publican at the Plough, in West Smithfield, which he kept for many years. Shelton, having called at Harmer's and quarrelled with him, he thereafter published a challenge, to which Harmer sent the following reply:—

"SIR,—

"I have only to observe, in answer to your challenge to me in *Bell's Weekly Dispatch*, that you know the cause which compelled me to take off my coat and waistcoat in the affair to which you allude. It was to resent an injury; nay, more, it was to recover my money, the wager not being decided. Under the like circumstances, I hope I shall be always ready to resent an injury. Respecting my fighting again in the prize ring, it is well known to you and the sporting world that, from my defect of sight, I have left the ring. Indeed, I regret my defect of sight most seriously, that I am not able to meet you again in the ring, as I feel equally confident respecting the termination of it as it occurred about three years since in our battle.

"H. HARMER.

"*The Plough, Smithfield, October 21, 1820.*"

Harmer died in 1834, well respected by numerous friends.

HENRY JOSIAH HOLT, THE CICERO OF THE RING 1816-1820

HARRY HOLT was born at Islington on the 17th of May, 1792. In early life he was articled to a surveyor, but his master having failed, he was turned over for the remainder of his apprenticeship to a builder, in St. Martin's Lane. Here he seems to have imbibed a love of "arms," and, disdaining the jog-trot operations of the plane and saw, he appears to have determined to chisel his way through life in a more exciting path. That this resolution was prudent we are by no means disposed to believe, but "every one to his taste," as the old woman said when she kissed her cow; and if he was unable to build for himself a fame equal to Sir Christopher Wren, he at least obtained a fame in other respects which, to the day of his death, made him acceptable in the eyes of the fancy circles.

Upon all occasions in the prize ring he evinced a tact and gallantry which obtained for him well-earned commendations; and his literary ability for some time made him the support of the milling department of the second sporting paper of the kingdom, the *Era*.

The first recorded conflict in which Harry Holt engaged was with a hero of the trowel, in the Five Fields, Chelsea, in the year 1810. His opponent was well known in the neighbourhood as a determined miller, and flattered himself he could dispose of the pretensions of the slight and fair-haired youth without giving him half a chance. But the science and quickness of Harry turned the scale, and he not only astonished the bricklayer, but carried off the laurel of victory in triumphant style. His next trial was with a life-guardsmen (as recorded in "Boxiana"), and here again, despite the disparity of height and weight, Harry milled the swordsman till he laid down his arms.

The skirmishes of Holt ere he was out of his teens will be found related in "Boxiana," vol. iii., pp. 372-5, in the usual loose, skimble-skamble, ungrammatical style of the uneducated editor of that undigested hotch-potch.

At the age of twenty-five Harry first shied his castor within the twenty-four feet ring (so called, upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, from its shape being a parallelogram), on the 20th of August, 1816, with Joe Pariah, the waterman. This was indeed a manly, as well as a scientific, contest; and, although defeated, Holt earned "golden opinions" from all those whose good opinion was worth having. The victory was gamely disputed for ninety

minutes, during which seventy rounds were fought. At the commencement Holt was thought to have the advantage, but the tide of fortune soon changed, and he "got into trouble," out of which he never again was able to struggle. On one occasion during the fight Parish had Holt upon the ropes, in a position where he might in all probability have "finished" him, but he manfully threw up his hands and walked away, amidst loud and well-merited approbation from all parts of the ring. Holt felt so impressed with this generous behaviour of his adversary, that while his adversary sat upon his second's knee, he shook him by the hand, saying, "I thank you, Joe, for your conduct." After an hour and ten minutes, the termination seemed extremely doubtful, when Parish, like a true aquatic, watching the turn of the "tide which leads to fortune," went in so strongly and determinedly that poor Harry, despite the most heroic efforts, was forced to succumb, and was led from the ring completely beaten. The result of this contest raised both men in the esteem of the milling circles, and Parish (this was his first appearance in the prize ring) was shortly after matched against the Nonpareil, Jack Randall, who, we need hardly say, in turn defeated the victor.

Holt now devoted some nine months to sparring, and acquiring a still further knowledge of his art. His manners were pleasing, his address engaging, and, as he sung a song somewhat above mediocrity, his company was sought, a dangerous thing for a young man in the great metropolis. Harry, too, from having received an education somewhat above the average of the society with which he mixed, and being moreover gifted with a command of words and a power of expression rather beyond the ordinary range, was generally elected to address the public on the occasion of benefits, etc., by such of his brother pugs who were "slow and halt of speech," a deficiency to which those readiest with hands and feet are often doomed. From these oratorical displays, he soon acquired the sobriquet of "Cicero," and, as the Cicero of the ring, Harry Holt for some quarter of a century figured in the public prints.

Holt's next appearance in the prize ring was with Jack O'Donnell (said to be a relative of the once celebrated Irish pugilist of that name), at Arlington Corner, near Hounslow Heath, after a harassing journey of some miles across the country, in consequence of the interruption which took place on the day the first fight between Scroggins and Turner occurred, at Hayes, Middlesex. This was on Wednesday, March 26, 1817. The combatants stripped in a heavy shower of rain, and commenced fighting at a quarter before six o'clock in the evening. Tom Owen and Dolly Smith seconded O'Donnell; and Painter and Harmer attended upon Holt. Five to four on the latter.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Upon setting-to the attitude of Holt was extremely elegant, and his appearance altogether rather interested the spectators in his behalf. He commenced play without ceremony, by planting a severe fasser under O'Donnell's left eye, and got away with much dexterity. The latter endeavoured to return the compliment, but hit short. It was one of the most manly rounds ever witnessed, the men fighting at arm's length; and, notwithstanding the rain descended in torrents, the combatants seemed insensible to its chilling effects, and opposed each other with the utmost gaiety. A number of good blows passed between them, materially to the advantage of Holt, who nobbed poor Paddy most successfully. Near ten minutes had elapsed, nothing like closing had occurred, and both appeared quite exhausted, when O'Donnell rushed in, and Holt was sent down. Such a first round was scarcely ever seen before. (Seven to four on Holt.)

2.—O'Donnell, finding that keeping out from his opponent was disadvantageous, endeavoured to bore in, but Holt stopped him by a tremendous blow on the jaw, that made his pimple rattle again. The Irishman was not to be dismayed, and he succeeded in marking one of Holt's peepers. Some reciprocal fighting took place, when, in a struggle to obtain the throw, both went down, but Holt undermost.

3.—Holt hit and stopped with great facility, and his science was loudly admired throughout the ring. O'Donnell did not want for courage, and showed himself to much advantage in this round. A desperate rally took place, and in closing, O'Donnell

endeavoured to fib Holt, but the latter resolutely broke away, and knocked O'Donnell's head about like a spinning-top. Both ultimately went down.

4.—A smile sat upon the countenance of Holt: he had all the coolness about his actions of the experienced pugilist, and he scarcely threw a blow away. O'Donnell's mug, from the repeated attacks made upon it, appeared rather out of shape. Both again down. (Two to one upon Holt.)

5 to 17 and last.—It was most manly boxing throughout the whole of these rounds. O'Donnell put in some good hits, and always had the best of his opponent in throwing, but he never could keep his head out of chancery. The seventeenth round was truly desperate. O'Donnell repeatedly attempted to go in, but was as repeatedly kept out by a stopper on his nob. Holt put in six fasers without any return. The jaw of O'Donnell was terribly battered, part of his chin laid open, and a tremendous blow, put in under his ear, brought out the claret instantaneously, and his senses seemed almost beat out of him. He could not come again.

Mr. Jackson made a collection of £9 to be divided between them. This battle proved a treat to the admirers of scientific boxing; so good a fight restored good humour to the amateurs for their disappointment at Hayes; and they retired well satisfied. The ring was kept in good order, although neither ropes nor stakes were used to protect the men from the crowd. The unpropitious state of the weather had not the least effect upon the feelings of the spectators, who never shifted an inch of ground in consequence of being so drippingly assailed.

The friends of Holt, from his decisive victory over O'Donnell, and the general improvement which had taken place in his fighting, were induced to match him with a better man, and, on the 20th of May, 1817, the sporting world was on the *qui vive* to witness the decision of the match between Harry Holt and the Nonpareil of the ring, the celebrated Jack Randall, who long preceded the subject of this sketch in his journey "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." Indeed, the friends of Holt and many of the most distinguished amateurs were much prepossessed in his favour, and, notwithstanding the known excellence of Randall, it was very generally thought that Holt would prove a worthy competitor. Coombe Warren was the *locus in quo*, and, on the appointed Wednesday, Colonel Berkeley (the late Earl), Captain Barclay, Mr. Jackson, and a muster of Corinthian patrons of popular sports, assembled at the above-named place. The combatants were equal in weight and height, namely, each about five feet six inches and a half, and

ten stone two pounds to four pounds. Randall was backed by his patron Colonel Barton, and Holt by several amateurs of eminence. The stake was £50. This battle will be found in the *Life of RANDALL*, p. 332.

It was urged by many of Holt's friends that he displayed no fight at all in this contest with Randall; but this complaint will vanish on a slight examination. Randall assumed the offensive throughout the battle, and his punishment was so electrifying and severe that he never gave Holt any opportunity of showing himself, save in the defensive department of fistic strategy Holt did, in the earlier part of the battle, occasionally stop his opponent's left; but the fact was, as Holt frequently afterwards observed, the fight was decisively hit out of him in the third round. Indeed, if Holt had not been a truly game man, he never could have stood before Randall twenty-five minutes, after the heavy milling he received at the outset, and in consequence of this opinion a few amateurs present collected £10, which they presented to him as the reward of his bravery.

After the battle between Turner and Cy. Davis at Wallingham Common, on Friday, June 18, 1819, a cessation of hostilities for upwards of an hour took place, during which period a purse was subscribed, but went begging for want of a couple of good ones. Sutton, the black, who had defeated the brave Ned Painter, wished to have a shy at Carter (once the *soi-disant* Champion of England), but the latter boxer pleaded indisposition. Hall, Jack Martin (the Master of the Rolls), and others were named, but it was "no go." At length Harry Holt, to adjust all difficulties, shied his castor into the arena for any ten-stone man, declaring (unlike our cavilling pugilists, "those of the modern time") that he was not nice to a few pounds. His challenge was speedily accepted by David Hudson. Randall and O'Donnell waited on Holt, and Josh. Hudson and Tom Owen upon David Hudson. The purse was 20 guineas, and the odds on Holt five to four.

The "game" of Holt had been proved on more than one occasion, and his character stood high as a neat stopper, a pretty rapid hitter, and a well-scientenced man. He was not, however, by any means in condition, and had walked all the way from London that morning to see the first fight. Hudson, too, was out of condition; nevertheless, they set-to with a spirit which might put to the blush mills of far higher pretence and more careful and expensive preparation, Holt taking the lead, and nobbing Hudson down.

Harry contested this battle up to the eighty-ninth round, but he could not stand the hitting of Hudson, and went down repeatedly; while, on the contrary, Hudson seemed to be getting fresher, and often ran and jumped to get in at Holt. The latter would not give in, and he was taken out of the

ring by the desire of a noble lord and other amateurs. The fight occupied an hour and three-quarters.

It was a most distinguished, capital fight on both sides, and, in a word, the men covered themselves with pugilistic glory. Holt was rather too stale for his opponent; he had also some of his teeth dislodged. A handsome subscription was made for Holt.

Holt now bade adieu to the ring, in which, if he had not done what Addison declares is not within the power of mortals, namely, "command success," he had done more, "deserved it." Time, however, and the Fates brought round another scrimmage in the shape of a room fight, with the never-to-be-forgotten Jack Scroggins, whose "ghost" long "revisited the pale glimpses of the moon" in the poetic gaggeries of *Bell's Life*.

On the 30th of November, 1820, after a sporting dinner at Randall's house in Chancery Lane, there arose a difference of opinion during a discussion of the merits of various pugilistic professors. Spring, Purcell, Randall, Martin, the Birmingham Youth, Holt, etc., being among the parties assembled. Among matches proposed and talked of, was one between Holt and Scroggins, to come off in some six weeks from the first "time of asking." This delay, however, the time being eleven o'clock at night, and the spirits mounting, did not suit the desperate Scroggy, who delivered his ideas on the subject somewhat in the following form:—

"Why, as to that there matter, it ain't no match between me and Holt; I can lick him like a babby. I never was so ill with a cold in my life; but I will fight him any time you like, but I'd rather it 'ud be now."

Holt returned Scroggins thanks for his candour, but, in return, thought Scroggins would have no chance to win with him. Nevertheless, he too was of opinion that the best way would be to decide it instantly.

"I am ready," said Scroggins; but the winner shall have the whole of the purse."

"I am agreeable," replied Holt.

The usual preparations were made for the contest. Turner and Martin seconded Scroggins, and Purcell and Sampson were for Holt. Spring was the time-keeper. Five to four on Scroggins on one side of the room, and five to four on Holt among the other party.

In this affair Holt, after taking the lead in scientific style, received a heavy fall from Scroggy's rush in the twenty-fourth round; up to that period Scroggy had all the worst of it. Harry's constitution, however, could not stand the wear and tear, and, after thirty-three rounds, Sampson declared Holt should fight no more.

For two men out of condition, nay, both unwell, particularly Scroggins, it was a much better fight than has frequently been seen when boxers have been in training for six weeks. Scroggins had always some tremendous points about him. It was a most gallant battle on both sides; but the blows of Holt were not hard enough to stop the rush of Scroggins. The accident Holt received in the twenty-fourth round lost him the fight; and he ~~and~~ complained of a sprained thumb before he commenced the battle. In a ring, some of the amateurs thought Holt might have had a better chance. The smiles of victory, which had not been familiar to Scroggins in his last six battles, now seemed to give him new life. He was, however, in the most exhausted state; and nothing but a lack of the *physique* to second his science and courage made Harry the loser of this most determined contest.

We here drop the curtain on the pugilistic career of Harry Holt, whereon, although the sunshine of victory seldom shone, he ever displayed, under the clouds of misfortune and ill-success, the brightest attributes of a British boxer, science, courage, self-possession, and honesty. "Some one must lose," as a practical philosopher has remarked, and the mischances of war fell often and heavily on poor Harry. Henceforth his career was chequered and various in its character, sometimes basking in the sunshine of Dame Fortune, and at others reposing in the shade of her elder daughter, and tasting the bitters of vicissitude. He became publican, whether a "sinner" or not we will not take upon ourselves to state; but, as far as our experience has gone, the traits of his character were quite as estimable as any of those in whose sphere he moved. His early education enabled him to bring into useful operation the powers of his pen, and upon the retirement of Pierce Egan from the *Dispatch*, he was engaged by Alderman Harmer as the mentor of Mr. Smith, the new milling editor of that paper, now, like Harry, gone to that bourne from which no pugilist returns. Harry was found an excellent Asmodeus to Smith, and introduced him to all the eccentricities of London life, as well as to the mysteries of the London Ring, and found so apt a pupil that his *protégé* was soon enabled to go alone, and to obtain for the *Dispatch* a reputation for its advocacy of the sports of the ring, which it has long since lost, and which lies buried in the tomb of poor Smith. As a second in the ring, with his consummate judgment and "artful dodging," Harry was only equalled by Tom Belcher and Dick Curtis; and these three men were always considered hosts of themselves in doubtful points, for, by their ingenious devices and careful husbanding the strength of their principals, they have frequently "brought their men through," when the balance preponderated against them. In the course of his life Harry occasionally dealt in cigars

and other "Parliament" commodities, and thus did his duty manfully for the support of a large family. He latterly devoted himself entirely to sporting literature, and proved himself a useful assistant to the *Era* newspaper, in recording milling and pedestrian occurrences, always reporting faithfully and impartially, and displaying a knowledge of his profession, eminently useful in describing the "ins and outs" and "ups and downs" of a fight. His inevitable exposure in this vocation to the change of weather in every season of the year, whether on the land or the water, now sitting for three or four hours up to his fetlocks in snow or mud in a slimy marsh, and then scorched by the rays of a mid-day sun, and again at night breathing the foetid atmosphere of some fancy "re-union," gradually operated upon a constitution injured by early exertion, seized his lungs, and threw him into a rapid decline. His last appearance in the discharge of his vocation was at the fight between Heffernan and Scully, in the Marshes of Kent, on Tuesday, April 9, 1844, to and from which he was conveyed with great difficulty to the steamer, and thence home. While committing to paper the result of his observations, he received his last awful summons from "the grim king of terrors," and handing his pen to his son, left him to give the finishing stroke to his report. He left behind him a widow and six children, one of whom, Alfred, succeeded to his father's post of Ring reporter, firstly on the *Era*, and subsequently on a daily journal.* Holt was eminently known among his compeers for his "gift of the gab," as it is vulgarly termed, hence his cognomen of "Cicero," the speechmaking at benefits, etc., being intrusted to his care.

Would that he had left behind a goodly number of men in his profession, who, without his talents, were imbued with an equal share of honesty of purpose, integrity of conduct, and correctness in all the relations of life, both public and private; were such the case, the position of British boxers would not be degraded to the low ebb at which it stands at present. Highly respected by the patrons of the science of self-defence, and esteemed by many of the right sort yet remaining, his compeers in the ring, Harry Holt left behind him a name which may be envied by many of his fraternity who less deserve it.

* Since the above lines were penned, Alfred Henry Holt, after several years' service on the *Morning Advertiser*, *Bell's Life in London*, and latterly on the *Sportsman*, has fallen in the struggle of an exciting and laborious profession, at the early age of thirty-nine years. He died of heart disease somewhat suddenly on the 20th of November, 1886, and lies buried in Nunhead Cemetery, leaving a widow and a son (Henry), who follows the profession of his father and grandfather, and now holds the trustworthy position of Secretary and Scorer to the International Gun Clubs of Brighton, London, and Mentone, or Nice.

WEST COUNTRY DICK, THE NAVIGATOR. 1816-1820.

A MORE manly and courageous boxer was not to be found among the records of pugilism than this little hero. In a short period he fought no less than sixteen prize battles in gallant style, and the smiles of victory proved propitious to his exertions in twelve, Curtis, Gipsy Cooper, and Jack Randall ranking among his conquerors; defeat by such men being no dishonour.

Richard West was a native of Bodminster, in Somersetshire, and was born in the year 1794. At the period of his first battle he was in height five feet five inches and a half, and weighed nine stone and half a pound. Dick ranked more as an active boxer than a fine fighter, and was conspicuous for being a slashing hitter; considering his weight, he certainly used his right in a tremendous manner. His courage was of so superior a quality that it often prompted him to fight men much above his own weight. The most prominent of Dick's battles were the following:—

Dick's first attempt at prize milling was with a man denominated the Grabbler, in Tothill Fields. It was a desperate fight, and one hour and twenty minutes expired before Dick was declared conqueror.

A man of the name of Reeve was disposed of by Dick in the short space of six minutes, at Coombe Wood. It was a match for seven guineas a-side, Dick putting down his own stake.

A gardener, of good weight, fought with Dick at Moulsey Hurst. This was also a short battle; and, as before, the confidence of Dick again prompted him to back himself. He gained the victory in good style.

Dick next entered the lists with the determined Jack Curtis, whose fatal termination of his fight with Turner we have already noticed in that boxer's life. Dick was defeated in fifty-eight minutes, his right hand being disabled by an accident.

For a trifling purse, to make up a second fight after Carter had defeated Robinson, the man of colour, in a match against time, at Coombe Warren, on Wednesday, June 26, 1816, Dick entered the ring with Jack Payne, the butcher, but, in the course of only four rounds, the latter was so satisfied that he declared he would fight no more, and left the ring.

Dick was at length matched with Charley Martin for the sum of 20 guineas a-side. This contest took place at Moulsey Hurst on Tuesday, August 22, 1816. It was a spirited battle on both sides, and reciprocal milling occurred

during forty-seven rounds; but the severity of Dick's hitting brought him through in fifty minutes.

Martin, not exactly satisfied as to the merits of the above battle, requested a second trial of skill, which being granted, he entered the ring with Dick, confident of recovering his lost laurels, on Thursday, February 13, 1817, at Cōombe Warren, for 20 guineas a-side. Richmond and Eales seconded Martin, and Dick had for his attendants Oliver and Clarke. This second encounter was bravely contested for thirty-four rounds; and sharper milling, for the time it lasted, thirty-five minutes, had not been often seen; for the last six rounds Martin had not the least chance, and left the ring much punished. The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, the late autocrat of that mighty empire, who witnessed this battle, seemed much interested in the event, and made many remarks upon the courage displayed by both boxers.

Dick was now thought a competent match for the Nonpareil, Jack Randall, who defeated him in thirty-three rounds. See RANDALL, p. 330.

To make up for a wretched burlesque on scientific pugilism, which took place on Tuesday, December 23, 1817, at Coventry Farm, on the Hale, Middlesex, Dick was suddenly called upon to enter the ring with Street, for a subscription purse of 10 guineas. No delay occurred, and Dick, attended by his seconds, Paddington Jones and Ballard, and Street by Dolly Smith and Lancaster, appeared within the ropes at thirteen minutes to three o'clock, and fought as follows:—

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Dick's right hand soon got into work, and slightly nobbed his opponent. Street, in returning, hit short. They immediately fought their way into a close, and both went down. (Six to four on Dick.)

2.—Dick, as usual, full of bustle, put in a severe facer that made Street's head shake again; the latter, with much confidence, stuck close to Dick, and gave him a sharp blow on the shoulder. In closing, both down.

3.—Street, on setting-to, planted a heavy hit under Dick's ear and got away, laughing and nodding, by way of self-approbation. Some hits were exchanged and both down.

4.—Street made play with his left hand and got away. Hard fighting soon commenced, when Dick, with spirit and judgment, drove his opponent to the ropes, and hit him clean out of the ring. (Great applause. Seven to four against Street.)

5.—Street met his man confidently, but his blows, though often well directed, lost their force from being open-handed; the best of the hitting was on the side of Dick. In closing, both down.

6.—Dick went down from a hit under his left arm; but it appeared more owing to the slippery state of the ground than the force of the blow.

7 and 8.—In the latter round Dick took the lead in good style, hit his opponent quite away from him, and followed him with success, making several blows tell, till both went down.

9.—Street did not turn out quite so easy a customer as Dick had imagined. The nob of the former was rather the worse for the battle; but no claret was to be seen about either. Could Dick have used his left hand with any sort of effect, he might have made greater progress towards conquest. This was a milling round, and both down in the close.

10.—Dick was rather distressed from his exertions in the last round, and seemed rather slow in quitting his second's knee, which excited much vociferation of "Time, time," from Lancaster. Paddington Jones was angry at this, and offered to fight the former for his uncalled-for noise. When at

the scratch some sharp hits were exchanged, and Street went down from the severity of his opponent's right hand. (Two to one on Dick.)

11.—Street, it was evident, could not protect his head from repeated facers; but he planted a sharp body blow that moved Dick from his station. The ground was in such a wet clayey state that neither of the combatants could stand firm. However, Dick sent Street down in a twinkling. ("Bravo, Dick!") and five to two was offered.

12 to 15.—In the latter round Street hit his opponent down, and planted so severe a blow on one of Dick's peepers that made it wink again. Street felt flattered at this event, and clapped his hands at Dick while on the knee of his second.

16 and 17.—Dick slipped down from a slight hit; he was evidently distressed. Oliver handed the *eau de vie* to his seconds, who instantly administered the restorative cordial.

18 to 20.—In all these rounds Street appeared the fresher, though his opponent had rather the best of the milling. Dick's eye was puffed up and seemed dark, and Street anxiously endeavoured to shut up the other.

21.—Street came to the scratch laughing and nodding at Dick by way of derision; but the latter gave him such a podger on the jaw that not only spoiled the grin on his countenance, but made him laugh on the wrong side of his mouth. He finished the round by hitting him down.

22.—Dick seemed to have recovered and reduced Street to his pitch; he made his hits tell as fast as he could plant them.

23.—The scale was now turning. Dick having it all his own way. He planted four severe facers without any return, and ultimately sent Street down. (Five to one.)

24 to 27.—In these rounds Street scarcely exchanged a blow before he was in the mud.

28 to 32.—It was all up with Street; he was down every round. Dick very politely inquired how he felt himself?

33.—Street, on leaving the knee of his second, was asked by Dick "To come to his place, and stand up like a man;" but he was again down, as soon as Dick stepped towards him.

34 and last.—On setting-to, Street almost laid himself down. He, however, got on his legs, but seemed to avoid meeting his man, and so the fight ended in thirty-one minutes.

REMARKS.—Considering that the above contest was a made up mill on the spur of the moment, it was far above mediocrity, although there was more manhood than science displayed. The combatants, too, it seems, were equally unprepared for the event, Dick having been "navigating" early in the morning, and "padded the hoof," as it was termed in what Ephemeris calls the "faded flash era," down to the Hale. Street also had pedestrianised it from Woolwich to the same spot, a distance of twenty-two miles, which must have operated as a considerable drawback upon activity. Dick's mug was rather battered; and had not the frame of Street been of a close texture, the repeated punishment he received would have been much more visible. The latter, though defeated, was not altogether satisfied with the termination of the fight; and it was thought not unlikely, at a future period, it might lead to a more regular meeting. Dick was now not above nine stone and half a pound, and declared himself open to any man under ten stone weight in the kingdom.

Colonel Barton and several amateurs of rank appeared on the ground. Randall, Parish, Scroggins, Oliver, Gibbons, Tom Belcher, etc., were also

A match was now proposed to Dick to enter the lists again with Jack, the butcher. Our game little hero accepted the challenge without hesitation, and on Tuesday, February 2, 1818, upwards of eight thousand persons assembled on Old Oak Common, Middlesex, to witness the battle. The fight was for 20 guineas a-side, in a twenty-four feet roped ring. From the size, strength, and weight of the knight of the cleaver (added to his promise of fighting like a man for once in his life-time), he was backed by the *sci-dissent* knowing ones at six to four; but the steady amateurs who valued character, who admired pluck, and who were well assured that while a chance remained Dick would not quit the field, took the odds again and again as a safe thing. The event justified their judgment. At thirteen minutes past one o'clock,

Dick, accompanied by his seconds, Randall and Paddington Jones, entered the ring and threw up his hat. Payne soon followed and answered the token of defiance, attended by the veteran Joe Ward and Dick Whale. The good old ceremony of shaking hands was then gone through, and the combat commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Jack set to rather eagerly, but hit short, when Dick's right hand made free with his opponent's nob. In closing, Jack endeavoured to fib West, but both went down.

2.—Jack seemed to feel as if he had still some character left, and endeavoured to convince the amateurs that he could fight. He gave Dick a precious muzzler, and exchanged some sharp hits; but when Dick put in a facer which produced the claret, a slight trait of his old system peeped out, and he went down not in the most gallant style.

3.—This was a good round, and two minutes of downright milling occurred. Jack put in two desperate facers with much dexterity, and likewise some sharp body hits. Dick was not behindhand with his opponent, and exchanged hits in a manly style till he sent Payne down.

4.—Payne hit his adversary till Dick got the turn, when he followed the butcher all over the ring; the latter's mug was bleeding copiously. Both down.

5.—Sharp work was the order of this round, and reciprocal nobbers occurred. In closing, Dick threw his adversary.

6.—Dick evidently took the lead, although he did not escape severe punishment. Payne went down from a heavy hit he received on his body; he fell on his knees, and his nob bent forward on the ground in a singular manner.

7.—After an exchange of blows Jack cured it down from a facer. ("He's coming it!" and disapprobation.)

8.—Dick went down from the force of his own blow.

9.—This round raised a blush upon the cheeks of the game pugilists who witnessed the fight. A boxer, at least twenty pounds heavier, and taller, than his antagonist, positively turned his back and ran away from a nine stone man, after receiving a few sharp hits, and in a manner laid himself down. (Loud hissing.)

10.—It was singular to observe how, when the butcher forgot his fears, he fought in manly style. In this round Jack had decidedly the best of the milling; he planted two facers right and left, and sent Dick down from a bodier. The latter, while on his second's knee, appeared much exhausted, and brandy was applied with success.

11.—Jack again took the lead; he planted

two dreadful hits right and left on Dick's nob that seemed nearly to stupefy him; but Dick, game-cock like, went in with the most determined confidence, changed the scene, and the butcher rolled down from a hit.

12.—After an exchange of hits, Dick sent his opponent down.

13.—Dick slipped down on one knee, but recovered himself, and ultimately got his adversary down.

14 and 15.—Jack was down in both these rounds, but not before Dick had received much mischief.

16.—Dick again slipped; but recovering himself to meet his antagonist, received a desperate blow near the mark that felled him. This was bad judgment on the part of Dick.

17.—This was a singular round: both went down from counter hits.

18 to 20.—One of Dick's peepers was nearly closed, and although he had not lost a single drop of claret, he had received an unusual degree of punishment. These rounds were rather in favour of Dick.

21.—This was a grand round on the part of the little one. He planted three facers with his right hand without return; but Jack at length got into work, and fought gaily till he went down.

22 and 23.—Jack down in both these rounds; in the latter he received so severe a facer that he crimsoned all over in a twinkling.

24.—The butcher again administered some heavy punishment. In closing, both down, when Jack laughed at his antagonist.

25.—Jack went down from a hit in the throat. ("Well done, Dick!")

26.—There was nothing like stopping attempted between the combatants; and several of the round lunging blows told desperately. Dick again received some terrible punishment about his nob that made him stagger. Both down.

27.—Dick was now extremely weak, and his nob had been so peppered that he could scarcely tell what he was about; but his natural game prompted him to proceed, and in consequence he felled Jack from a desperate hit on his mouth. (Loud shouting.)

28 to 30.—Although Payne cured it down in all these rounds, it could not be considered exactly safe to Dick. The butcher always hit his opponent. In the last round

the hats were thrown up, in consequence of Jack's not liking to leave his second's knee. (Five to one on Dick.)

81.—The butcher slowly appeared at the scratch, and the terrible long faces of his backers resumed a more cheerful appearance at the chance. He fought this round tolerably well, and, in closing, when Dick attempted to fib him, held his hands till both went down.

82.—On setting-to, Jack fell down. (His-ing.)

83 to 87 and last.—In all these rounds the butcher went down in a curriah style, although he generally planted a hit before he fell. He could not have lost it had he possessed anything like the heart of a true English boxer. Thirty-five minutes and ten seconds had elapsed, when victory was decided in favour of Dick. The latter was led out of the ring almost deprived of vision; and Jack leant across the ropes to show, as usual, that he was quite sick of it. It, however, cannot be denied that he took a good share of milling, and was heavily hit about the loins.

REMARKS.—Notwithstanding Dick's well-

known bottom, it was physically impossible he could have lasted three rounds more. Nature was completely exhausted by the heavy punishment he had received. Upon Dick's being put into a coach he was for a short period stupefied, which might have been owing to the heavy nobbing hits he had undergone; and, in consequence of not losing a single drop of blood, his head was much swelled. Had Dick been anything but a game cock, he could never have had the pluck to have fought a man twenty-three pounds heavier than himself, and in every respect a more skilful boxer. Upon the whole, it was not a contemptible fight. In this instance it was admitted that the butcher "did the thing that was right," and was defeated against his will. In a word, he was a boxer without "a heart," and it was a matter of great astonishment how the amateurs could have suffered him again to make his appearance in the prize ring, after his unblushing effrontery in previously acknowledging his being privy to a cross. His backers, it was said, lost considerable sums in consequence of his defeat.

Dick was matched with David Hudson, for 50 guineas a-side; but he was defeated, to the great surprise and mortification of his friends, in a few minutes. See DAVID HUDSON, Appendix, Period VI.

On Friday, September 11, 1818, Dick, for a purse of 20 guineas, fought with Davis, a navigator, belonging to the Chatham Dockyard, in a field near the Chatham Lines. For the first twelve rounds it was tremendous punishment and reciprocal fighting; but in the thirteenth round Davis dislocated his wrist, which compelled him reluctantly to acknowledge Dick as the conqueror.

Abbot, who had defeated Dolly Smith, at the Barge House, in Essex, after a long fight of 138 rounds, occupying two hours and fifty-five minutes, it seems looked forward to greater conquests. At a sporting dinner which took place on Tuesday, March 2, 1819, in the neighbourhood of Westminster, several of the milling coves looked in to see if any business had been cut out for them. Dick and Abbot, it appears, accidentally met each other, and, in consequence of some difference of opinion, Abbot threatened to mill the former. Dick replied with much spirit, it should not be long before he was served out for his insolence. A purse was subscribed by the amateurs, a large shed cleared and lighted up, and the combatants stripped, attended by seconds and umpire, with all the regularity of a Moulsey Hurst contest. Randall and a gentleman amateur took Dick under their especial care; and Abbot was equally well looked after by Richmond and Hopping Ned. Dick was terribly out of condition, much distressed, and totally unfit for fighting;

and the state of Abbot was a few degrees removed from condition ; but, it being election time, some excuse was admitted on account of his "voting for Lushington." For thirty-five minutes the battle raged with manliness, activity, and hard hitting. The left hand of Dick was seen to greater advantage than usual, while his right dealt out tremendous punishment. Abbot was equally on the alert, the body of Dick serving for a drum. Abbot, it is said, gave in twice. At the expiration of an hour and ten minutes, when "time" was called, he left his second's knee, but so completely exhausted that he could not put up his hands ; the umpire requested Dick not to hit him in that defenceless state, and victory was declared in his favour. Dick cross-buttocked his opponent several times with great adroitness, but did not win without receiving heavily, and from the manliness he displayed, and the weight against him, he received much praise. It was three to one on Abbot in the early part of the fight, and a great deal of betting occurred, the tens and twenties flying about like waste paper. Dick was offered to be backed to fight Abbot in a ring for £50 a-side.

Dick fought a Clerkenweller of the name of Parsing, in a long but narrow room, in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, before a few swell amateurs, for a purse to the winner, and £1 to the loser, on Tuesday evening, June 13, 1820, at ten o'clock at night. Randall and Scroggins seconded Dick, and Purcell and Tisdale were for Parsing. It was all over in eleven rounds, occupying fifteen minutes. No claret was drawn. Parsing would not fight any more, observing, Dick was too much for him in a room, but he would fight Dick in a ring for £10 a-side of his own money. Parsing, though much taller than Dick, had not a shadow of chance. The latter hero challenged Tisdale to fight before he put on his clothes, as the battle just over had not afforded any amusement to the amateurs ; but Tisdale refused, stating he should obtain no credit if he won it. "Never mind," replied Dick, "I'll risk it." Tisdale then publicly acknowledged that he did not think himself competent to cope with Dick in a room.

Dick fought a most tremendous battle with Jack Cooper, the Windsor Gipsy, on Epsom Downs, May 16, 1820, but he was defeated in twenty-nine rounds. See *Grey Coopers*, Appendix, Period VI.

A small subscription purse, for a second fight, at Banstead Downs, on Tuesday, July 4, 1820, was contested for between West Country Dick and Parsing. Dick was the favourite six to four. Parsing had been defeated by Dick in a room, as we have just related, but flattered himself, from his length, that he could conquer Dick in a ring. Randall and Paddington Jones seconded the latter, and Purcell and Holt attended upon Parsing. Twenty-

nine rounds took place, occupying twenty-eight minutes. The latter, it appeared, could not take punishment; and the severe bodiers given to him by Dick made him grin again. Parsing went down almost every round, and finally surrendered.

In consequence of the storm having separated the amateurs rather in a hurry at North Walsham, on Monday, July 17, at the close of Martin and the Birmingham Youth's battle, the fancy found themselves weather-bound at Norwich, and in lack of amusement, when a novice of the name of Redgreaves offered himself to the notice of a London swell for a turn-up with Dick. It was thought Redgreaves was a yokel; but, upon further scrutiny, it turned out that he was a Clerkenweller, and, like some others of the milling tribe, fancied he could fight a bit, and was determined to chance it. Dick, the game little Dick, always ready to improve his circumstances, did not value giving a few pounds in weight to his opponent; and, after the London manner, this battle took place in an elegant room, by candle-light, only a few being admitted to the exhibition. At eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, July 18, Dick stripped, Randall and Shelton taking him under their especial care. Redgreaves was well attended by Purcell and O'Donnell. Five to four on Dick.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Dick, without hesitation, went to work to ascertain what sort of pluck this new customer possessed; but Redgreaves was not intimidated, and returned the compliment as quickly. The result was that Dick went down.

2.—Redgreaves seemed full of fight, and a hard hitter; exchanged blows with his adversary in a manly manner. Dick put in a tremendous nobbing right-handed blow, but in a struggle was thrown.

3.—Dick's nob received some sharp pepper in this round; he, nevertheless, got Redgreaves down.

4.—A complete milling round on both sides. Redgreaves had none the worst of it. Both went down.

5.—Redgreaves got Dick under his arm and fished him heavily, but the latter extricated himself, turned round, and went down.

6.—Dick missed a heavy blow, and fell.

7.—This was a good round. Redgreaves showed he was a heavy hitter, and nearly stove in Dick's ribs. The latter gnashed his teeth and went down.

8.—Dick was thrown heavily.

9.—Dick put in a tremendous bodier that gave his opponent some losing notions, but went down.

10.—Redgreaves came to the scratch cruelly distressed. Randall offered a guinea to a crown that he would not fight above another round.

11 and last.—Dick unscrewed the pepper-box, and dealt out the punishment so hard and so fast that Redgreaves went down, and could not come to the scratch. It was over in fifteen minutes. Dick got £9, and Redgreaves £2 10s. The ribs of the former were terribly swelled. Redgreaves was not a very easy customer, and the well-breeched yokels pronounced it a manly fight.

Dick, for a small subscription purse, fought Mason (well known at the Fives Court, for his repeated sets-to with Lennox) at Chesterfield Races, on Thursday, July 27, 1820. Mason had not the slightest chance whatever, and Dick was pronounced conqueror in sixteen minutes.

Dick entered the lists with a man of the name of Hellick, a shipwright,

for a purse of £15, at Kit's Cot House, three miles and a half from Maidstone, on Monday, August 21, 1820. The milling fame of Dick, who had fought nineteen prize battles, five of which occurred within the short space of four months, attracted a numerous assemblage of persons. Hellick was a well-known good man, upwards of a stone heavier than Dick. Bob Purcell and Jackson handled the former; Shelton and Cooper attended upon the latter. Dick was quite out of condition, but he was never out of pluck; and a good battle was the result of their exertions. It occupied twenty-six minutes, and nineteen rounds were spiritedly contested. Dick emptied the pepper-box upon his opponent's mug in the first fourteen rounds, and made many severe attacks upon his victualling office; but the game of Hellick was not to be reduced, and in the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth rounds, Dick had it in such severe style that the shipwright, it was thought, would come into harbour victorious; but in the nineteenth and last round, Dick, by a sort of *coup de grace* effort, gave Hellick a forgetter, added to a sharp cross-buttock; he fell upon his neck, and it was all U P, to the great mortification of the yokels, who had sported their money on the dock-yard man.

We have met with no record of the death of this pugilist.

ABY BELASCO—1817-1824.

DURING the thirty years preceding 1820, it is but candid to admit that the Jews made a very prominent feature in the pugilistic circles; but from the period that "Old Time" compelled Mendoza to retire from the field of fame, and defeat and death removed Dutch Sam from the prize ring, the glories of the children of Judah became overcast. Indeed, such men as the two first-named were rather a disadvantage even to good ones who might come after them. A century might elapse before two such boxers as Mendoza and Dutch Sam appeared in the prize ring, although for some time the "peoples" endeavoured to set up the subject of the present sketch in their place.

Aby Belasco was born on the 9th of April, 1797, and when he first exhibited with the gloves, he gave such promising milling specimens that high hopes were entertained by the Israelites, and their expectations were increased from his conquests, in succession, over Cribb's coal-heaver, Josh. Hudson, and Payne.

Belasco was in his day a boxer of superior talent, a master of the science, not wanting for game, not deficient in strength, of an athletic make, a penetrating eye, and in the ring full of life and activity. His fighting weight was ten stone and a half, and in height Abraham was five feet six inches and a half.

Belasco's first battle of note was with a man denominated "Cribb's coal-heaver," in consequence of his being under the patronage of the champion. This contest was for a subscription purse of five guineas, collected for a second fight. The activity and science displayed by Belasco on this occasion attracted the attention of the amateurs, and he was viewed as a pugilist of rising abilities. In the course of thirty minutes the superiority of Belasco was so decisive that the coal-heaver was glad to acknowledge he had had enough. Belasco now obtained the general patronage of the Jews.

Near the Barge House at Woolwich, Belasco entered the lists with the afterwards renowned Josh. Hudson. It was a well-fought battle on both sides, and was contested with great spirit and science for one hour and thirty minutes, when the smiles of victory again crowned the efforts of the promising Israelite.

Our hero, it seems, was down at Moulsey Hurst on Thursday, April 3, 1817, to witness the fight between Randall and West Country Dick, and, not to lose sight of the "main chance," he filled up his time on the ground in disposing of oranges, thus uniting pleasure with profit, when he was unexpectedly called upon to enter the ring with "Jack the butcher" (Payne), for a subscription purse. Belasco, without hesitation, put down his basket of fruit, peeled himself instead of his oranges, and instantly prepared for action.

He was seconded by two of his own people; Jack was attended by Paddington Jones and Dolly Smith.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Jack, full of bustle, went to work, planted three hits, and had the best of the round till they closed, when Belasco got him against the ropes, flogged Jack severely, and both went down.

2.—The latter did not appear to like the Jew, and held down his head. Belasco went in with great gaiety, again flogged the Butcher, and dropped him.

3.—This was a spirited round, and Jack showed fight. Some good blows were exchanged, till the flogging system was introduced by the Jew, when both went down, Belasco undermost.

4.—The Butcher's nob now showed the handywork of the Jew, the claret was flow-

ing copiously. In this round Belasco appeared to do as he liked with his opponent: he punished him in all directions, and, by way of concluding, like a good workman, flogged the Butcher, and jumped over him as he lay on the ground. (Great shouting.)

5.—Jack appeared at the scratch, but he soon ran himself down.

6.—The Jew behaved like a true Christian in this round. He had it all his own way; but when he got the Butcher on the ropes, in a perilous situation, he was too manly to take advantage of it, lifting up his hands and walking away amidst thousands of applause.

7.—Belasco nobbed Jack with the utmost

ease, and ultimately sent him down. It was rather a sharp round.

8.—In closing, the Jew fished his opponent terribly, till both fell over the ropes. (Seven to four on Belasco.)

9.—It was evident the Butcher wished to avoid the fist of his adversary; he held down his head. In struggling, both again out of the ropes.

10.—Jack turned away from his man, but got peppered for so doing, and was ultimately sent down.

11.—The Butcher could not keep his head out of chancery, and was flogged. (Great applause.)

12.—Jack seemed quite sick, and curried it down without a blow. (Disapprobation.)

13.—Both down, but Belasco took the lead.

14.—After the exchange of a few blows, Jack was fished down, his face covered with claret.

15.—If the Butcher possessed anything like resolution or bottom he might have stood some chance; but his fighting was all momentarily, either desperate or curriah. Cool judgment did not work any of his attempts. He, nevertheless, made some good hits; but, in closing, was again fished till both went down. (Any odds upon the Jew.)

16 and last.—The Butcher ran at the Jew furiously, but it was too late to turn the scale, and he received such a flogging that he would not again appear at the scratch. The battle continued seventeen minutes and a half. Belasco retired from the contest without a scratch, and proved the conqueror in first-rate style.

In consequence of the friends of Davis, the milkman, paying forfeit to Belasco, he was hastily matched with Reynolds. In this battle he sustained defeat.*

Notwithstanding this reverse of fortune, Aby's partisans did not desert him, and he was considered an able competitor for the accomplished Randall. He was accordingly matched with the Nonpareil, eight weeks only having elapsed since his heavy fight with Reynolds. It is true Belasco was defeated, but it is equally true that he gained much approbation as a skilful boxer; and the battle between the Jew and Randall, in a scientific point of view, stands equal to anything on the records of pugilism. See RANDALL, *ante*, p. 333.

While Belasco was on a sparring tour with Mendoza in Gloucestershire, in the summer of 1818, he fought the Winchcomb champion, on the race-course at Cheltenham, a thirteen stone man, for 20 guineas a-side. Abraham won in the short space of twelve minutes.

In the same year, on the 9th of December, Belasco entered the lists at Coventry with Joe Townsend, who was considered the leading boxer in that place. Townsend fancied that he could beat Belasco off hand, and put down his watch and five guineas to back himself. He was a twelve stone man.

* Tom Reynolds, born at Middleton, county Armagh, Ireland, 1792, was brought up in Covent Garden Market, where, in after years, he was a potato merchant. "Boxiana,"

Pierce Egan says he was victorious. Tom's greatest exploit, however, was his conquest of Aby Belasco in one hour and twenty minutes, at Moulsey, July 23, 1817. It was a game battle on both sides. His next battle was with Church, in September of the same year, at the same place, which he also won in half an hour. His subsequent affairs were a draw with Johnson (the broom-dasher), at Canterbury, November 11, 1817; beat J. Dunn, fifty-four minutes, twelve rounds, Kildare, July 4, 1820; beat Simmons, seven rounds, Macclesfield, August 31, 1820; fought a draw with Dick Davis, £200 a-side, Manchester, July 18, 1825. Reynolds died in Dublin, May 18, 1832, in his forty-first year.

Aby at that period only weighed ten stone ten pounds. Belasco proved conqueror in twenty-four minutes.

On Aby's returning to London he was matched with Phil. Sampson for 50 guineas a-side. The battle took place at Potter's Street, in Essex, twenty-one miles from London, on Tuesday, February 22, 1819. This fight was brought to a wrangle, but the money was ultimately given up to Belasco. See Life of PHIL. SAMPSON, Period VI.

The Jew and the Birmingham Youth were continually quarrelling upon the subject, and a second fight took place between them. See *ibid.* A third fight, with the gloves, at the Tennis Court (*ibid.*); and a fourth also occurred before doubts about each other's merits could be decided (*ibid.*).

Belasco left London for Bristol to fight Cabbage for 100 guineas a-side, in October, 1820; but, on his arrival in the above city, the friends of Cabbage would not advance the money. Belasco, however, was well received by the Bristolians, who, to make up for his disappointment, gave him a most excellent benefit.

In the autumn of 1820 Aby was down at Norwich, with most of the London pugilists, to witness the second mill between Ned Painter and Tom Oliver (detailed in this history, in the Life of PAINTER, vol. ii., pp. 85-88), when, on the following day, some little misunderstanding occurred between an amateur of Norwich and Belasco, the latter challenging the swell with offering his brother, Izzy Belasco, a sum of money to fight a cross with the Bergh Apton groom; the amateur hereon offered Josh. Hudson £5 if he would give the Jew a thump on the head for his insolence. This, however, passed over; but when the sherry was circulating quickly, at Gurney's Bowling Green, some chaffing occurred between these old opponents, and Hudson struck Belasco. This was enough, and which was better man was decided instantly upon an elegant Turkey carpet. Spring supported the claims of Josh. Hudson; the Master of the Rolls gave his assistance to the scientific Israelite; and thirty-five rounds were contested in the most spirited manner, occupying upwards of forty minutes. Hudson was terribly punished about the head; but such was his determined courage that, although his shoulder went out two or three times, and was reduced to its proper situation by Spring, yet he insisted upon renewing the battle, and continued to fight till Belasco observed, they were both weak, and that, as he should get nothing, he (Belasco) would not contend any longer, but that he would fight Hudson for £100 in London at any time the latter would appoint. Belasco unquestionably won the fight, as he twice waited upwards of one minute while the shoulder of Hudson was reduced. The Birmingham Youth gave his bet.

two guineas, as did Spring, one guinea, to Hudson. Belasco received a dreadful hit on his right eye; but this blow, the Jew asserted, was given previous to fighting. Hudson was rather inebriated; and next morning, in company with Scroggins, went to an eminent surgeon, who not only pronounced that his shoulder had been "out of its place," but advised Hudson to take great care of himself, as he would not be enabled to enter the ring again for at least a twelvemonth. This affair took place on Wednesday, July 19, 1820.

Aby's next turn was with Phil. Sampson (third battle, December 21, 1820), a glove fight, already noticed in a paragraph above.

* Pat Halton was about this time brought out as a wonder. According to report he had beaten all Irish opponents in an unapproachable style. He was in height five feet eleven inches, and in weight eleven stone. His fame, which had gone before him, was challenged by Aby Belasco for £50 a-side, and the event came off at Harpenden Common, near St. Alban's, on the 8th of April, 1823.

Aby arrived on the ground in a barouche and four, supported by some swells of his tribe; and at one o'clock his seconds, Richmond and Ben Burn, threw up his topper. In a few minutes, Pat Halton, arm-in-arm with his backer, a sporting Irish captain, followed by Randall and Josh. Hudson, repeated the token of defiance. The odds were guineas to pounds on Belasco. The colours, yellow for the Jew, and green (à la Randall) for Halton, were tied to the stakes.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On stripping, the lathy appearance of Paddy astonished his backers beyond description: his ribs were bare, his legs and arms were thin, his countenance pale, his lips white, and, in fact, he was as light as a cork. Belasco, on the contrary, was never in more prime trim. Some little squaring at each other occurred, when the Jew gave his opponent a tap on the cheek; Paddy returned without effect. Halton again missed. A long pause. Belasco planted another fencer without any return. Halton's right hand missed the Jew. At length some exchanges took place, and Belasco hit Halton as he was going down.

2.—The Irishman showed first blood; he had napped a clumsy thump on his left ear. After a few exchanges, in a close, the Jew fished his opponent; but Halton got the throw, and Belasco was undermost.

3.—The Jews were in raptures, and the judges of milling had made up their minds as to the result. Belasco hit his opponent on the body without any return; a fencer ditto. This conduct made Halton angry,

and he missed the Jew. Belasco gave another bodier without return; also a nobber Halton missed; in fact, he did not come near enough to hit his opponent. Belasco again fished his opponent at the ropes, but Halton got the throw. (Six to four on the Jew.)

4 and 5.—Belasco bodied his opponent several times, and got away with the greatest ease. In the latter round Belasco caught hold of his adversary by the hip. Randall said, "Foul! and if Belasco did so again he would take Halton out of the ring."

6.—It was evident the Irishman had no chance; he went down from a hit.

7.—Belasco received a severe lunging hit on the side of his head. The leanness of the Jew was peculiarly striking in this round. Belasco gave Halton a body blow, and got away cleverly; repeated this liberty, tried it on a third time with equal success, when Aby burst out into a loud laugh. Halton endeavoured to return, but his hits were all out of distance.

8.—Halton missed numerous hits. A

short rally took place, and the Irishman's head was sent out of the ropes; but he got it in the ring again, when his left eye was nearly hit up. A pause. Halton missed his adversary, when the Jew gave him a clean knock-down blow.

9.—This was a sharp round, and Belasco received two or three hits on his body and arms. Some exchanges took place, and as the Jew was endeavouring to get away he received a hit on the chest that felled him, but he jumped on his knees instantly. (A rare shout for Halton.)

10.—The Irishman's face was clarified, and he had napped pepper: he never had a chance of winning. Some exchanges took place, but to the disadvantage of Halton, although the Jew went down. (Murmurs from Halton's party; and exclamations, "The Jew went down without a hit!")

11 and last.—On appearing at the scratch, Halton's nob was materially altered, from the punishment in the last round; and Belasco made an attempt at finishing his work. Some sharp blows passed, and the Irishman went down. Belasco, in falling, touched the face of his opponent with one of his knees. Randall called out "Foul!" and said he would take his man out of the ring. Halton said to the umpires, "It is foul!" The latter replied they saw nothing unfair, and desired the fight to proceed. Randall, however, took his man out of the ring, regardless of their decision; and when time

was called, Belasco appeared at the scratch. Hudson, who had not left his post, and in the bustle had lost sight of Randall and Halton, was looking after them; but the Jew, having no opponent to meet him, was declared by the umpires to be the winner. Considerable confusion ensued, and a comical scene tied up the matter, producing roars of laughter from the spectators in the wagons. The roped ring was instantly filled with persons of every description, all eager to learn the event. A Babel row commenced, followed by a general fight, and many blows were given and received. It was the general opinion that Halton could not have fought two more rounds. However all the bets, or nearly so, were paid, and the stakes given up to Belasco upon the stakeholder receiving the undersigned document.

"To the Stakeholder, the President of the D. C.

"Sir,

"We are of opinion, as umpires of the battle between Belasco and Halton, that Belasco won the fight fairly, and is entitled to the stakes.

"J. H.

"J. B. C.

"April 9, 1823."

Belasco left the ring almost without a mark. The battle had lasted twenty-seven minutes when the interruption took place.

Belasco a fourth time met Sampson, at Crawley Hurst, August 19, 1823, and was once again beaten. See *SAMPSON*, Period VI.

Resolved not to close his fistic career in defeat, Belasco, though he had formally retired and become an L. V. in Whitechapel, presented himself, after Dick Curtis and Ayres had finished their battle at Shepperton Grange, May 25, 1824, with the enquiry whether George Weston, who had promised Aby a thrashing, intended to carry out his threat? The insult to Belasco, it appears, had occurred during the fight between Ned Neale and Tom Gaynor. Weston declared his readiness, and £16 were immediately put into a purse by the amateurs. The battle was a burlesque: Aby so punished Weston all over the ring, that he surrendered after three rounds.

From this period Aby figured merely as a second and a sparrer. His later career was disreputable, as a keeper of low gambling houses, night houses, supper rooms, and such like resorts of midnight and morning debauchery, which brought him into repeated conflicts with the law. His life no further concerns the history of the ring.

CY. DAVIS, "THE GAY BRISTOL BOY"—1818-1823.

CYRUS DAVIS was one of those boxers who shine with a reflected light, harrowed from the renown of the man they have conquered; his defeat of the game and scientific Ned Turner establishing his claim to notice, and also his extensive acquaintance as a tradesman, in after life, first in the vicinity of old Smithfield Market, where for many years he was landlord of the Bear and Ragged Staff, of the Plough, in Giltspur Street, and subsequently an E. V. at the New Cattle Market, Islington.

Cyrus was born in the Broadway, Bristol, November 27, 1795, and was, at fourteen years of age, apprenticed to a butcher. His height was five feet nine inches, his weight a trifle under eleven stone, far exceeded in his later days. His appearance was prepossessing, and his first lessons in the art were received from his townsman, George Nicholls, celebrated as the only conqueror of Cribb. Pierce Egan gives the usual early undated victories to Davis, which we pass to come to his first recorded London display.

Davis was introduced to the cognoscenti of the metropolis by Tom Belcher, and attracted much notice by his activity in sparring and decisive precision of hitting. Cy. was taken down to Rickmansworth by his patron, on Friday, June 10, 1818, to witness the battle between Neat and Oliver (see NEAT, Vol. II., Period V., Chapter IV.) That event decided, there was a purse of twenty guineas to be disposed of, five guineas for the loser. Abraham Belasco offered himself, when young Cyrus, stepping into the ring, offered to accommodate the circumcised champion. The members of the P. C. were delighted. Tom Belcher and Tom Cribb volunteered themselves as seconds to the young Bristolian, and the Israélite was picked up by Tom Jones and Cropley. Two to one on Davis.

THE FIGHT

Round 1.—The style of fighting exhibited by Cy. was something after the manner of Tom Belcher when that pugilist first entered the London ring. Davis went to work rapidly, with one, two. It was a sharp round altogether; but Davis took the lead and sent Belasco down. (Great applause.)

2.—One of Davis's eyes was a little touched, but he again went sharply to work. The Jew, in closing, endeavoured to fib his opponent, and also threw him.

3.—This was a short round. Davis went down from a slight hit, or rather a slip; he

instantly jumped up laughing, ready to renew the attack, but Belasco sat down on his second's knee.

4.—The liveliness of Davis was the admiration of the ring. He had it all his own way this round, and, with a tremendous right-handed hit, he floored Belasco. (Tumultuous applause.) 5 to 2 on Davis.

5.—Cy. endeavoured to repeat the dose, but without the desired effect. The Jew received some sharp facers, but in return got Davis down.

6.—In this round the fine science displayed

by Belasco was much praised. He stopped six blows in succession of his opponent: nevertheless Belasco was sent down.

7.—Some sharp work, till Belasco, in closing, flogged Davis severely till he went down.

8.—The milling talents of Davis in this round were conspicuous: he dealt out much severe punishment to Belasco with his right hand, and with great quickness gave the Jew a back-hander, when he went down like a shot. (Tumultuous applause, and "It's all your own, Davis.")

9.—Belasco looked rather queerish on arriving at the scratch, when Davis finished

him with a right-handed flooring hit. It was all over in ten minutes. Belasco would not fight any more.

REMARKS.—Davis throughout the above battle was as gay as a dancing-master. His appearance and mode of hitting prepossessed the amateurs in his favour. The quickness of Davis was truly astonishing, undressing himself, getting into the ring, and winning the battle only occupied our hero fifteen minutes. Belasco, it was urged by his own "peoplesh," was not in condition; and therefore the £5 had some charms for him as a losing man. However, he could not have won that day.

Davis, soon after this battle, returned to follow his business at Bristol, but he had made so strong an impression on the amateurs that Cy. was soon brought to town and matched against Ned Turner for 100 guineas a-side. They fought at Wallingham Common, Surrey, on Friday, June 18, 1819. How he was defeated may be seen at p. 385, *ante*.

Moulsey Hurst, the delight of the fancy for its velvet turf, was, on Tuesday, August 24, 1819, again selected for a British and Irish pugilistic display of manhood. Boshell, recently imported from Paddy's Land, was known on the Curragh from a spirited turn-up there, but an entire stranger to the London prize ring, except from the good character given of him by Randall. In a trial set-to with the latter it was thought by some of his countrymen that he might establish himself among the light weights; therefore he was backed for 50 guineas a-side. Davis's recent defeat with Turner had placed him rather in the back-ground; but the good judges viewed it as an easy thing for the "Bristol Boy," and two to one on Davis was offered on the preceding evening at the sporting houses. The old ring goers and a sprinkling of the Corinthians were present. On the Commander-in-chief* and his party crossing the water, the combatants were ordered to prepare for action; and Boshell, with much confidence, threw his hat into the ring, attended by Tom Jones and Larkins. Davis, waited upon by Harmer and Shelton as his seconds, answered the challenge. The hands were crossed in friendship, and the men set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Boshell looked compact and well, but the remains of a small blister appeared on his lower ribs. Davis was as fine as could be wished, and smiled as if confident of success. The attitude and manner of Boshell soon convinced the amateurs that science was not his forte. Davis

tapped him on the arm and got away; ditto and ditto; some little sparring; when Davis let fly, and a sharp fencer was the result. Two or three awkward exchanges occurred, and Boshell planted a heavy body hit. They fought into a close, and, after some little struggling, Davis was thrown, and under-

* Mr. John Jackson.

most. (Seven to four, and two to one was loudly offered on Davis.)

2.—The Bristol Boy soon put in a facer, that not only drew the pink, but seemed like an electric shock on the upper works of poor Paddy. Some awkward blows again passed. The Irishman got the throw. (Three to one upon Davis.)

3.—Davis, with his left hand, put one of Paddy's eyes into mourning. Boshell, however, made some good stops, but he had not a single point towards finishing a round well. Davis was again undermost. (All betters; and "It will soon be over," was the cry.)

4.—Boshell showed himself as game a bit of stuff as ever peeled in this round. The hitting was sharp on both sides, but Davis got away, and Boshell, in following him, received one of the Bristol Boy's lunging hits on the nose, when he instantly fell on his face, the claret flowing rapidly. ("It's all up now; he can't fight two more rounds." Oliver offered five to one on the last event, and twenty to one he lost the battle.)

5.—Boshell came up distressed, but game as a Parcell, and endeavoured to lash out. He was, however, milled all over the ring, and fell at the ropes, rolling over on his face exhausted.

6.—The mug of Paddy was a picture of punishment; both his eyes damaged and his face altogether changed. Fresh milling was added, but he nevertheless threw Davis.

7.—This was a sharp round. Boshell went down exhausted. ("It's poundable—take him away.")

8.—The claret was now trickling down the nose of Davis. After some heavy exchanges they broke from a close, and Boshell fought till he fell on his knees, and caught hold of the ropes distressed.

9.—Davis winked to his friends that it was all right, and planted three facers in succession. Boshell, however, showed the fight was not taken out of him, and again threw his opponent a heavy fall. ("Bravo, Boshell, you are a game fellow!")

10.—The face of the Irishman was piteous. Boshell went down.

11.—In struggling for the throw, Davis slipped on his knees. This was thought unhandsome; but Boshell held up his hands, not to hit him foul. ("Bravo!" from all parts of the ring.)

12.—Boshell endeavoured to make some hits, but went down exhausted.

13.—Boshell was floored like a shot, from a tremendous lunging blow on his nob. (Any odds.)

14.—Boshell, groggy, was hit down, but in falling he caught the ropes.

15.—Boshell came up staggering, and soon went down. Time was called, and it was thought he had given up. Davis's hat was thrown into the air, and the outer ring broken.

16.—Boshell said he was not done, and another round took place, but he was hit down. Paddy was, however, so game, he declared he would not say "No." He had no chance, and was taken away. Davis, elated with his success, jumped over the ropes out of the ring, without a scratch. It was over in fifteen minutes and ten seconds.

REMARKS.—If any remarks can be made, a few words will suffice. Boshell is a game, a very game man, and his courage was the admiration of the ring; but as a fighter has no pretensions. Indeed he was little more than a plaything in the scientific hands of Davis.

At Spring's benefit at the Fives Court, on Tuesday, November 2, 1819, our hero made a considerable impression upon the minds of the amateurs, by the display of science in a set-to with the Nonpareil. Upon the appearance of Randall, followed by Cy. Davis, the audience seemed extremely anxious for the set-to. The confidence of the "Bristol Boy" astonished all; he exhibited considerable improvement. In fact, with the gloves, the Nonpareil never met such a successful opponent before. Davis did not get off without a good receipt of Randall's talents; nevertheless, the former put in two or three dexterous facers and made some fine stops. The fanciers were all alive; the Court rang with applause. It was generally admitted that the advantage was on the side of Davis. Upon pulling off the gloves another round was called for and complied with. Both the combatants were now upon the alert, and it was a fine specimen of skill and courage. A well-contested long rally occurred, and Davis again acquitted himself in such good style as to raise his character in the sporting world.

Davis felt so much mortified at his defeat by Turner that he was often heard to say that he should never feel satisfied until he had the chance at least of a second trial with his brave opponent. This feeling accounts in some measure for his not showing in the prize ring, or figuring in the "gag" correspondence and boxing challenges then so much in vogue in the "sporting" press. However, somebody made some letters for him about fights with Gipsy Cooper, Phil. Sampson, and Turner, which Pierce Egan prints with the curious foot-note, "This letter was a *hoax*!" ("Boxiana," vol iv., p. 166.)

On the second match being made, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, between Turner and Cy. Davis for £100 a-side, the following remarks appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch* :—

"Davis is decidedly the favourite five to four, and in a few instances, for small sums, six to four is betted. It is nearly four years since, June 18, 1819, at Wallingham Common, that Davis was defeated by Turner in thirty-two rounds, forty-five minutes. Turner also defeated Martin in forty rounds, one hour and seven minutes, October 26, 1819; but since that period Ned has in turn surrendered to Martin. Davis won with Boshell, August 24, 1819, in sixteen rounds, fifteen minutes and ten seconds. This might be termed no match. The most important point taken into consideration by the sporting men in this battle is the modes of life pursued by the combatants for the last three years. Davis has lived regularly, and added to the good effects of training; he is as fresh as a 'four year old,' 'fine as a star,' and as confident of victory as if the battle was over. Would we could say so much for 'poor Ould Ned;' indeed, a few months since an opinion was entertained by the supporters of pugilism that Turner was more likely to make his exit than to show again in the prize ring. However, Ned laughs at these remarks, and asserts he is quite well."

The fight took place at Harpenden Common, twenty-five miles from London, and four from St. Alban's, on Tuesday, February 18, 1823.

On the Monday night previous to the battle, the Castle Tavern, although overflowing with company, was a blank as to betting. This sort of silence on a night previous to a mill occasioned one of the most respectable ring goers, and a sound sporting man for the previous twenty-five years, to observe sarcastically—"It was a square fight between Turner and Davis, which accounted for chaffing instead of betting. Ready made luck," said he, "is wanting, and therefore a certain set of people will not chance a crown without the office 'to a certainty' is to be had in private. Nevertheless, I am glad of it," concluded the wag, "it will bring the prize ring back to the

good old times (although 'honesty is a rugged virtue'), when such men as the late Colonel Mellish and Fletcher Reid brought their men into the ring, exclaiming, without fear of anything being attempted on the part of the boxers to do wrong, 'I'll bet 600 to 400.'

The weather on Tuesday morning was rather inauspicious to a long journey, yet it did not prevent the thorough-bred ones from starting for the scene of action. At one o'clock Cy. Davis threw up his castor, followed by Richmond and Harmer as his seconds. Turner, close at his heels, arm-in-arm with the President of the Daffy Club, followed his example, attended by Tom Cribb and Josh. Hudson. Five to four on Davis. Cy., smiling, went up and shook hands with Ned. The colours, blue for Turner and yellow for Davis were tied to the stakes by Cribb and Richmond.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The condition of Cy. was beautiful in the extreme; he was a perfect picture of a man in fine health. Turner, although not up to the above mark, was, nevertheless, well patched up as to the look of the thing. The skin of Davis was transparent, ruddy, and healthful, while Turner's exhibited a yellowish hue. Both extremely cautious; and the great difficulty of getting at the Old One prevented Cy. from making play. Turner, at length, let fly, and put in a slight hit on the body with his left hand. More dodging. Turner stopped the right of his opponent well; both extremely active on their legs. Turner put in another bodier; some exchanges, but of no consequence. Cy. tried to put in his favourite blow with his right hand, but was again stopped. Cy., somewhat tired, put down his hands for an instant, but Ned took no notice of it. Exchange of blows at the ropes: a struggle for the throw; both down, but Cy. undermost. This round occupied six minutes; and the friends of Turner shouted, and said, "it was all right, the Old One behaves well."

2.—Turner missed a well-meant left-handed blow at the body. Neither of them eager to go to work, both anticipating danger. The right hand of Cy. told, after a few exchanges, and Turner went down.

3.—Although in such fine condition, Davis was piping a little, and Turner kept hitting at the body. Some exchanges took place, but the blows were light on both sides. Owing to the slippery state of the ground, Turner went down from a slight hit.

4.—It had been expected that three rounds would not have passed over without some mischief, nevertheless this was a good round. Cy. smiled with confidence, and made himself up to do severe execution with his right, but Turner, with considerable skill, stopped

him. Nothing done yet, and in a struggle both went down.

5.—Whether it was from partiality to the Old One or not, the friends of Turner urged he had none the worst of it; in fact, no severity of punishment had passed on either side. In closing, Turner had the best of the fibbing, and Cy. showed first blood. Davis got the throw cleverly, and Turner was undermost.

6.—The left hand of Davis seemed of no use to him, except, after the manner of the late Gas-light-Man, to hold his opponent. Some good fighting occurred in this round, and the finish of it was to the advantage of Cy., who fell heavily on Turner. (Seven to four.)

7.—Turner placed many of his blows well; but the strength of his hitting, which on former occasions appeared prominent, seemed to have left him. The great *forte* of Davis was to put in his right hand; and had not Turner stopped it often, the fight would soon have been at an end. Turner again had the best of the fibbing, and Cy. was undermost. (Several of the partizans of Turner began now to flatter themselves that victory was within his reach. Loud shouting, "Turner for ever!")

8.—If Davis had commenced play, and fought with both hands, another tale must have been told. However, in this round, some severe execution was done. Turner's left hand drew the claret from Cy.'s nose and mouth, and he appeared for the instant a little abroad; he also received a heavy body blow, but recovered and sent down Turner with a right-handed hit on the head. ("It's all over," from the cutting tribe of Newgate-market. "You have won it, Davis." Two to one.)

9.—The friends of Turner began to quake a little, recollecting the almost finishing blow

Ned received in his last round. This hit took a little of the fight out of Turner, and he came up bleeding and weak to the scratch, but his game did wonders for him. Davis now went to work a little. Turner, game as a pebble, returned hit for hit, till he fell exhausted. While on his second's knee, Randall, Holt, Curtis, &c., gave the Old One advice gratis, how he should act, so anxious did they feel for his success.

10.—Ned came to the scratch like a high-couraged man, determined to strain every nerve for victory, although the chance was against him. He, however, had no idea of losing at this stage of the battle. Yet the patch-work began to peep, and the effects of premature age could not be hid. Turner received a bodier that sent him down. (The backers of Davis now booked it as safe, and inspired their hero with shouts of approbation.)

11.—Davis commenced fighting, and planted a severe hit with his right hand on the body of his opponent. Turner, however, stood up and exchanged hit for hit, till a pause was necessary on both sides. Cy. was weak in turn, and kept sparring for wind, yet smiling at his opponent. Turner's left ear was bleeding from a severe hit, and in following Cyrus he slipped, or went down from a slight hit. The truth could no longer be hid; Turner was going every round; he fought like a man; but the stamina was wanting.

12.—On the part of Turner this was an excellent fighting round. In spite of his distress, his stops were so excellent as to claim applause from all parts of the ring. Cy. also exhibited fine science. Hit for hit, but the hardest blows were in favour of Davis, and Ned kept up the game till he fell, overcome with fatigue.

13.—Turner was equal to his adversary in milling; but there was no comparison between the effect of their blows. They followed each other over the ring, exchanging hits in the most manly style, till an accession of wind was necessary on both sides. At the ropes a struggle took place, and in going down, Turner uppermost. ("Well done both," from all parties.)

14.—Cy. made a blow with his right hand at the body, but it fell rather low. "Come," says Josh., "fight fair; recollect you are to hit above the waistband." A good round, but Turner down exhausted. (Ten to two. Several of the fighting men came to the ropes, and in their anxiety for his winning, gave Ned hints what to do.)

15.—Cy. had decidedly the best of the hitting in this round; he also threw Turner and fell on him heavily. This fall shook poor Ned, and he was placed on the knee of his second with difficulty. In fact, it won the battle. (Any odds.)

16.—Tom Belcher observed to Davis—"Why not use both of your hands?" Here Hudson said that Belcher had no business to interfere, it was unfair. "It was not my intention to have said a single word," replied Tom, "if I had not seen so many fighting men breaking in the ring, and, like Trueman's cocks, all on one side. I have not one farthing on the battle; all I want is fair play." Cy. took Belcher's hint, but Turner opposed him gamely till down.

17.—The Old One, good to the last, exchanged blow for blow till he was hit down.

18.—On coming to the scratch, Cy. immediately went to work with his right hand, met Turner in the body, and sent him down in a twinkling. The President of the Daffies (under whose direction Turner was brought into the ring) humanely stepped forward, and said, "he should not fight any more." He (the President) would not stand by and see one of the bravest men of the ring wantonly cut-up, when he had no chance. It was over in thirty-five minutes. Davis shook hands with Turner, gave a jump, huzzed for joy, and left the ring.

REMARKS.—However ill-natured it may appear, the truth is that Turner has no one to blame but himself,—he was in no condition to fight. A boxer, like a general, if he wishes to prove successful, ought always to be prepared for his enemy. Turner admits, with great candour, that he could not have fought another round. He was not defeated by the blows he received, but he attributes his defeat to fatigue and exhaustion, Nature having refused to second his mind. It was but the shadow of that Ned Turner who defeated the terror of the ring, Scroggins, twice; who fought with Randall for two hours and twenty-two minutes; and obtained a victory over the Master of the Rolls. It was, nevertheless, a brave, good fight on both sides; and it is but doing common justice to Davis, to state that his conduct was manly and interesting to the spectator. Cy. also fought under great disadvantage and pain. After the seventh round, his right hand went, and was much swelled. Davis possesses in his person the finest requisites for a fighting man. Mr. Jackson not being present, we are sorry to say not a shilling was subscribed for Turner. Davis was not hurt.

The above victory proved rather a dear triumph to Davis: he was disabled from appearing again in the prize ring. The fore-finger of his right hand met with so serious an injury, from the knuckle coming in contact with Turner's teeth, that, after baffling the most skilful surgeons for a considerable time,

Davis was ultimately compelled to submit to an operation which deprived him of his index finger. With this battle his fistis career closed. Not so his public life. Cy. was for many years a publican, but no more of a sinner than his neighbours. He died on the 8th of March, 1846, aged 51, at the house of his son, the White Bear, Kennington Common (now Kennington Park), of disease of the heart, and lies buried in the churchyard of St. Mark in that parish.

PEACE INGLIS, "THE PHENOMENON"—1822-1824.

PEACE INGLIS, known among his companions as "the Mattress Maker," was a smart young fellow of five feet eight inches, weighing ten stone four pounds. His first appearance in the ring was with Hamilton, the waterman, for 20 guineas, at Moulsey, on the 22nd of October, 1822. On this occasion, Josh. Hudson, who had taken Hamilton, a "below-bridge man," under his wing, seconded his *protégé*, Paddington Jones looking after Inglis. It was a brave battle on both sides for forty-two minutes, when Inglis was hailed as conqueror.

The young aspirant's first essay had so much surpassed the expectations of his backers that he was matched against Bill Davis (Deaf Davis), a well-known good man, and the battle came off at Harpenden Common, near St. Alban's, February 18, 1823, in the same ring in which Cy. Davis (see *ante*) had defeated Ned Turner. On this occasion, Josh., dissatisfied with the defeat of Hamilton, seconded Davis, having with him Jack Scroggins and the east end division. Inglis was attended on by Jem Ward (then rising into fame, having beaten Ned Baldwin a fortnight previous) and a friend named Rogers. The watch was held by an amateur.

THE FIGHT

Round 1.—The Deaf 'un had scarcely put himself into attitude, when in he went like a hammerman at an anvil, gave his opponent a smash in the middle of the head, and felled him like a shot. (Six to four on Davis. "Where's your clever fighter?")

2.—The "feather-bed" hero proved himself to have no soft place about him. He stood up manfully, but received three fencers in succession, was nobbed over the ring, and fell covered with claret. (Two to one on Davis.)

3.—Inglis came gamely up, when Davis once more punished him, and he turned his back on his opponent, set off running, and was only stopped by the ropes. Here Davis caught his adversary, and once more levelled him. (A guinea to a shilling was offered, but no takers; and "Take him away," from all parts of the ring; "he will be killed.")

4.—Contrary to all expectation, the feather-bed maker was not so "soft" as he appeared to be; he met Davis like a trump, hit out straight with both hands, and, after a des-

perate rally, Davis was hit down almost senseless.

5.—Inglis had now got the turn. He put a new face on Davis, zulled him from one side of the ring to the other, and levelled the deaf one with his native dust.

6.—Davis, relying on strength, was determined not to be "told out." He again took the lead, and nobbed the feather-bed hero, when Inglis, by a flush hit, sent him down. It was not quite a finisher, but it found out the condition of Davis. (Inglis was now the favourite.)

7.—This round was "portrait-painting" with a vengeance. A rally took place, in which Davis received a severe cut over the left eye, and was floored again. (Any odds. "Feathers for a trifle.")

Inglis, from his brave conduct in the fight with Davis, was next matched against George Curtis, the brother of the Pet, for £50 a-side.

Moulscy Hurst, on Tuesday, August 12, 1823, was again the scene of attraction. The umpires and referee were chosen, and, at one o'clock, George Curtis threw his hat into the ring, attended by Josh. Hudson and Harry Holt. Inglis, followed by Paddington Jones and Neale, also threw up his beaver. He was the favourite at five to four.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Curtis exhibited much activity on his pins, and, on peeling, displayed a more muscular frame than had been anticipated. His face was pale, his nob looked like a milling one, and altogether had a great resemblance to that of the Pet. Inglis was as well as he could be—a wiry strong young man, the taller of the two, and appeared to stand over his opponent. The attitudes of the men on setting-to were interesting. Inglis was in no hurry to proceed to blows; and Curtis, as a novice, deliberated before he went to work. George made an attempt with his left hand, but it told slightly. This movement led to an exchange of hits, yet nothing was the matter. A long pause. Curtis retreated from some heavy blows; Inglis, however, planted a severe nobber. "I'll bet £100 to a tizzy," said Paddington Jones, "it's as right as the day; we shall win the fight." "Walker! hooky!" replied Josh. The left hand of George told smartly on Inglis's body; and, after some out-and-come-again work at the ropes, in struggling for the throw, both went down, Curtis undermost. (Six and seven to four on Inglis.)

2.—The left eye of Curtis was winking. Inglis, on the alert, planted a hit; an exchange of blows. Curtis again felt for his adversary's body. Inglis missed a well-aimed blow for his opponent's nob; he, how-

ever, tried it again, but George stopped him with great skill. ("Bravo, Georgy!" from his pals.) A pause. After some little time, both combatants made themselves up to do mischief, and, on getting within each other's reach, they let fly, which produced the claret. ("First blood," exclaimed Josh. and Jones at the same instant. "Upon my honour, it appeared first on your side," said Josh., "and I hope you will not dispute the honour of the John Bull fighter, my Tommy!" It was rather a doubtful point at the moment.) Curtis went down weak.

3.—Inglis, to the astonishment of the spectators, did not fight first, and a long pause ensued. Curtis commenced milling on the retreat, and the feather-bed hero napped three narty ones on his index. Another stand-still for a minute, looking at each other. Inglis stopped well, when the combatants got into a sharp rally at the ropes. In struggling for the throw, Inglis got his opponent upon the ropes; and, in this situation, Curtis received pepper until he went down exhausted. ("It's all over. I'll bet ten to one that Curtis can't fight two more rounds," was repeated by the betting men round the ring.)

4.—The left eye of George was nearly closed; but when time was called he showed himself at the scratch. Although the advantage was now decidedly in Inglis's favour

he did not commence fighting; and Curtis, recovering his wind, made play with his left hand, and had none the worst of it. This was altogether a milling round. Curtis threw his opponent. (Thunders of applause from the Bermudesey boys.)

5.—It was no secret to the spectators that Curtis at this period of the battle was the weaker man; but his coolness was the admiration of all present. Some good hitting and stopping were displayed on both sides. Curtis planted a rum one on the feather-bed's throat that made him gasp for breath. Inglis also received three or four nobbers that stopped his exertions; but at the ropes he had the best of it, and punished Curtis down.

6.—This round was a fine display of manhood; punishment on both sides all over the ring. Inglis got Curtis on the ropes, and was pelting him with diverse blows in sundry places, when, by an extraordinary effort, Curtis broke away, put in a facer, and drove his opponent to the opposite side of the ring, where he held Inglis for a short time at the ropes, and then sent him down. (The applause for Curtis was loud.)

7.—Short, but full of mischief. Curtis received a heavy fall on his back, which shook him sadly and added to his exhausted state.

8.—Another short round, but rather dangerous to Inglis. In struggling for the throw, Curtis went down. "Foul! foul!" The ring was broken: it was asserted Inglis had caught hold of his opponent's thigh in a way not allowed by the laws of boxing.

9.—The right hand of Curtis was open; he, nevertheless, had decidedly the best of the hitting in this round till Inglis bored him down out of the ropes.

10.—The game which had been so conspicuously displayed by George induced many of his backers to stick to him. Inglis, with all his strength, did not take the lead of Curtis as was expected. In fact, George, in most instances, had the best of the milling; but, in finishing the round, Inglis generally had the advantage. (Two to one.)

11.—This round was truly an out-and-out one on both sides. Curtis vindicated the pedigree of his race for "bottom, bone, blood." It would be detracting from Inglis to withhold from him that he showed himself as high-couraged and game as his brave adversary. It was hit for hit all over the

ring—backwards and forwards, in and out of the corners, and round about, till the combatants were at a stand-still. To it again like true Britons, till nature could no longer assist their minds. At the ropes they were both so exhausted as to take hold of each other and push each other down, Inglis uppermost. (Applause. "Here's a round for you!" "Why, they are both East-enders," said Josh., "and that accounts for it. We can get nothing among the coves of the West, so we are obliged to fight amongst our own breed.")

12.—Curtis threw his opponent.

13.—Inglis received several blows on his nob, and at times was much distressed. If he had not been a very game man he would have quit it. Curtis endeavoured to keep the lead, and fought till he fell exhausted. "Take him away, Josh.: he can't win it," said a patron of the P. R.; "it is a pity to witness so game a man cut to pieces." Curtis, while sitting on the fence of his second, overheard the above remark, and he answered, "I will not be taken away; I am sure I shall not lose it; I will not lose it."

14.—Curtis was so determined that to say "No" never entered his mind. After an exchange of blows Curtis received a severe fall. "Take him away," from all parts of the ring. (Any odds upon Inglis.) George said he would not give it in.

15 and last.—Curtis planted a blow on his opponent's throat; but it was too feeble to do much mischief. In a short rally Curtis was hit down, when "the Pet" threw up his hat, and declared George should not fight any more. It was over in fifty-five minutes. Inglis went up to Curtis, and shook hands with him.

REMARKS.—If Curtis had been as fresh as his opponent a different tale might have been told. He fought like a brave man; and, although he could not achieve victory, he obtained a high character in the pugilistic circles. George was overmatched; indeed, any boxer who wishes to have a turn with Inglis, will find plenty of work cut out for him before the battle is at an end. Curtis was taken out of the ring by his brother, and exhibited severe marks of punishment. The nob of Inglis did not show much beating; but he received many hard blows during the fight. Four pounds were collected on the ground for Curtis.

Peace Inglis now stood so high in the estimation of his friends, that he challenged Harry Holt for £100 a-side; but a match being made on the spur of the moment with the brave Ned Turner, for £100 a-side, the fight with Holt went off. After a considerable time allowed for the training of Turner,

the above match was decided at Colnbrook, seventeen miles and a half from London, on Tuesday, April 26, 1824.

The road was lively, but not thronged with company as heretofore; in fact, it was more select than usual. When "Time" was called, Turner walked coolly into the ring, followed by Josh. Hudson and Paddington Jones. He was well received by the crowd, like an old performer returning to play a favourite part. Some little delay occurred, when the John Bull boxer roared out, "Come, you Inglis! Where are you? Don't you like it? We are ready." Inglis appeared immediately, waited upon by Maurice Delay and Dan M'Kenzie, and threw his hat into the ring. The colours, light blue for Inglis and dark blue for Turner, were tied to the stakes. Everything being adjusted according to custom, the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Turner looked better than was expected; his face was tanned with the sun, and his legs appeared firm and round. His eye was bright, his countenance serene and placid, and the invigorating breezes of the Welsh mountains, where he had been training, had imparted vigour to his limbs. The heart, too, that just and indispensable attribute of a boxer, was sound, and Ned declared himself confident of victory. His opponent must not be passed slightly over. He is one of the bravest of the brave men belonging to the prize ring. The contrast between the combatants was striking. The youthful Inglis was a model; fine as a star, strong as a lion, game as a pebble, and confident as a Randall. The odds were decidedly in favour of Inglis, £20 to £30. Turner and Inglis are in attitude, and on the look out for the first blow. The superiority as to knowledge of fighting was conspicuous on the part of Ned, who let fly his left teaser, which told heavily on Inglis's bread-basket. One or two stops occurred, when the left hand of Ned operated so sharply on the throat of the young one that he went down like a shot. (An artillery report of applause for Turner.)

2.—The mark of Turner's fist on the throat of his opponent was visible to every spectator. Inglis tried to do something, but the Old One was too clever to be caught napping. Turner made both his right and left hand tell on Inglis's nob. An exchange of blows to the advantage of Ned. The young one had two more "nasty hits" on the month, as Josh. termed them, at the same time exclaiming, "First blood! My eye, what a hobble you have got into, my covey." Turner again planted two left-handed blows, and immediately afterwards put in a severe one, two. Inglis was now bleeding from his month. Turner made another hit. "Talk of Old Ones," said Josh.; "is there any-

thing like the good Old Ones?" An exchange of blows, but Inglis did no execution. The latter received another terrible hit on his month. Inglis did not know what to do with his adversary. A pause. "I'll bet fifty to twenty," said Randall. Turner's left hand repeated the dose. In closing, Turner had decidedly the best of it. Inglis's face bleeding in all parts of it. Both down, but the Old One undermost.

3.—Short. Turner's left hand told, but he slipped down in endeavouring to make a hit.

4.—Inglis was piping a little, but not at all dismayed. He was a complete receiver-general; he would have returned many favours, but Turner did not accept them. This was a good round, yet Turner went down weak.

5 to 10.—The fighting was all on the side of Turner; the taking on the part of Inglis. In all these rounds the superiority of the Old One was evident.

11.—"Come, Scroggins's ruin," said Josh., "we are at home; we have won it." Turner nobbed his opponent with the utmost ease; in fact, he had everything his own way again in this round, but went down rather weak.

12.—Turner again made play right and left with great success; he also stopped Inglis in the most beautiful style of the art. The game of Inglis was, however, so good that he presented himself in the most resolute way, and in a sharp exchange of blows Turner went down. Inglis was nearly falling, but caught by his second. ("Bravo! well done both sides!")

13.—Turner did as he pleased in regard to hitting; nevertheless, Inglis was not to be got rid of; his youth and stamina were his safeguards. Turner down. (The Bernerssey boys did not know how to express their approbation of Turner's conduct in terms strong enough.)

14.—Inglis could not plant any effective hits; if his blows could have reached their destination, a change might have soon been witnessed in the fight. Turner's one, two, was well directed, and he also put in a heavy body blow. The Old One showed weakness and went down.

15.—"If Ned does not tire," said an old ring-goer, "he must win the battle; but he has too much work to perform." Inglis could not keep the Old One's hands out of his face, and appeared rather distressed. Turner down, getting weak.

16.—The superior science displayed by Ned was the admiration of all the spectators. It is true Inglis now and then planted a blow, but it was not of sufficient consequence to reduce the activity of Turner. In closing, Turner got the throw. (A great shout from the Bermondsey lads.)

17.—"A fine old cook this Ned is," said Josh.; "this is the weather for the old cooks to tip it them." Inglis was advised to bore in upon Turner, as he was getting weak; but the young one lost ground by this attempt. He was hit away three successive times on the nob; in fact, he stood still for an instant quite confused, but, with game never excelled, he returned to fight till Turner went down.

18.—Inglis rushed in, and bored Ned down.

19.—Inglis repeated this conduct, but Turner stopped the feather-bed hero, by hitting up as he was rushing in. Turner down.

20.—This was a sharp round, but highly important to Turner. Inglis was flogged by a tremendous left handed hit on the side of his head. (It is impossible to describe the applause which followed.)

21.—Inglis came to the scratch piping. Turner nobbed his opponent with success, but the strength of the Old One was going. Turner down.

22.—Turner met Inglis in the middle of the head, punished him in all directions, and had he not missed a well-aimed blow, in all probability the fight would have been at an end. Turner went down from exertion.

23.—Nothing. A struggle, and both down without a blow.

24.—Inglis was bleeding copiously; nevertheless, he bored in and received several jobbers, till both down.

25.—Turner planted four successive blows on Inglis's face; in fact, the Old One had too much work to do. Turner down.

26.—This was a tremendous round on both sides. Inglis, although hit to death nearly, would not be shook off, but kept fighting like a hero till he was thrown. ("What a round! Here's a fight! Why it is worth going to see, if it had been five hundred miles from London!")

27.—It appeared to the feather-bed hero that he had no chance to win without boring his opponent, and he rushed in till both went down, Inglis undermost.

28.—This was a tremendous fighting round, and Inglis was hit away three or four times from his opponent. In going down, Inglis fell over Turner.

29.—As the ropes Turner was as good as Inglis, till both down.

30.—Inglis appeared extremely bad, and several of the judges thought Turner must now win. The feather-bed maker was jobbed about his already damaged head, and he slipped down quite weak.

31.—Both down. In the act of giving, the blow alighted on Inglis's body after he was down. "Foul! foul!" "Fair! fair!" It most certainly was not an intentional foul hit on the part of Turner, and the referee pronounced it so.

32.—The face of Turner appeared little, if any, the worse for fighting. Inglis again napped it as he was boring in to mill. Both down, Inglis undermost.

33.—"The Elephant and Castle is yours," said Josh., "if you win, Ned." Inglis was getting a little better, and Turner received more punishment in this round than in any of the preceding ones. Both down.

34.—Nothing. A struggle, and both on the ground.

35 to 38.—In all these rounds the nobbing system was pursued with the greatest success by Turner; and had not Inglis been one of the gamest men that ever pulled a shirt off, he must have been licked long before this period of the battle. But the feather-bed hero would not be denied; and his courage, seconded by his fine stamina, enabled him to continue the battle, under the idea that the Old One could not last. Inglis fell heavily in the ropes on Turner.

39.—It was the astonishment of every person round the ropes to witness Turner take the lead in the superior manner he did over a fine young man, and a boxer who had had some experience in the prize ring, having defeated Deaf Davis and George Curtis. Turner, in order to spoil the boring in of Inglis, hit up; and whenever the Old One caught his nob the claret followed in profusion. Turner went down owing to his great exertions.

40.—This was a terrific round. Inglis would not be denied, although frequently nobbed away. Both down. (Randall, elated with the success of Turner, offered, in the warmth of his heart, £10 to £3. "I will take it," said Inglis's brother. Time was called, and the bet was not made.)

41.—The sun at this period was very powerful. Turner appeared languid while sitting on the knee of his second, but when fighting he seemed all energy. Inglis missed a terrific blow that might have brought the battle to a speedy termination. Turner down.

42.—Notwithstanding the state of fatigue which Turner laboured under, and which could not be kept from the spectators, he nobbed Inglis with the utmost ease. The

young one was hit to a stand-still, and Turner was too tired to follow him. At the ropes Turner had also the best of it, till both down.

43.—"Go in, Inglis," from his friends; "you can't lose if you do." Inglis took the advice of his friends, and went in, fighting pell-mell, till Turner went down. (Four to one upon the young one.)

44.—This round had nearly decided the battle in favour of Turner. Hit for hit for a short time, when Turner knocked his opponent to a stand-still between the ropes. Turner, resolved not to give half a chance away, came again and planted another heavy nobber in the middle of the feather-bed hero's nob; but Inglis's out-and-out game brought him through his trouble, and he fought like a lion till Turner went down. (The approbation bestowed upon Turner was immense. It was also "Bravo, Inglis! your fellow is not to be met with every day in the week.")

45.—Inglis was determined to reduce the strength of his opponent, and again bored in; but this ruck always cost him something, and Turner liberally discharged the account. Both down.

46.—Inglis again napped it in going in, but returned a heavy body hit. Turner fought at every point to win, but his strength could not keep pace with his skill, and he went down exhausted. "Take the good Old One away; if he wins he cannot raise himself higher in the estimation of the fancy," exclaimed several friends; "the chance is against him."

47 and last. — This was a well fought round, although both men were distressed. Inglis was, however, a fresh man compared with his opponent. Turner had the best of the milling as usual, but went down worn out. While sitting on the knee of his second several persons requested that he might not

fight any more. Harry Holt jumped into the ring, and throwing up his hat, observed, "Permit me, gentlemen, to give in for Turner." One hour and eighteen minutes had elapsed. Inglis left the ropes, but he instantly returned into the ring to shake hands with those hands which had so liberally distributed punishment only a few seconds previous. We wish sincerely that the inhabitants of all the countries in the world would imitate such a noble example in the moment of victory.

REMARKS.—"Othello's occupation's gone!" Indeed, Turner may apply to himself the words—

"I've seen the day
That, with this little arm and this good fist,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop."

Yes; and we have "seen the day"—that day when Turner overcame the undaunted Scroggins; that day, also, when he stood before the accomplished Randall two hours and twenty minutes; and likewise that day when he conquered Jack Martin. We cannot offer an insult to a brave man, and it is far from our intention even to wound his feelings; but on any of the above days what chance would Inglis have stood with Turner? The fact is, Ned was not licked; he was tired, worn out, and Nature refused to second his efforts. Inglis won the battle fairly, and according to the rules of pugilism. Indeed, the fight was one of the best specimens of milling skill ever witnessed, and the courage displayed by Turner was of the highest order. It is but common justice also to state, that Inglis's manliness, game, coolness, and honourable conduct throughout the battle placed him high in the list of boxers.

By an unpardonable oversight "Boxiana" (see p. 115, vol. v.) omits at this place all mention of Turner and Inglis's second battle, on the 9th of November following, and gives an epistolary challenge from Inglis to Turner as being penned "a few weeks after the above battle," i.e., the first fight, so that Inglis is made to challenge the man he had conquered. The second fight will be found in the memoir of Turner, *ante*, p. 391. After his defeat Inglis published the following in the *Weekly Dispatch*:—

"TO EDWARD TURNER.

"SIR,—

"My friends have agreed to give me another trial; I therefore challenge you to fight me for £100 a-side, within two months from the date hereof, and am ready to make a deposit within a fortnight. If this challenge be not accepted, I propose to retire from the ring altogether.

"I remain yours, etc.

"PEACE INGLIS.

"December 10, 1824."

Turner immediately answered the above challenge.

"TO PEACE INGLIS.

"SIR,—

"I have seen your challenge in the papers, and in reply beg to state the only terms that will induce me to meet you, or any one else, in the ring, and which, considering the battles I have fought, will not, I trust, be thought out of the way. £200 a-side is the least I mean to fight for. And when you talk of two months, you must have forgotten the state of my left hand; but if the last Tuesday in April will answer your purpose, and your friends are willing to agree as to the sum I propose, I shall be most happy to accommodate you. I should be sorry to think my refusal the cause of your leaving the ring, in which I wish you success; but I must take care to leave off fighting before fighting leaves me.

"I am yours, etc.,

"EDWARD TURNER.

"*Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales,*

• "*December 16, 1824.*"

The health of Turner was, however, rapidly declining, and he retired from the ring without making any further match. Inglis also now retired into private life, but we have not met with any record of his death.

At the close of the Fifth and Sixth Periods, opening the Second Volume, we propose to give an Appendix of the Remarkable Light Weights who especially illustrated this epoch of pugilistic history, thus collecting the lesser stars into a galaxy, instead of scattering them here and there among the larger lights—the planets of the pugilistic system.

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